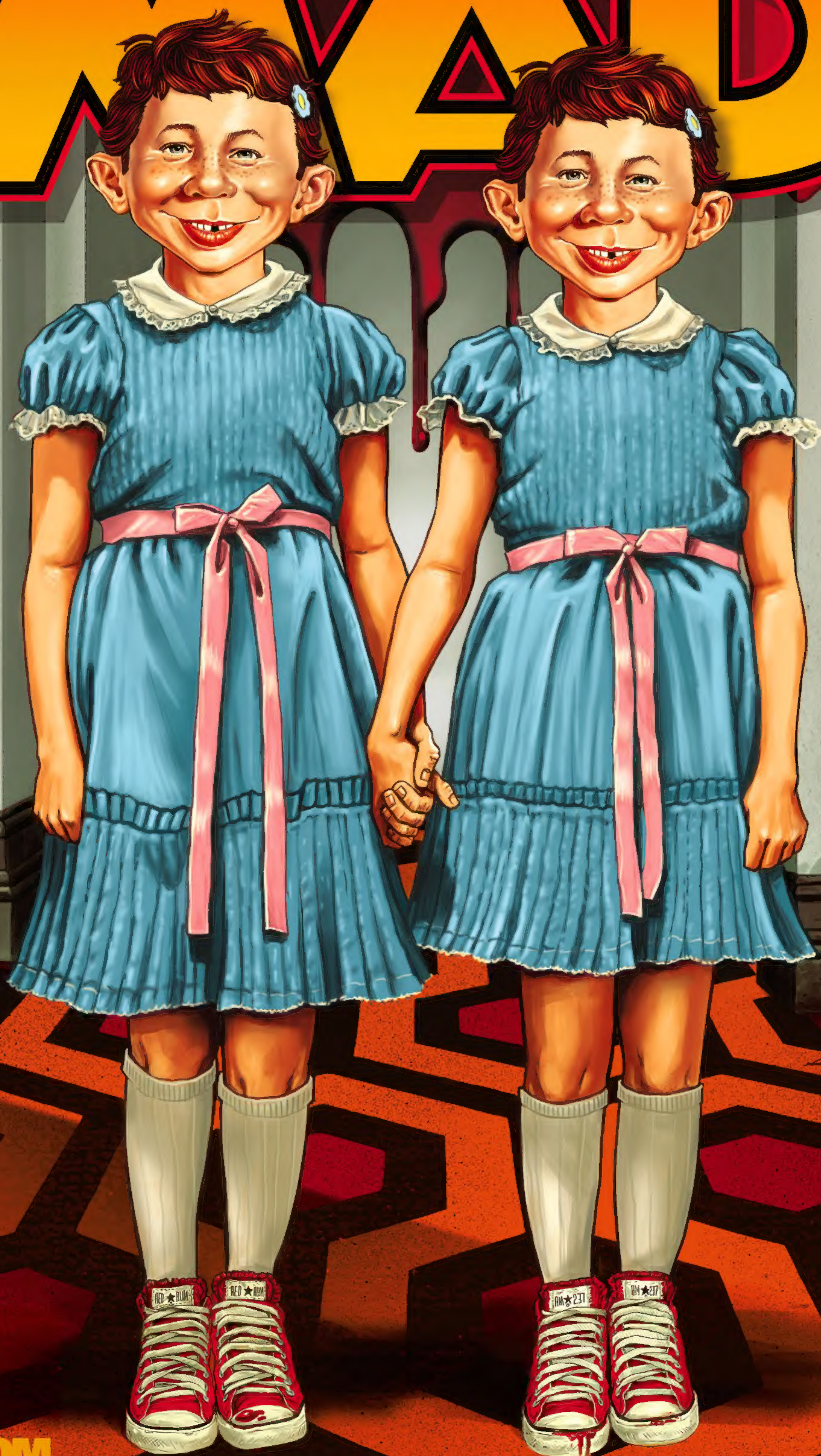


MARIA BAMFORD • BRIAN POSEHN • SVENGOOLIE  
**SPECIAL HAUNTED HUMOR ISSUE!**

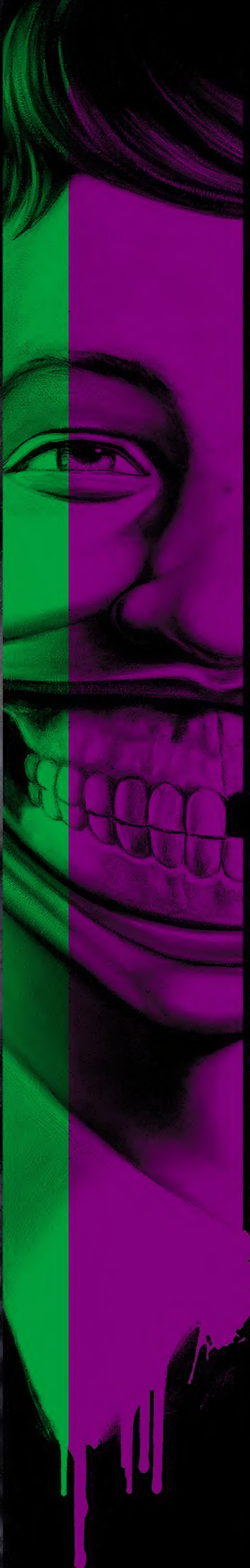
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# MAD

NO. 4 DECEMBER 2018

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**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS**  
THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

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**BACK COVER** Don't Die This Halloween!!!  
**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés  
**COVER ARTIST** Gary Pullin



Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

# REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE** ARTIST **DEAN MACADAM**



**FDA REJECTION** "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."



**FDA REJECTION** "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."



**FDA REJECTION** "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying"



**FDA REJECTION** "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



**FDA REJECTION** "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."



**FDA REJECTION** "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



**FDA REJECTION** "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."





Self-esteem—so important, yet so hard to come by. Luckily, almost everything in the world is such a hot mess right now that your own personal loser-ness doesn't seem so bad by comparison! Read on for examples of how to scrape together some thumbs-up ego boosting with...

# Sad New Ways to Feel Good About Yourself



I got the Loan for the storage pod to keep all of my unfinished craft projects in!



The picture of my fingers before they were reattached got seventeen LIKES!



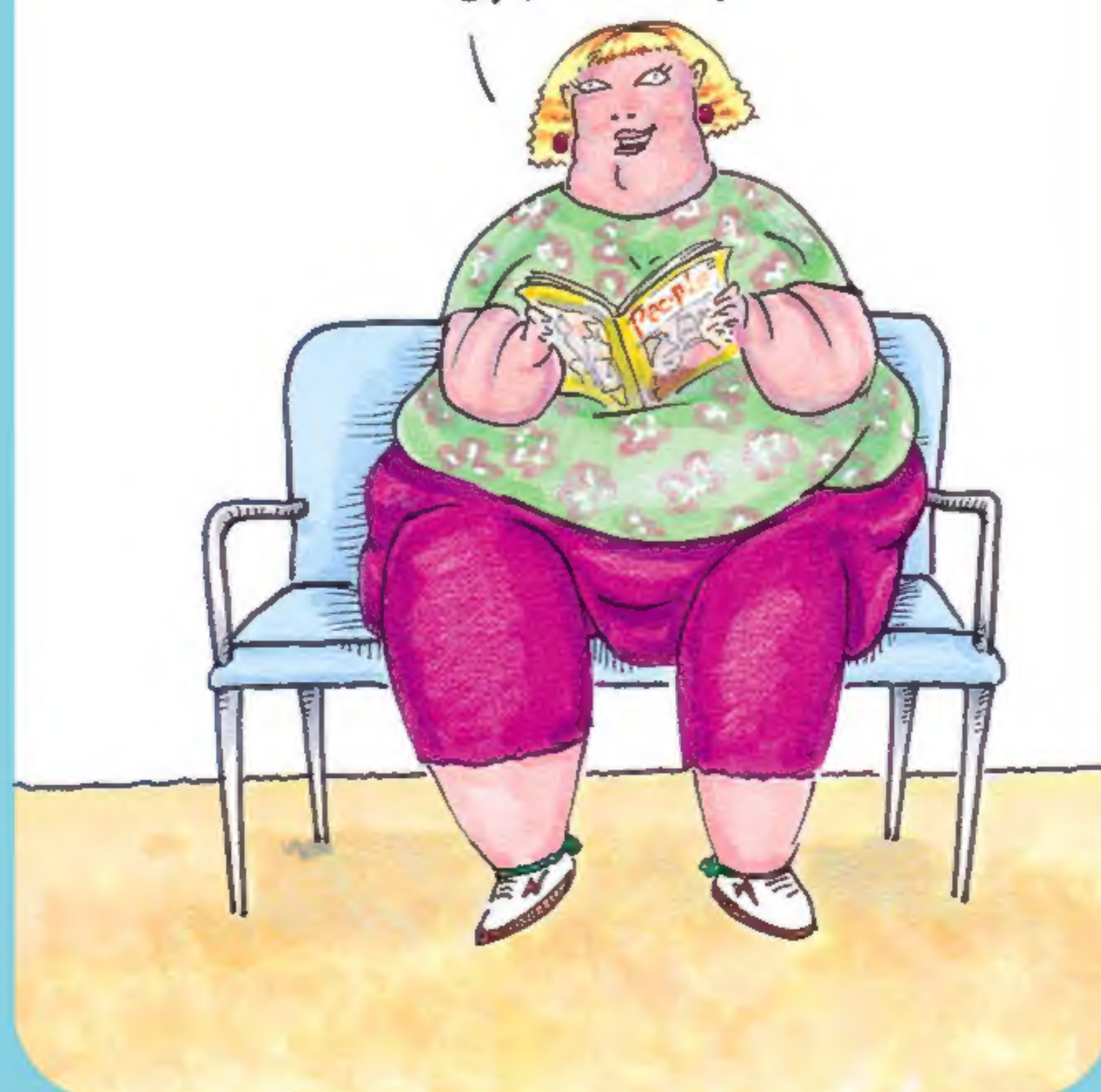
I cut back to using only three jumbo, nonrecyclable styrofoam cups a day!



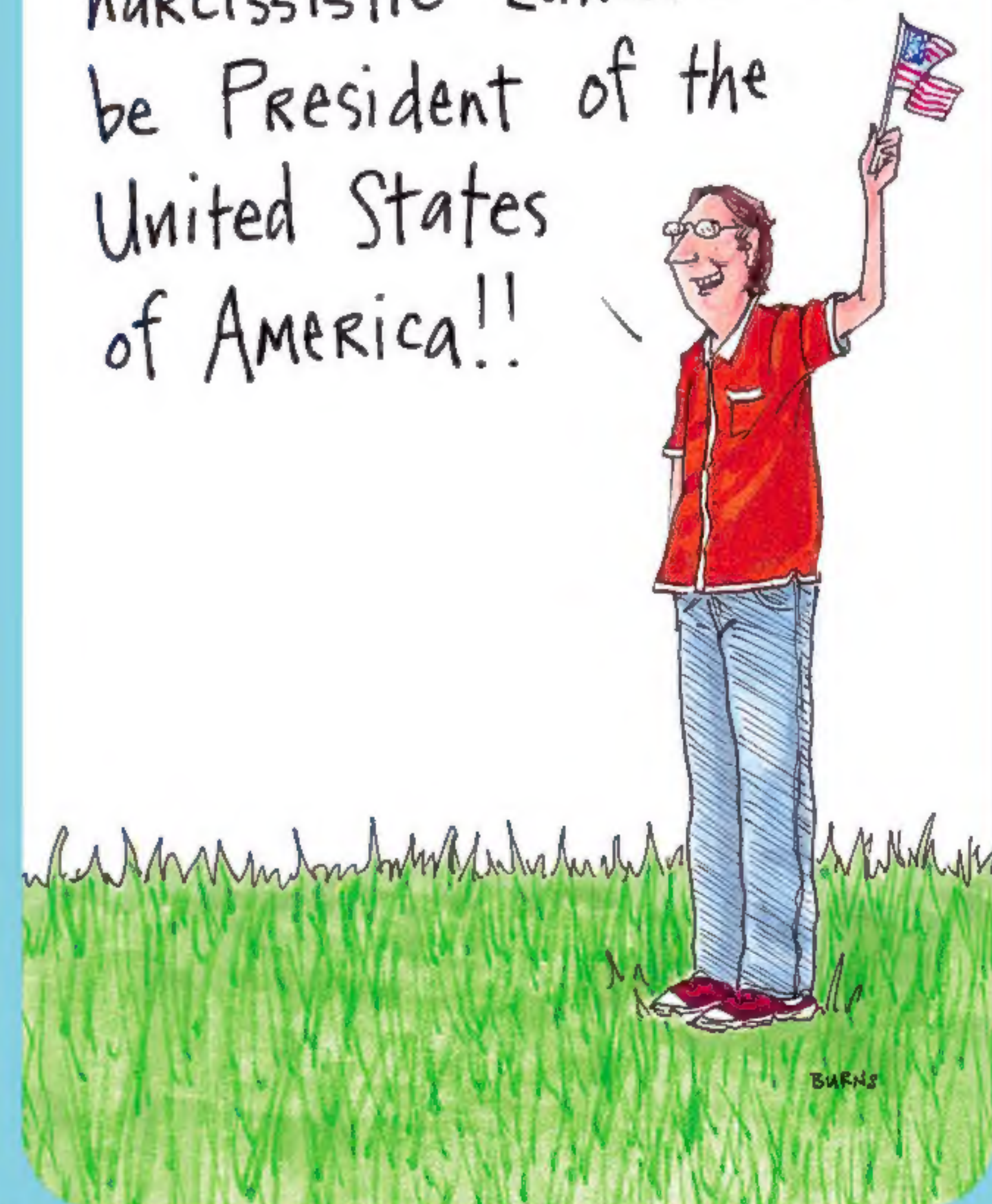
This credit card gives me 1% Rewards each time I add to my staggering debt!!



Huh! My ass doesn't even totally fill up these new double-wide waiting room chairs!



I did NOT vote for a narcissistic Lunatic to be President of the United States of America!!







We take jabs at movies and television, and there's nothing we love more than a TV show that takes swipes at movies! So pardon us as we pop in on a classic character's weekly broadcast!

We interrupt this magazine with a program from MehTV, your home for moth-eaten television.

# VEN, GOLLY, IT'S... SVENGOLIE

Calling all stations! Clear the air lanes! Clear all air lanes for the **big broad!** Er, that is, the big broadcast!

Hey, folks! Tonight we'll be watching a movie where everyone's down for the count. **Count Dracula**, that is!

My, I'll bet you monsters lead **innnteresting** lives!

Never mind! Y'know, I have a lot in common with Dracula. We buy our coffins at the same hole-sale store, **Tomb Depot!** And I've been told I suck the life out of a room!

You stole my joke!

During casting of the 1931 film, there was a rumor **W.C. Fields** was up for the part of Dracula's mortal enemy, **Van Helsing**. But the studio was worried he'd never give a sucker an even break!

That's the same joke!

Anyway, the film stars **Bela Lugosi**, who at the time was looking for a role he could sink his teeth into!

Did you know **Bela Lugosi** is Portuguese for "beautiful lug"?

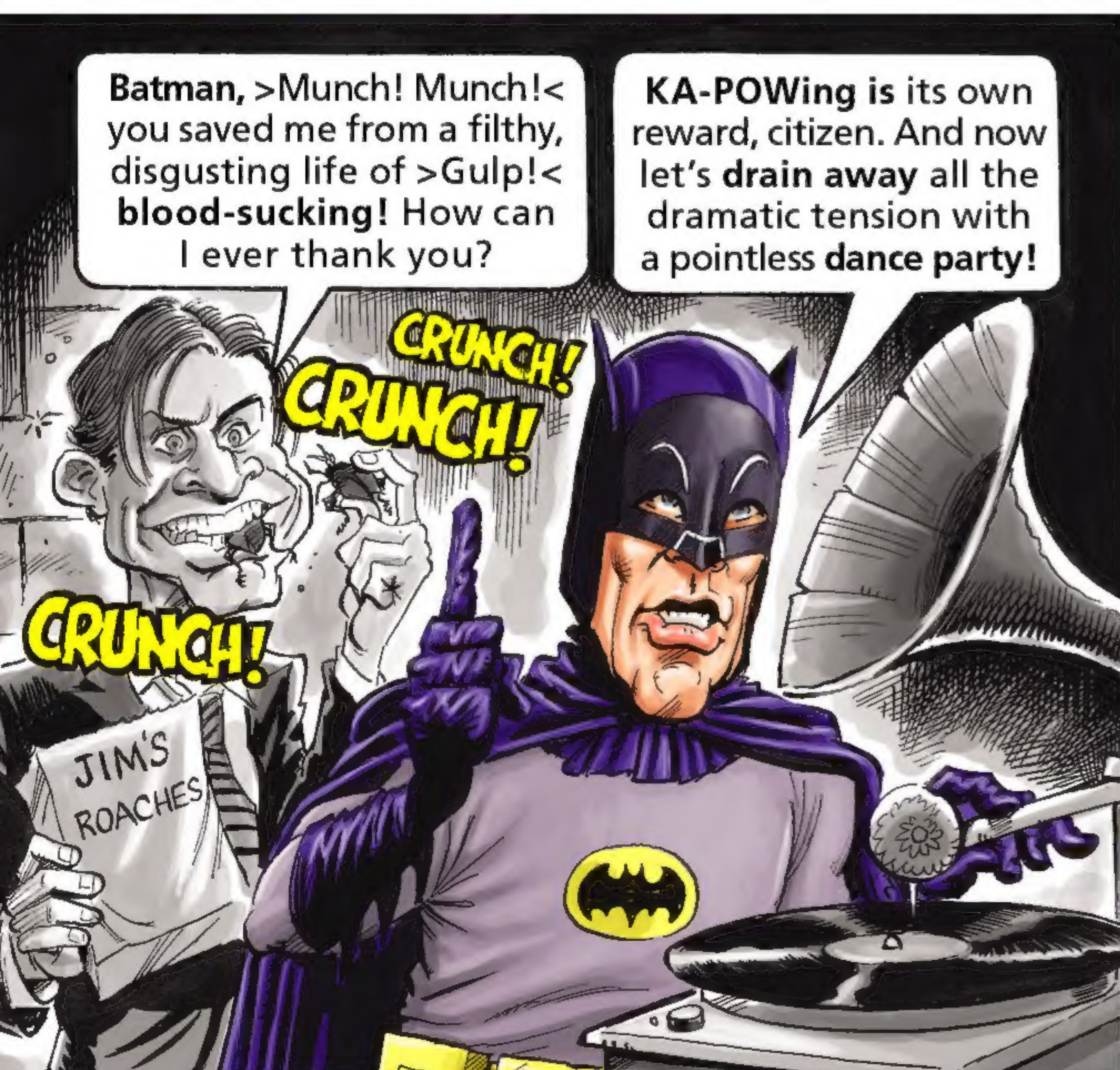
That's ri--huh? Well, it is true that Dracula feasted on **people**, but he also enjoyed fruit, like a **blood orange** or a **neck-tarine!** He also liked **vein-illa** ice cream! After all, the only thing worse than being "hangry" is being "fangry."

# STOP!

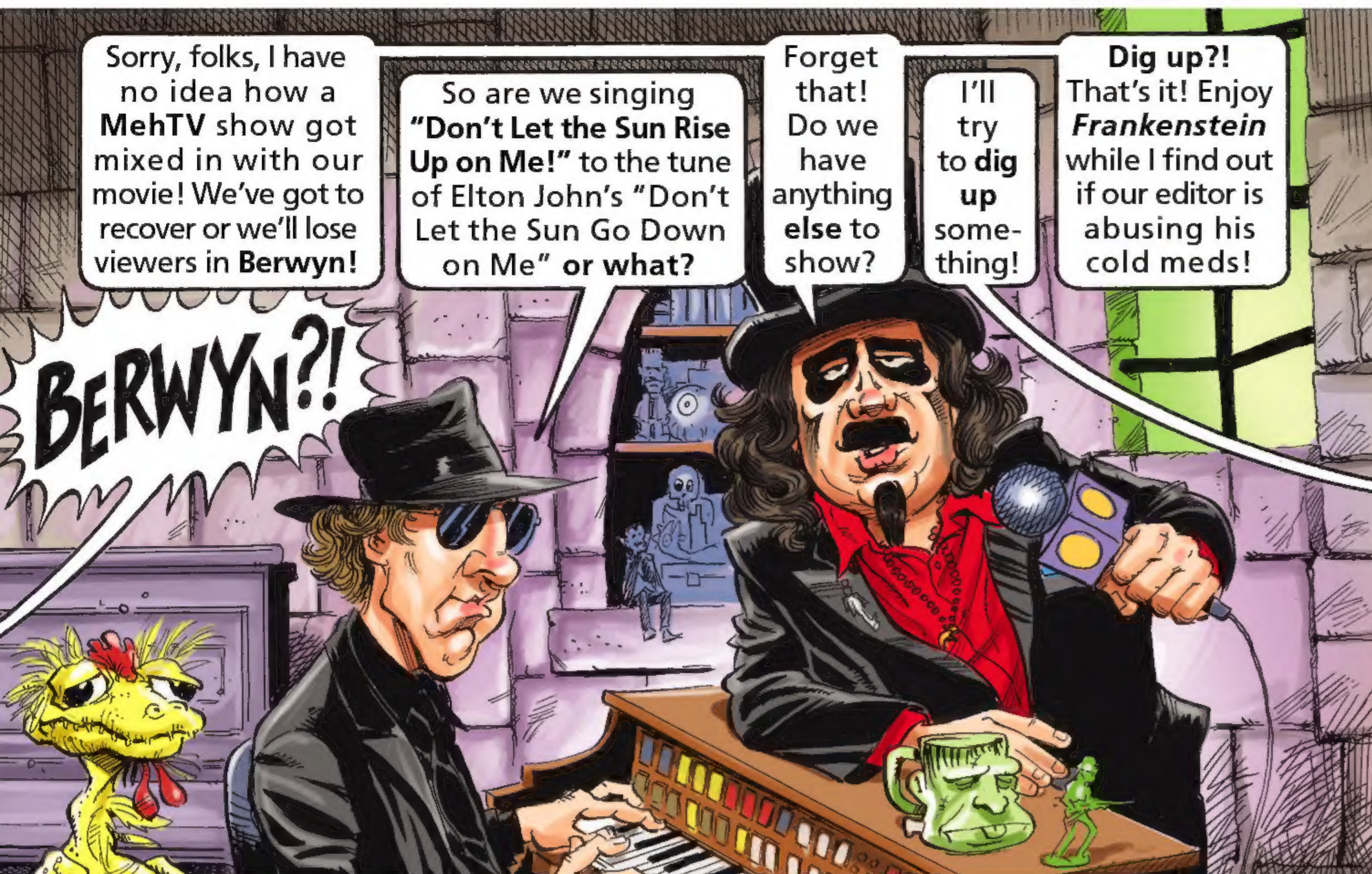
## MehTV

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY  
ARTIST TOM RICHMOND









Sorry, folks, I have no idea how a **MehTV** show got mixed in with our movie! We've got to recover or we'll lose viewers in **Berwyn**!

So are we singing "**Don't Let the Sun Rise Up on Me!**" to the tune of Elton John's "**Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me**" or what?

Forget that! Do we have anything else to show?

I'll try to **dig up** something!

**Dig up?!** That's it! Enjoy **Frankenstein** while I find out if our editor is abusing his cold meds!

**BERWYN?!**



It's alive!  
It's alive!  
Alive!



I'm glad something's alive! It's been so dead around here!

Radar, another martini for me and more anesthesia for the patient. Wait, reverse that!

We'll have to requisition more olives! And what garnish goes with anesthetic?

If this outfit doesn't get me a Section 8, nothing will! Why's that monster looking at me funny?



Who are you and what are you doing in my lab?

We're doctors, like you. Except you're clearly cracked. We just crack jokes. Dr. Frankenstein, this is Dr. Frank N. Burns. And while we're being frank, you're both horrible people!

Go sit on your sutures! Hey, I don't need you spouting off, too!



I'm afraid I must ask you all to leave. You are very annoying!

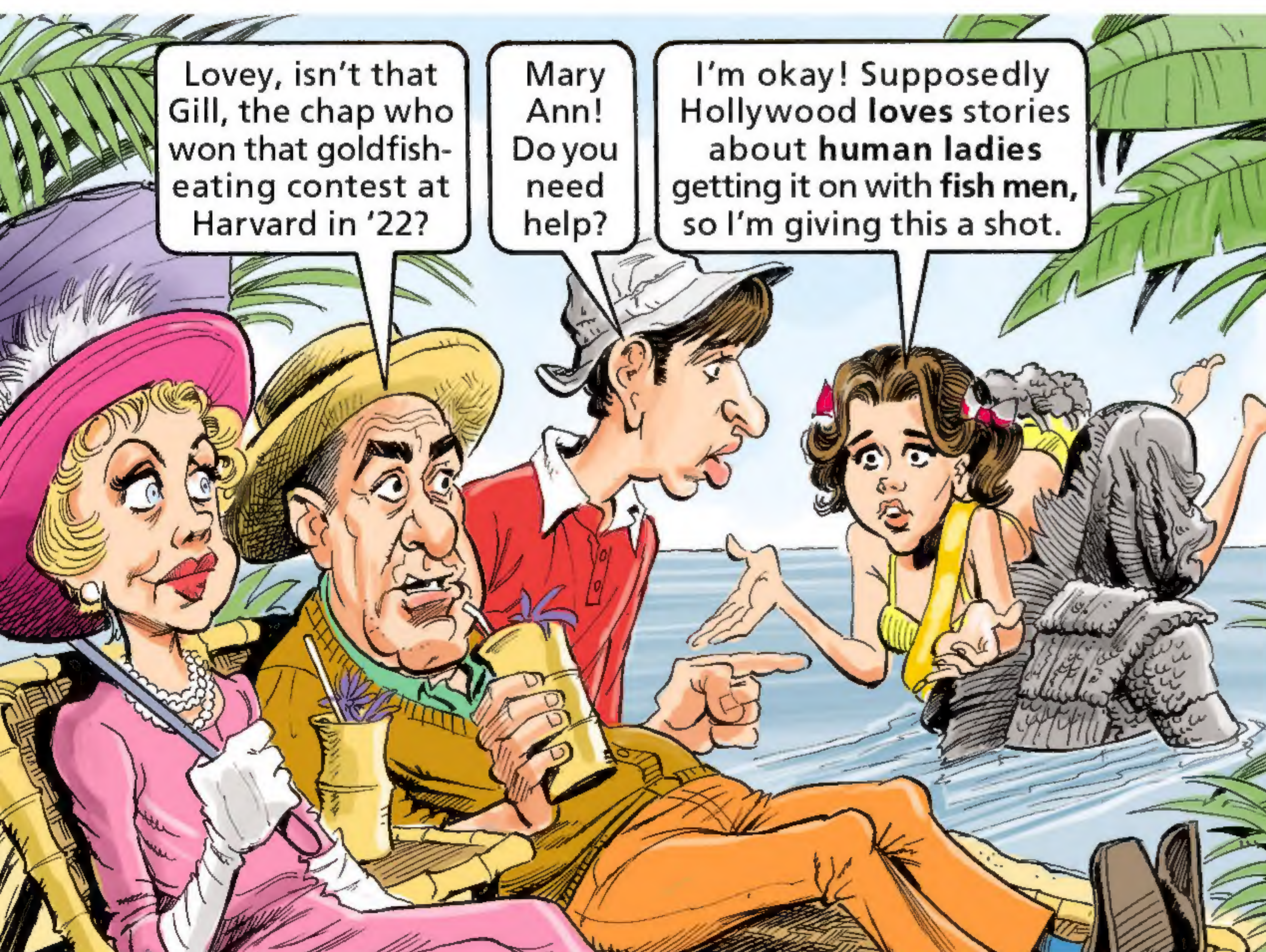
You think this is annoying, just be glad we're not the cast of **Grey's Anatomy**!

I now pronounce you **monster and wife**! You may hiss at the bride!



Okay, who mashed up **M\*A\*S\*H** with my movie? It's not supposed to be on this channel until tomorrow!

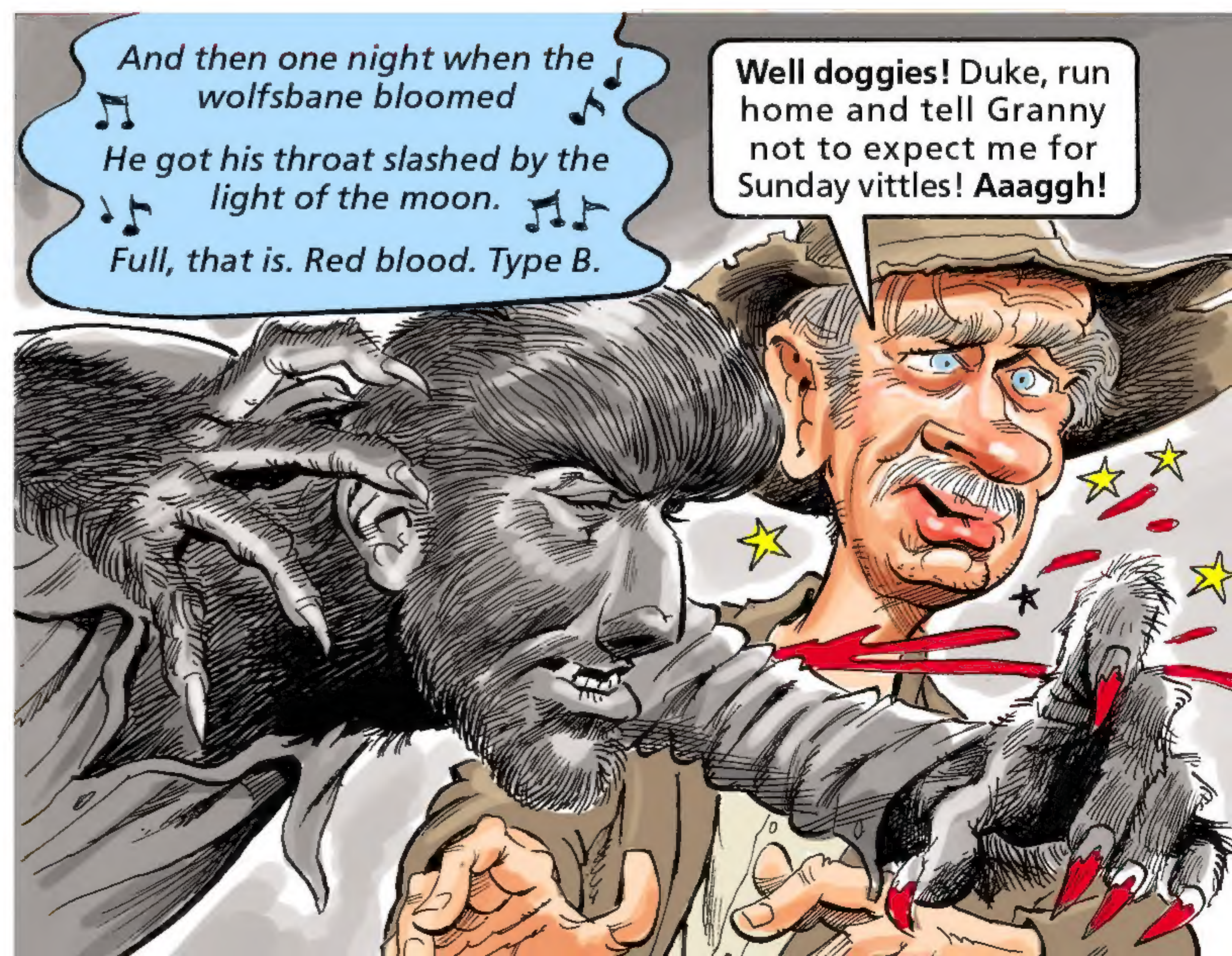
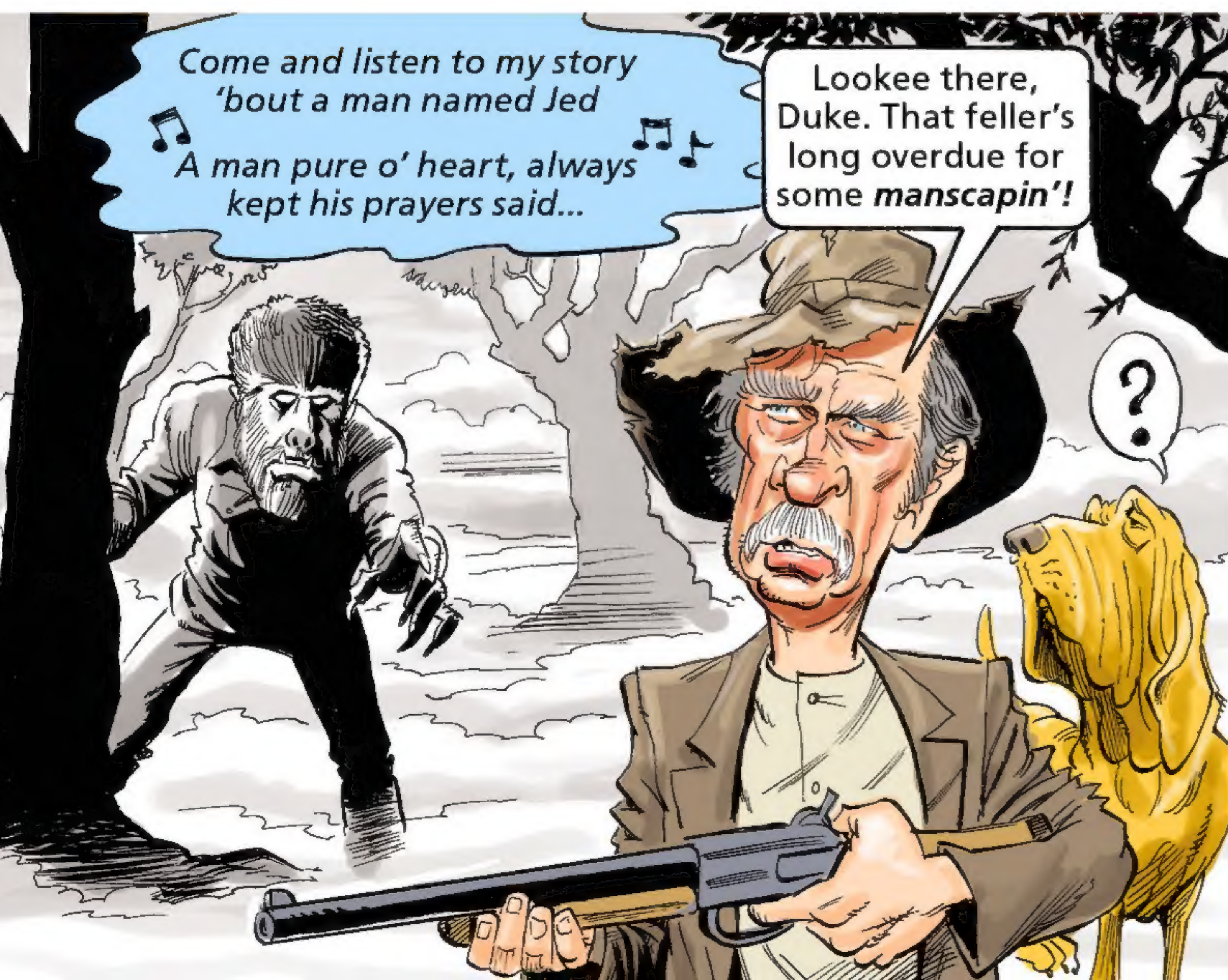
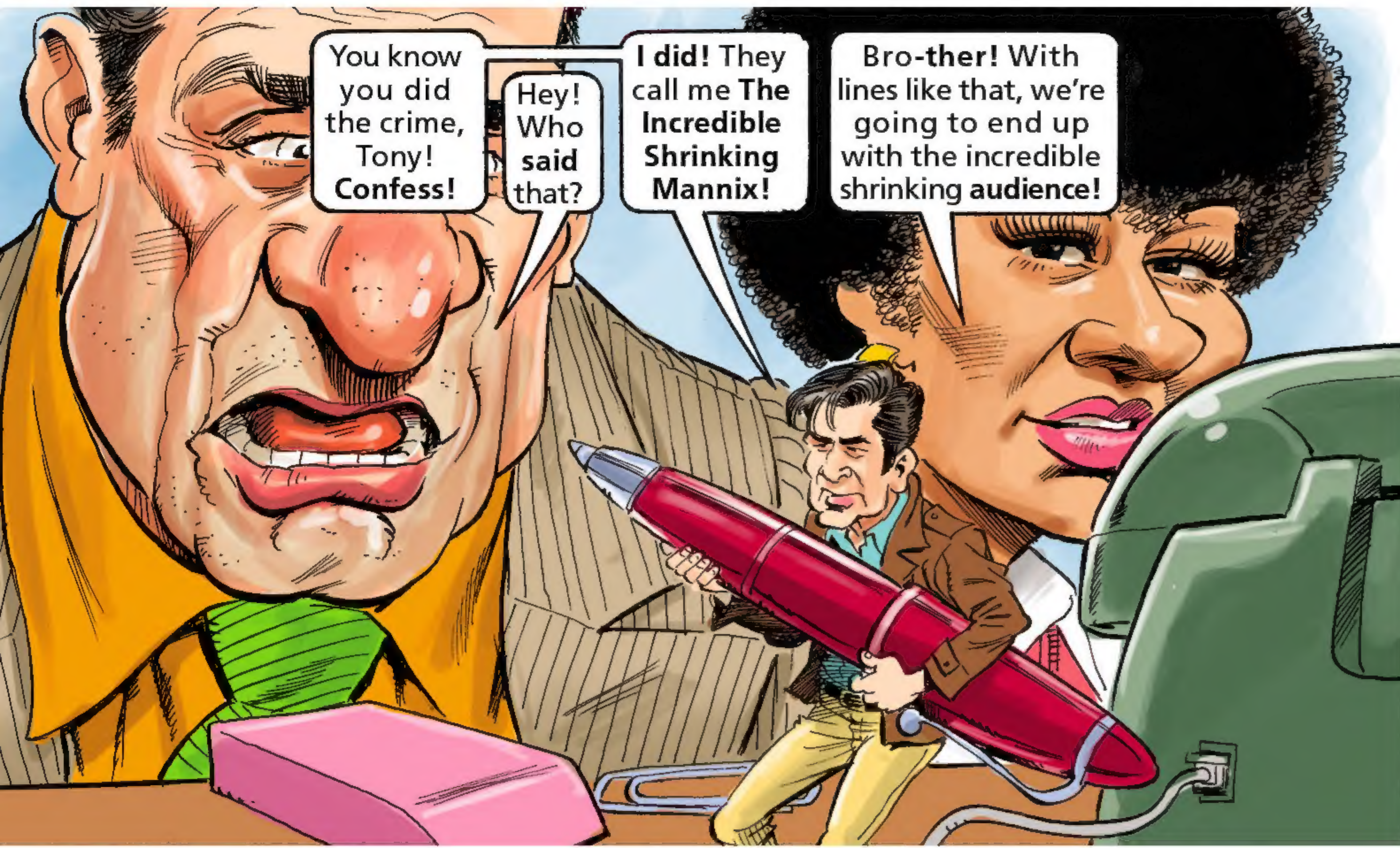




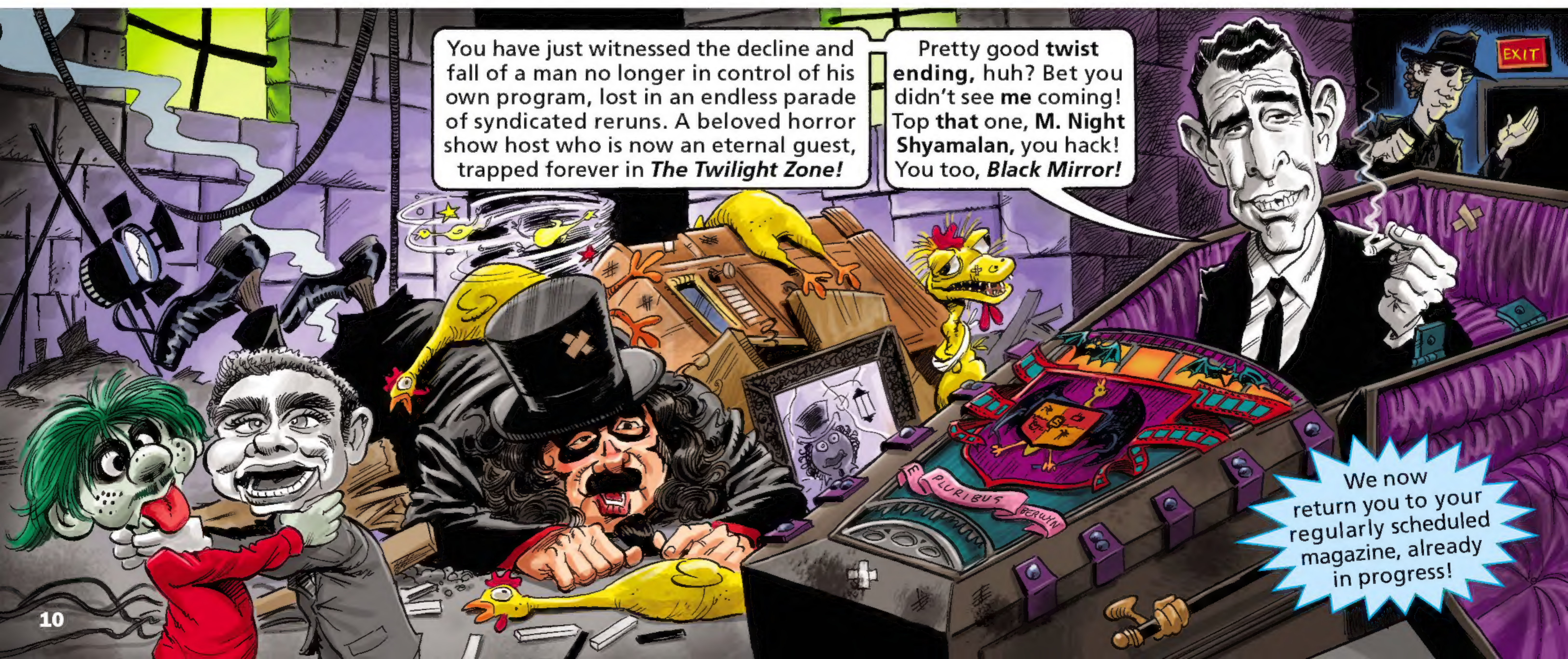
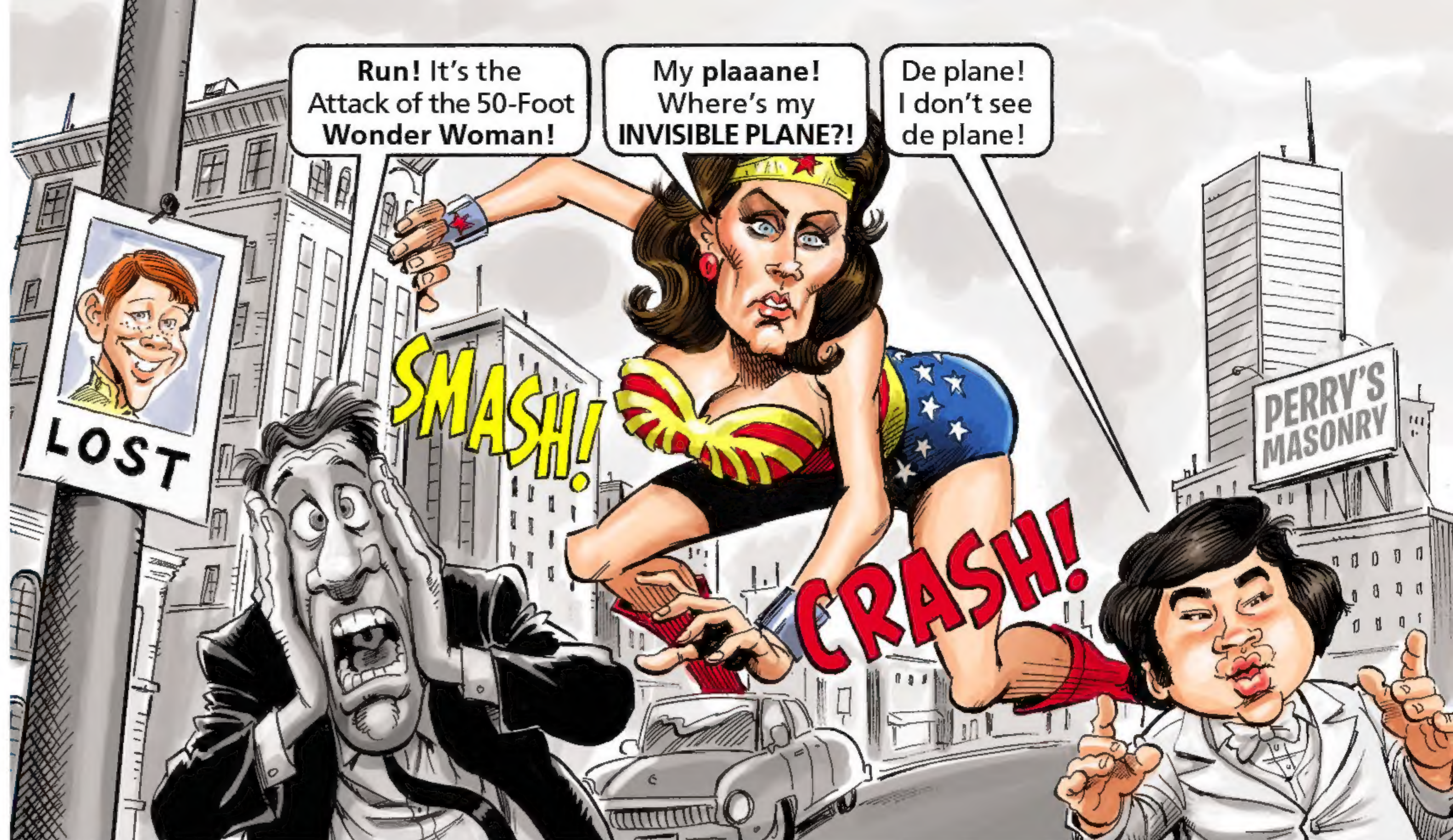




Disney sets painfully unrealistic expectations. No dogs will eat my spaghetti.



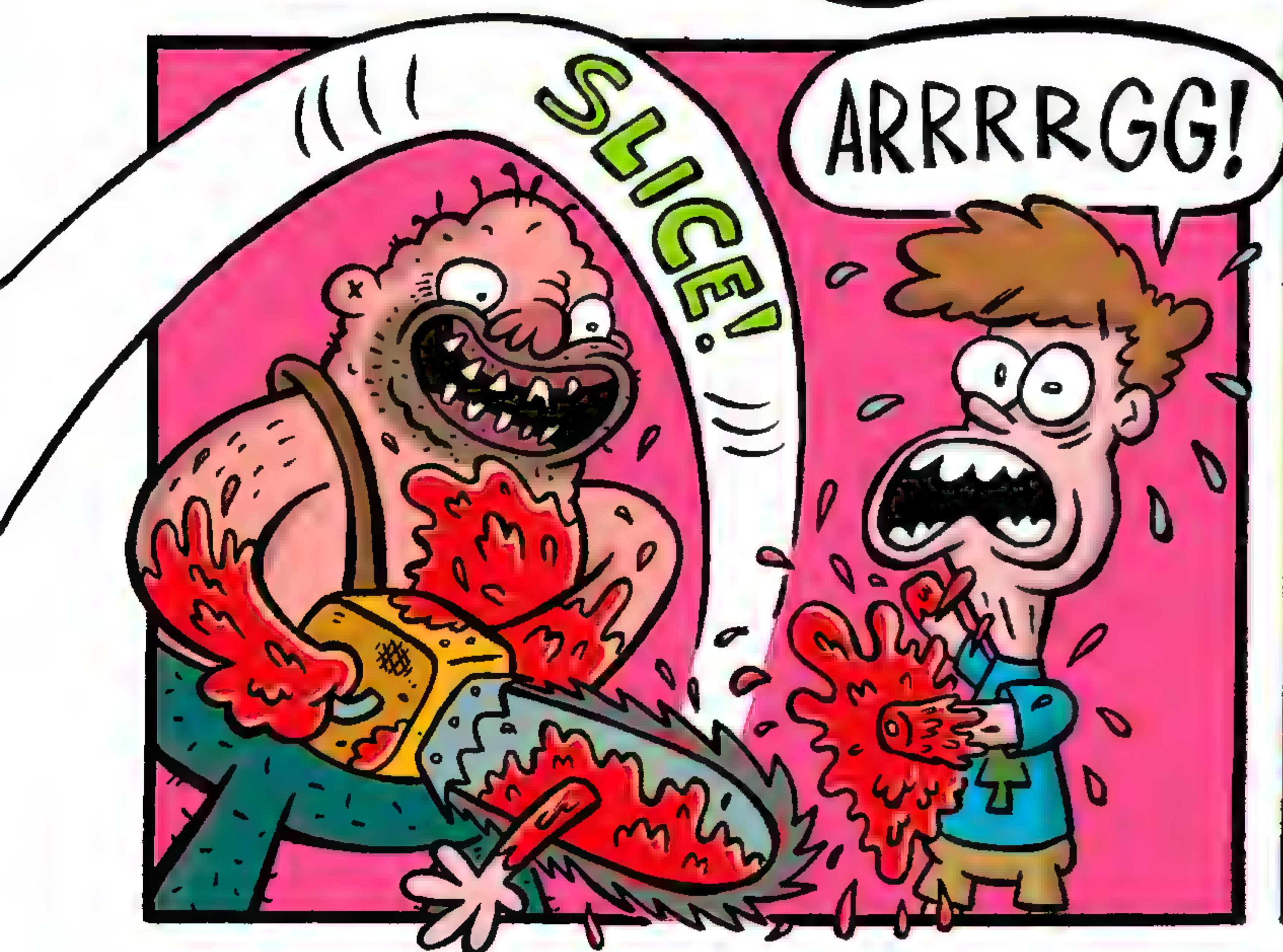
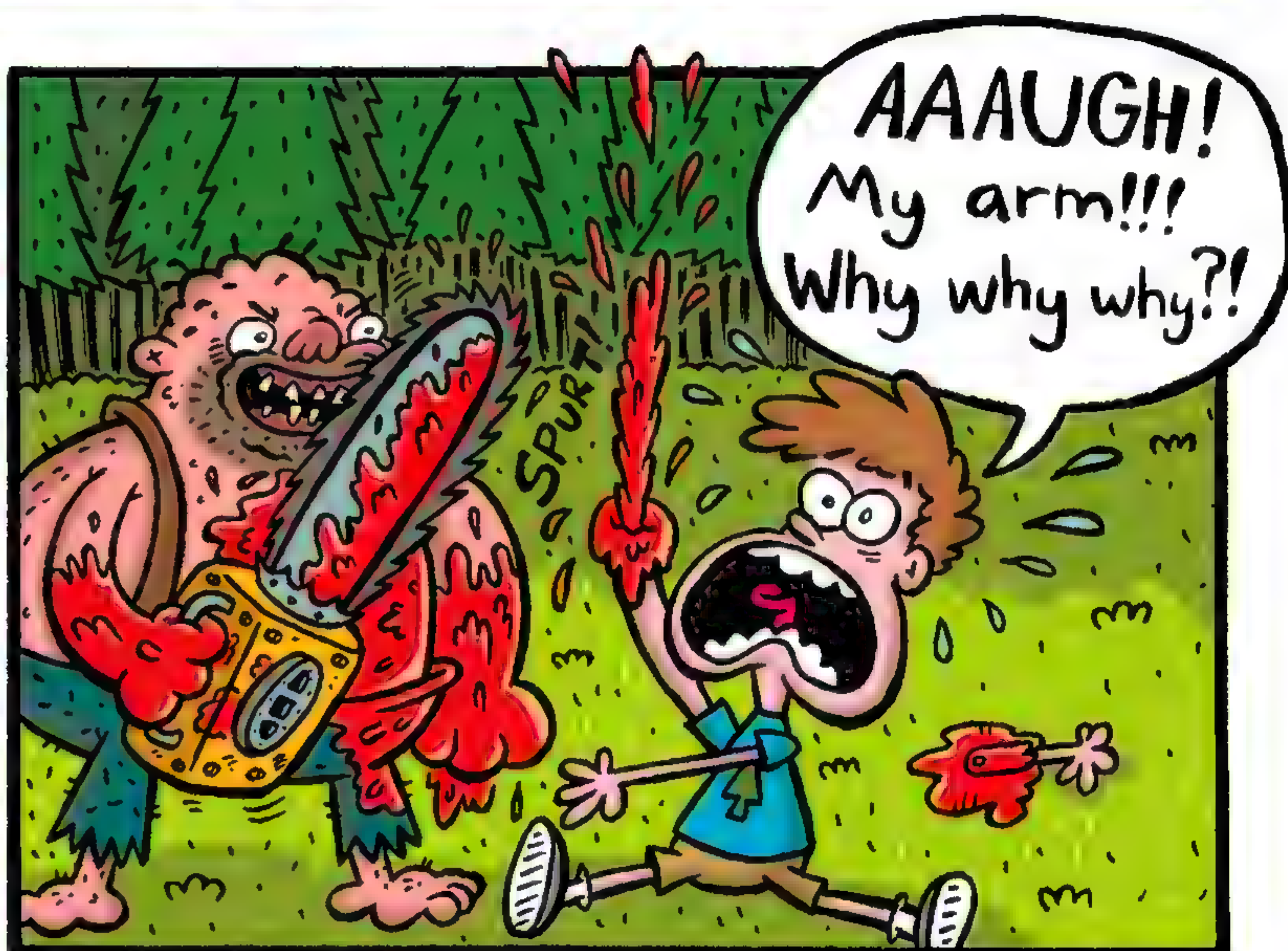
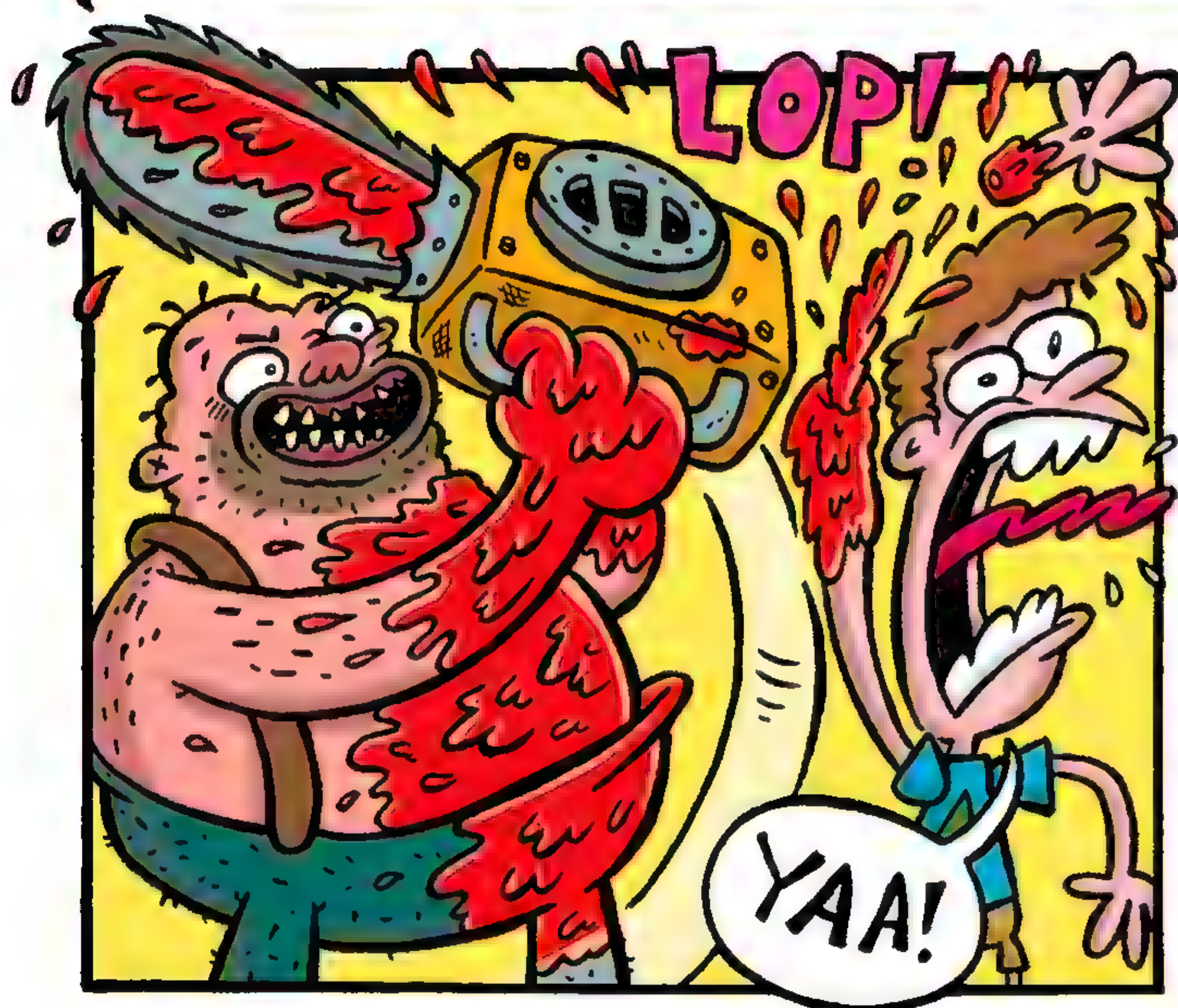
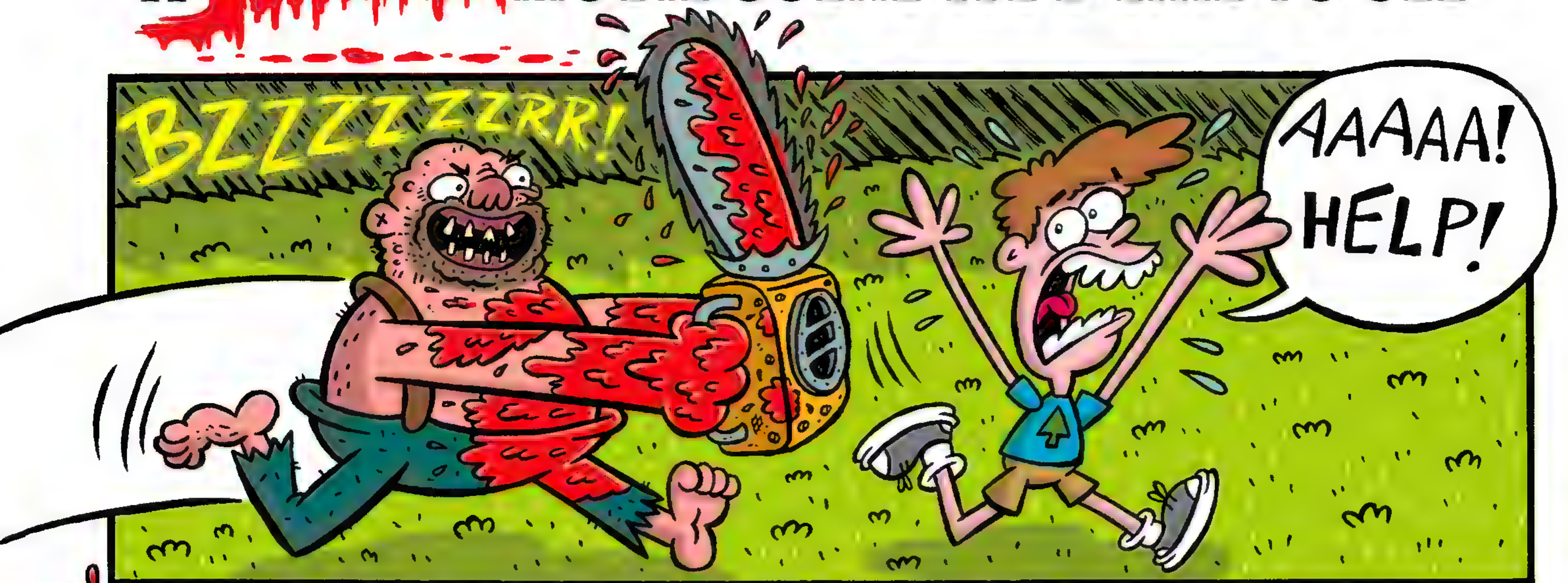








# A SLASHER MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE







Celebrate the only effective statement out of the Oval Office since Trump trundled into the presidency: Melania's fashion! Our occasional First Lady of the White House has made her mark on hearts across the nation with her poise, compassion, and pretty clothes! Our sartorial stylist Sina Grace predicts what inspired looks Melania will wear in 2019 to do her part in making America look great again!

# MELANIA TRUMP PAPER DOLL





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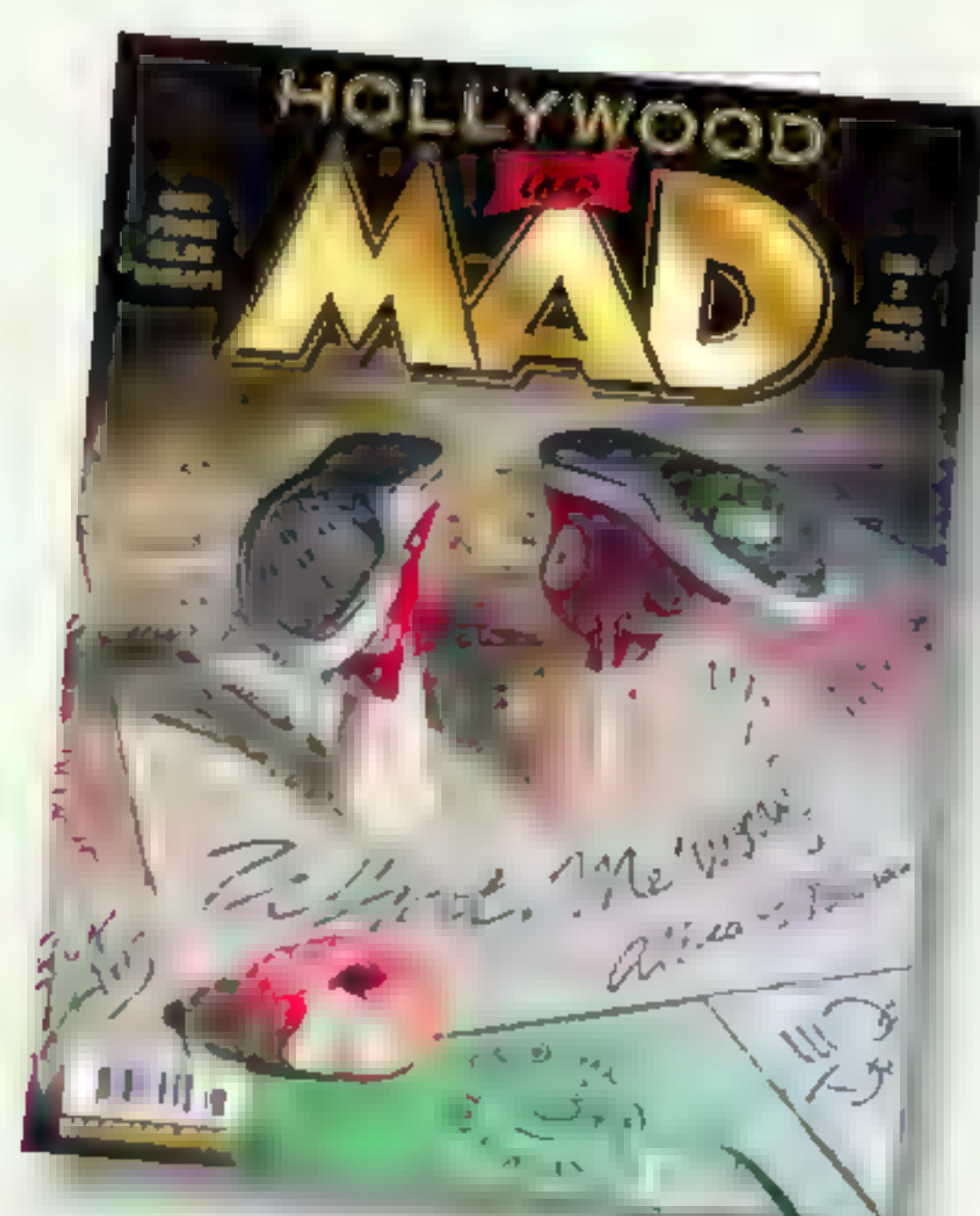
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LOVECRAFT ACTUALLY DEPT.

What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote children's comics?  
It might look like...

# Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!  
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE  
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE  
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL  
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON  
IT TO GO *INSANE!*

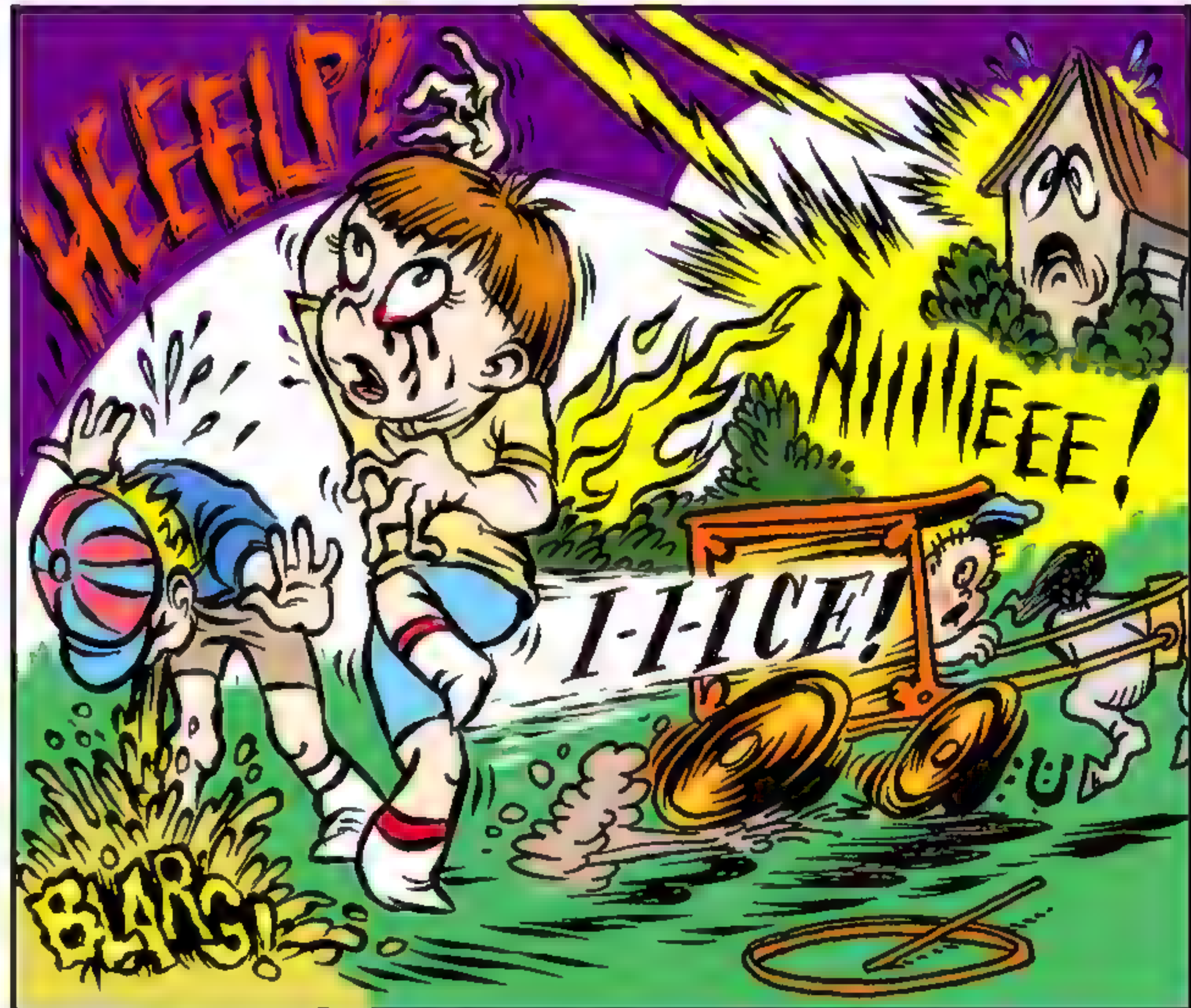


I'M IN LUCK!  
THERE ARE SOME  
CHILDREN PLAYING!

WILL YOU  
BE MY  
FRIENDS?



AN ELDER  
G-G-G-GOD!







STINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK DEPT.

Please put on your headsets and let me, **Maria Bamford**, take you on a museum tour of some of the most famous works in art history! Ancient censors removed extremely important gestures in order to please more delicate tastes of the time. But I have restored these glorious...

# STINK LINES

THROUGH

# ART HISTORY

That's right, nearly every important piece of art that has **ever** existed used to have big ol' nasty stink lines! Also, I've got a little gas, so breathe through your mouth—or get to **know** me better.

**MRRRK**... My butt just said, "Hail, Caesar!" to the kale Caesar I had... Ahem. **FIRST**, I present these hunting scenes from 16,000 BC, painted in the vibrantly dank caves of Pech Merle. **Behold** the putrid carcasses, seeming to **leap** at you! The artists were **cavewomen** with a stink-line vocabulary developed during prehistoric child-care duties. Too bad the humidity caused by mouth-breathing **cavemen** made them drip away! I have personally re-added these stink lines out of respect for the ancients.







**The Great Sphinx of Giza** was believed to have been built between 2,558 and 2,532 BC...

**UMF...** keep a safe distance. I just went vegan this afternoon! This behemoth **Lion with Human Head** was believed to include a cat-like **litter box area**, but sadly, the litter box and vertically engineered stone stink lines were stolen by **Napoleon's army**, who thought they looked like french fries. **Poutine le merde!**

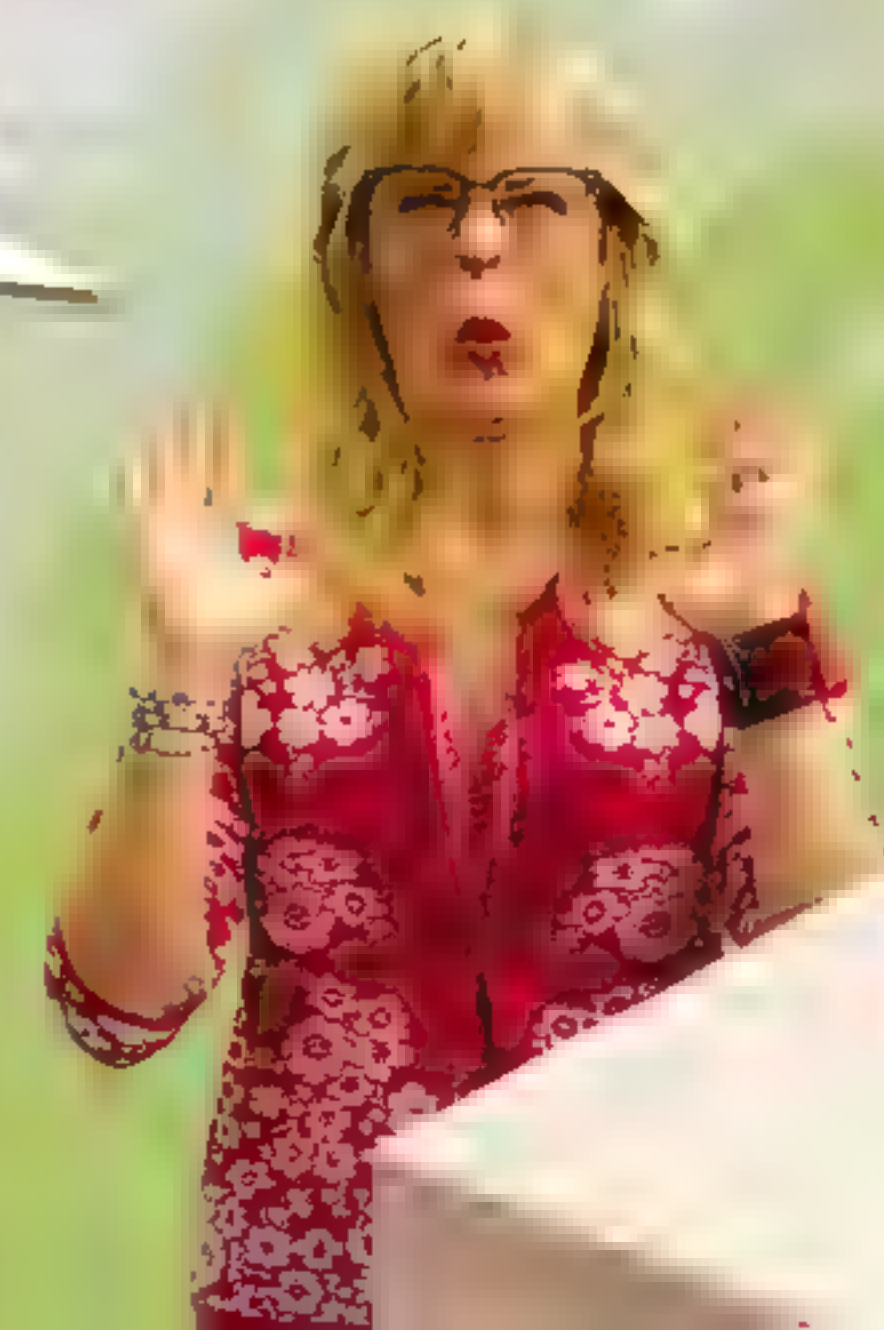


Here's a **Seurat**—known to his friends as **Seurat the Dot** for his **pointillism**! As an homage to his dog, **Le Stinque**, Seurat crafted this generalized waving effect.

**OOPH!** I just DJ Khaleded that kale Caesar. Anyhows, initially Seurat had entitled the work "**Odeur Mal Du Mon Ami, Le Stinque**," but the buyer requested that all signs of the cur's pungency be dotted out with background color. It was retitled "**Bathers at Asnières**." Which...come on, that's a **lot** less catchy.



**AH-HERM...** IBS is no BS! Now, **Auguste Rodin's** lover, fellow artist **Camille Claudel**, suggested Rodin sculpt stink lines emanating from this statue's testicles. When Claudel got sick of Rodin's real-life rank junk, Rodin swept away her influence. She died in obscurity despite being Rodin's equal, while Rodin became a **legend**! Note the elegant marble waves our restoration department has added here as a deliberate **insult** to his memory.



And here's self-taught artist **Horace Pippin**, unrecognized until after death, a veteran never appreciated by his country. He said, "The war brought out all the art in me." And **your art** brought out the righteous, sphincter-clenching rage in **me**, Horace!

**TOOTY-TOOT TOOT!**  
Yeah, I RAGE-farted. Look this shit up! And yes, I'm a **wealthy white lady** yelling about **privilege**!



Outsider art, indigenous art, differently abled artists... all are **overlooked** by billionaires who crown mostly **white males**. In 2017 only 30 percent of the artists at the Vienna Biennale (the world's most influential art festival) were women. Only 39 percent weren't white. Try wavin' your snooty little hands at **that** cloud. It ain't goin' **nowhere**!



Now it's time to **mix things up**! And, say, what's **that** smell? Oh! It's the art world's **racism and sexism** that continues to **this day**!

Here we see a portrait of **Lois Mailou Jones** by my husband, Scott Marvel Cassidy! The reason you need to **Google her right now** is that the super-stinky art establishment **rejected** her work. She had to have **white artists** submit it **for** her. That's right, her stink lines are **CONCEPTUAL**!

**GIFT SHOP**

And now everyone's favorite stop on the tour...**THE GIFT SHOP**, which stinks of the illusion that **you** are supporting the arts, when museums are mostly funded by billionaire corporations. Oh wait, this isn't one of **those**—it's a **little gallery** I made myself in an abandoned apiary. And **this** is just an exit.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the powder room! I've got a **peekaboo yam** on the docket!





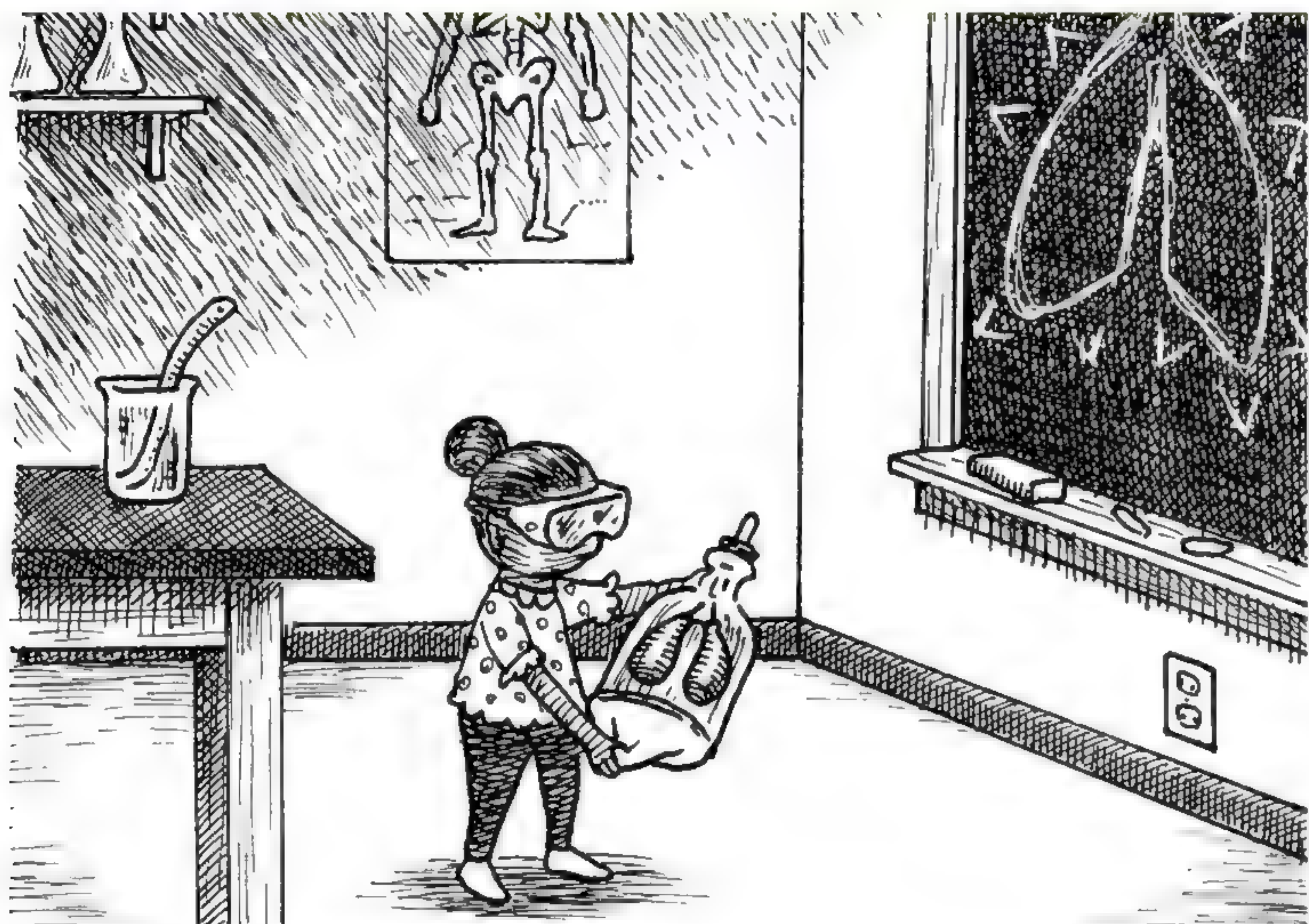


In the classic and twisted ABC book *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, illustrator Edward Gorey famously killed off 26 children in alphabetical order—one death for each letter. Each unfortunate event was as different as it was gothic—the characters were dispatched by every method imaginable, including bears, trains, and falling statues.

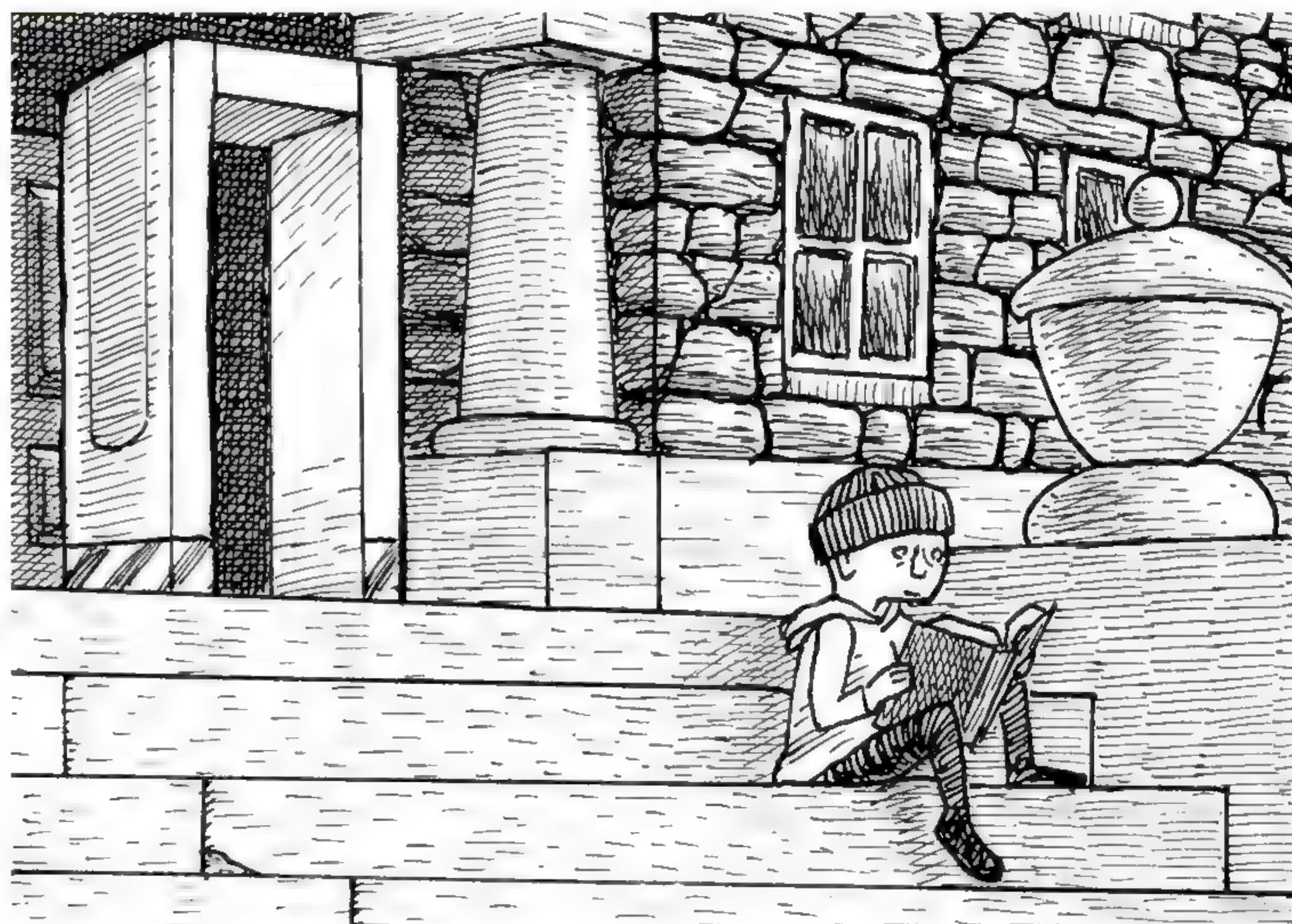
Sadly, times have changed and there's basically one way that most kids seem to die now. With that in mind, we solemnly present...

# THE GHASTLYGUN TINIES

WRITER MATT COHEN ARTIST MARC PALM



A is for ALICE the young science wiz



B is for BRIAN cramming for a quiz



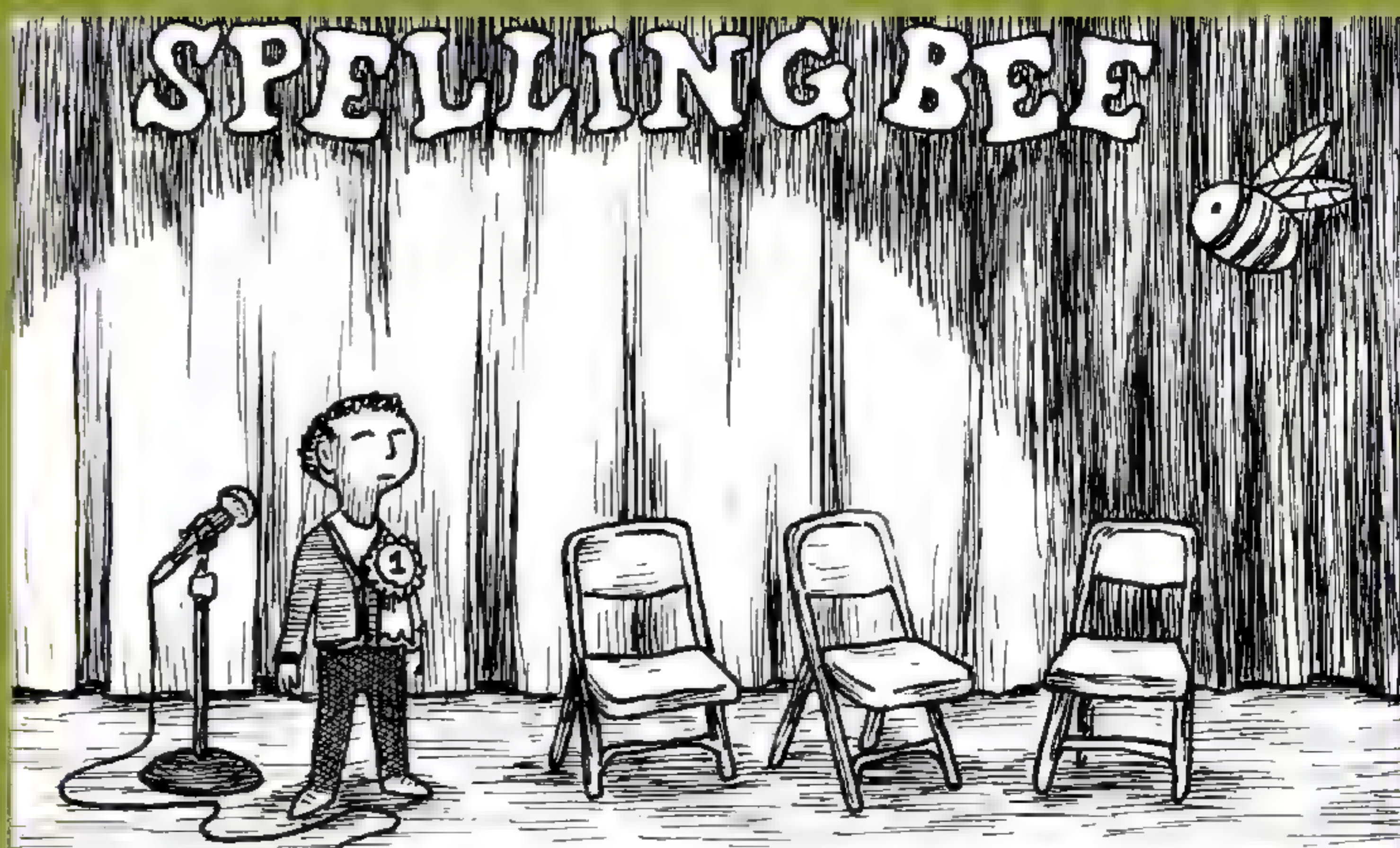
C is for CONNOR in his English class

D is for DANA who had a hall pass





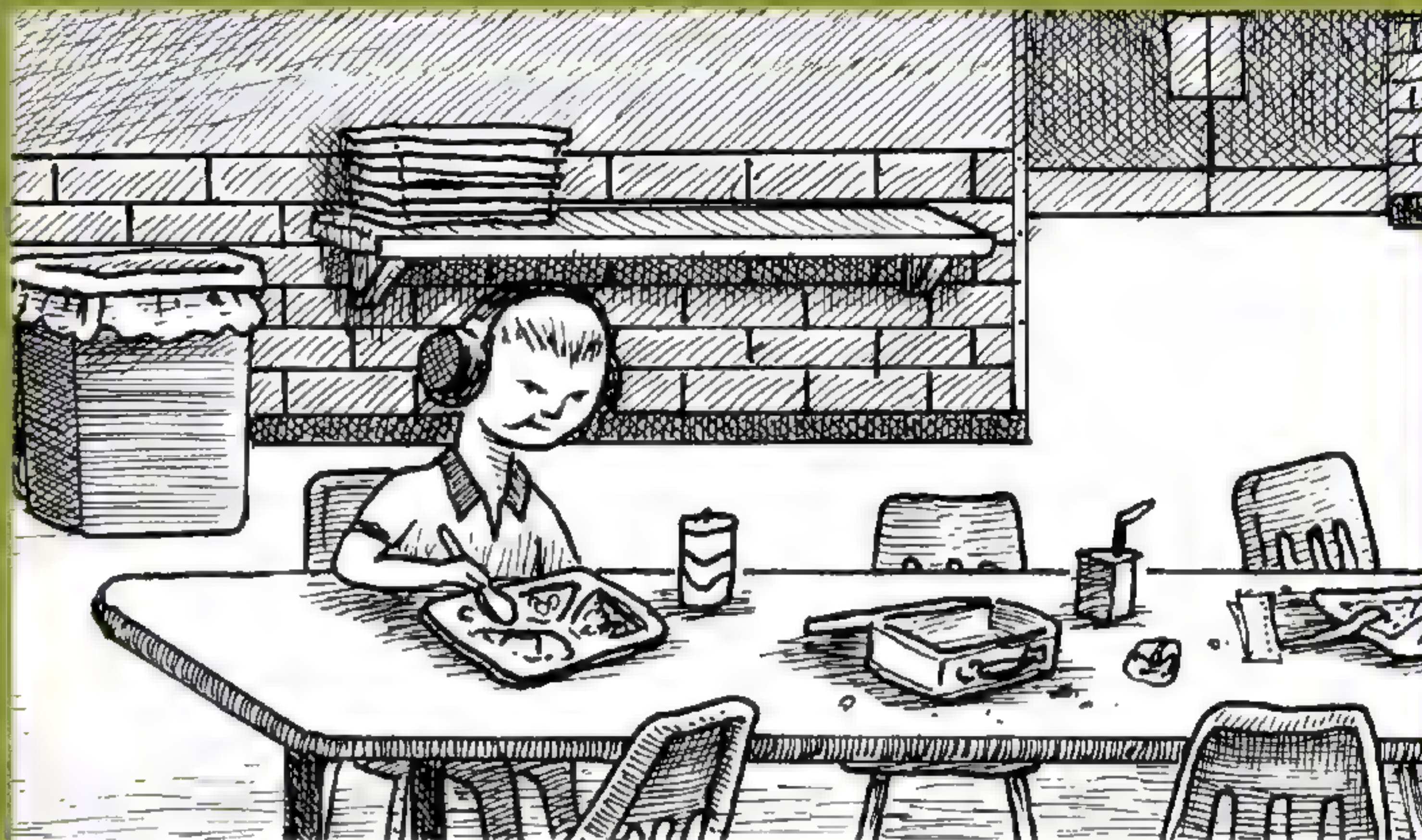
E is for EVE who's idealistic



F is for FRANK, more than a statistic



G is for GREG who was caught unawares



H is for HIRO who needs more than prayers



I is for IKE learning Shakespeare by rote

J is for JULIE who's too young to vote

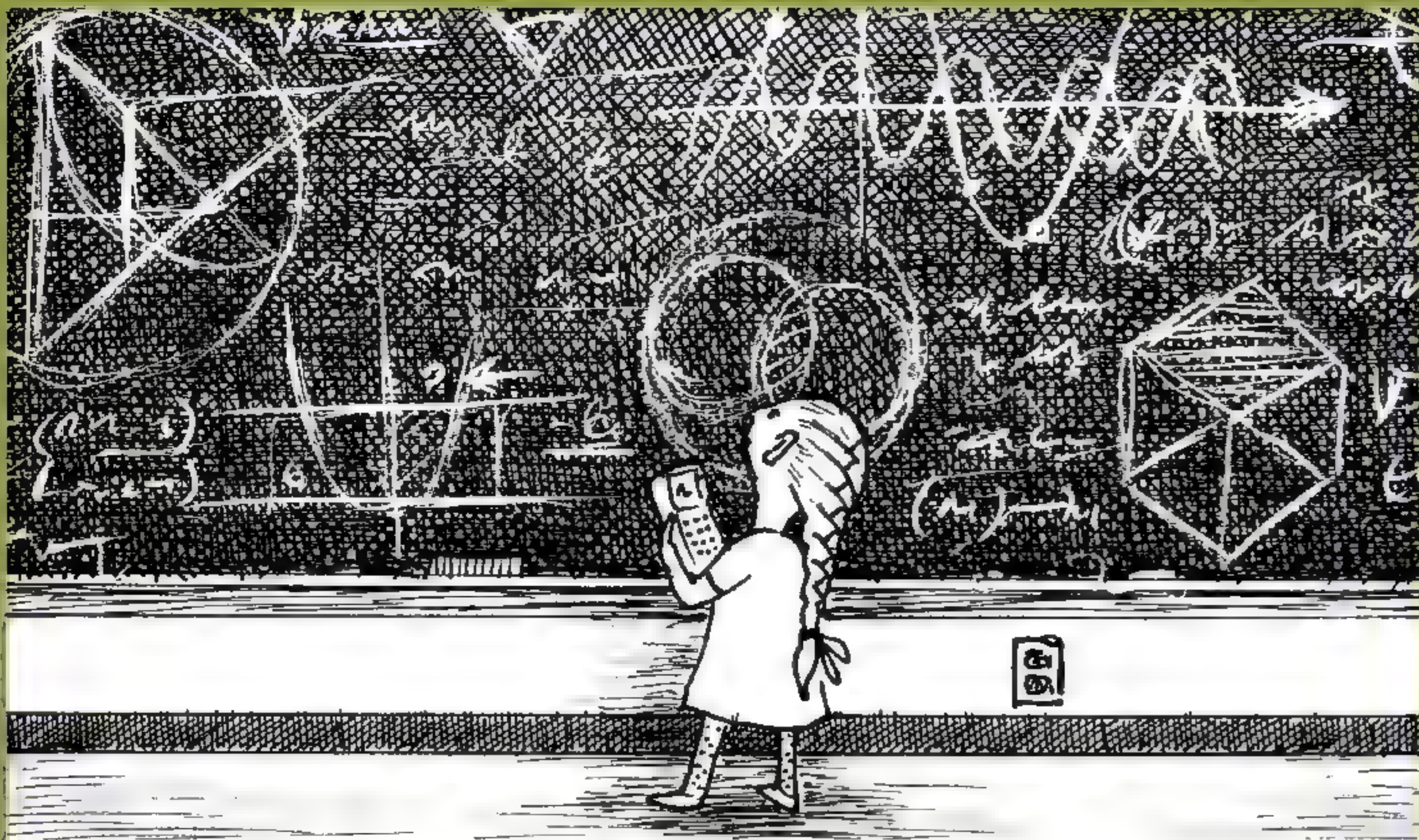


K is for KARA who's weary today



L is for LIAM reading Hemingway





M is for MEGAN who's studying math

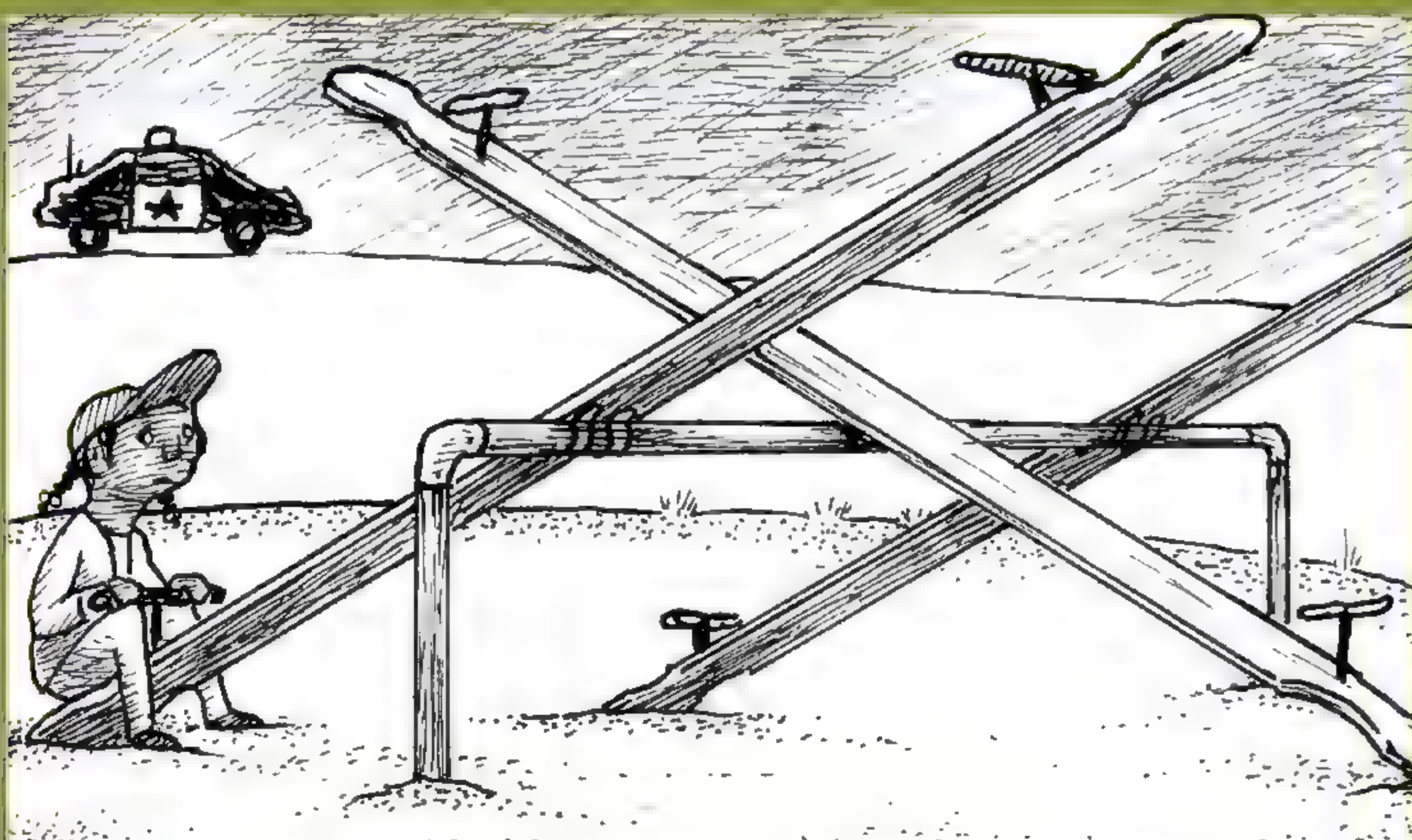


N is for NATHAN who's caught in the path



O is for OWEN learning about states

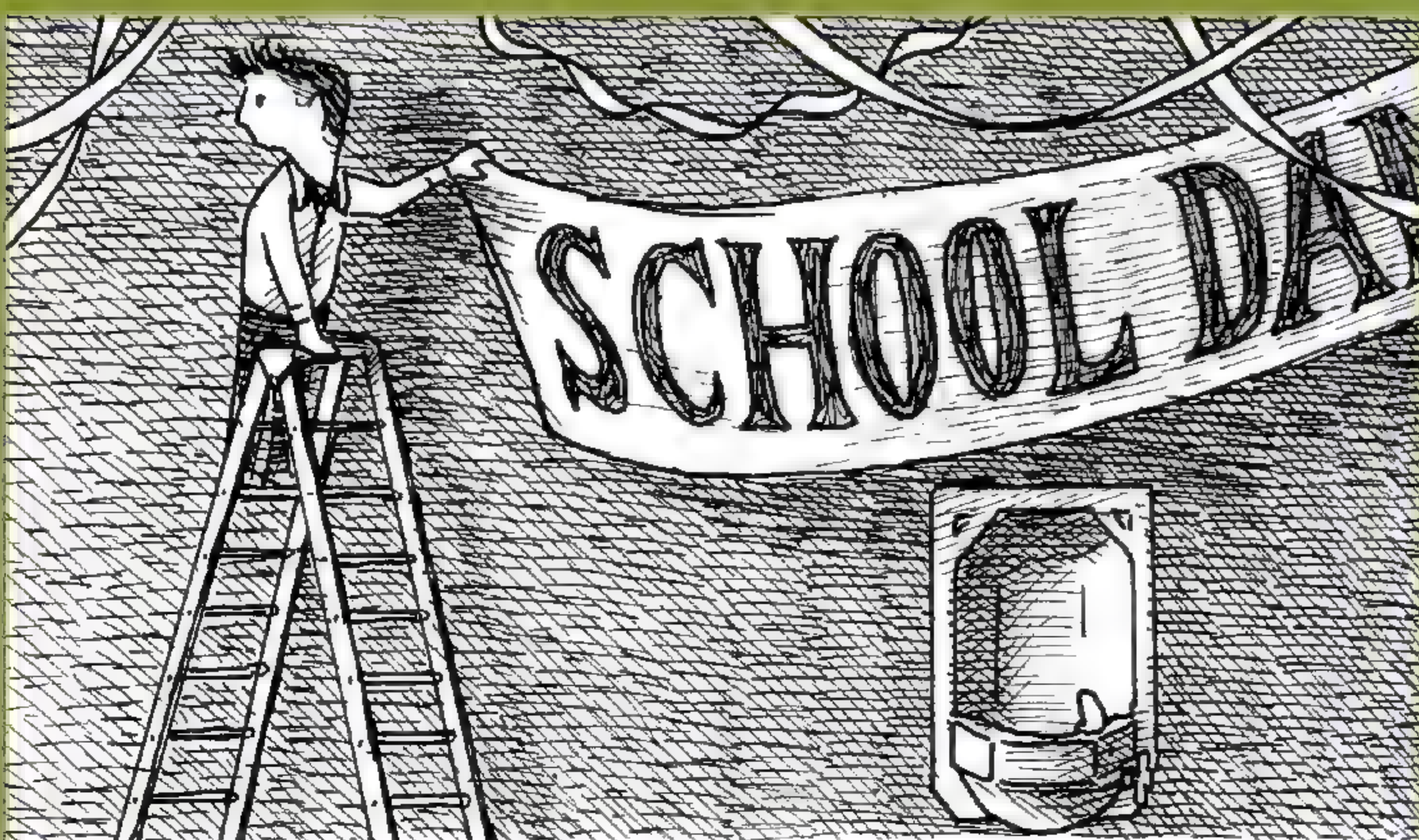
P is for PAULA protecting classmates



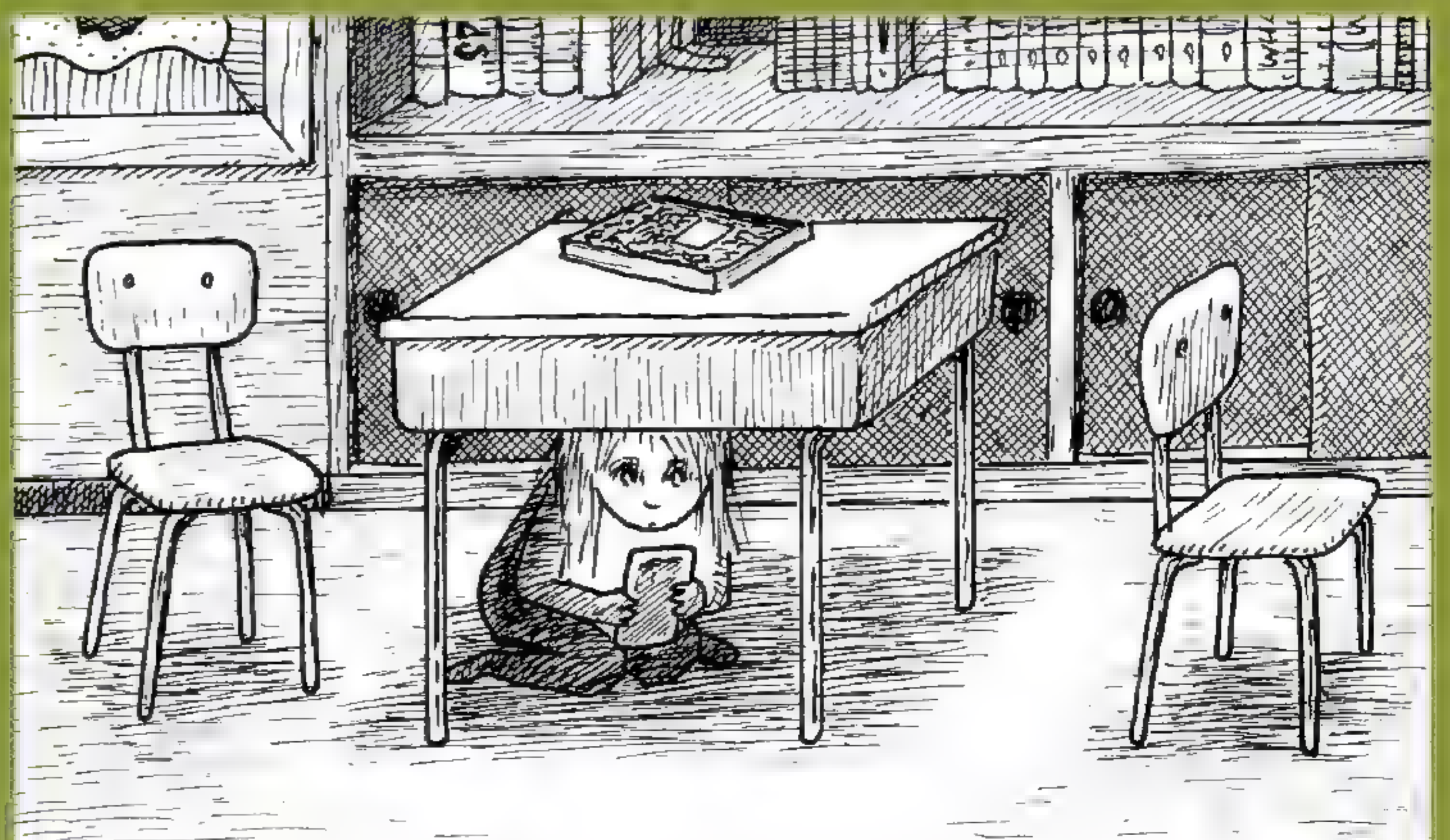
Q is for QUINN whose life had just begun



R is for REID, valued less than a gun



S is for STEPHEN who's planning for prom

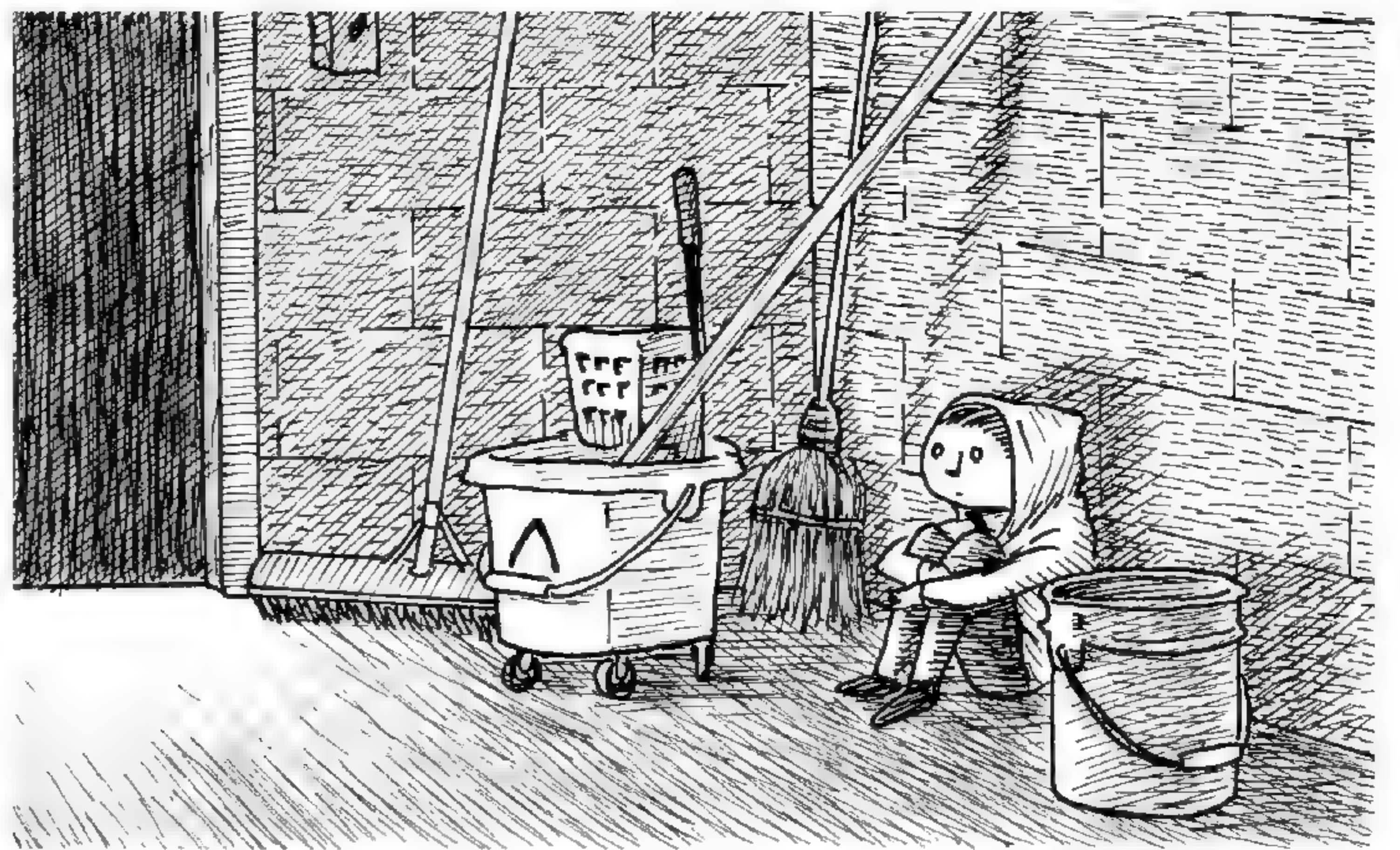


T is for TINA who's texting her mom

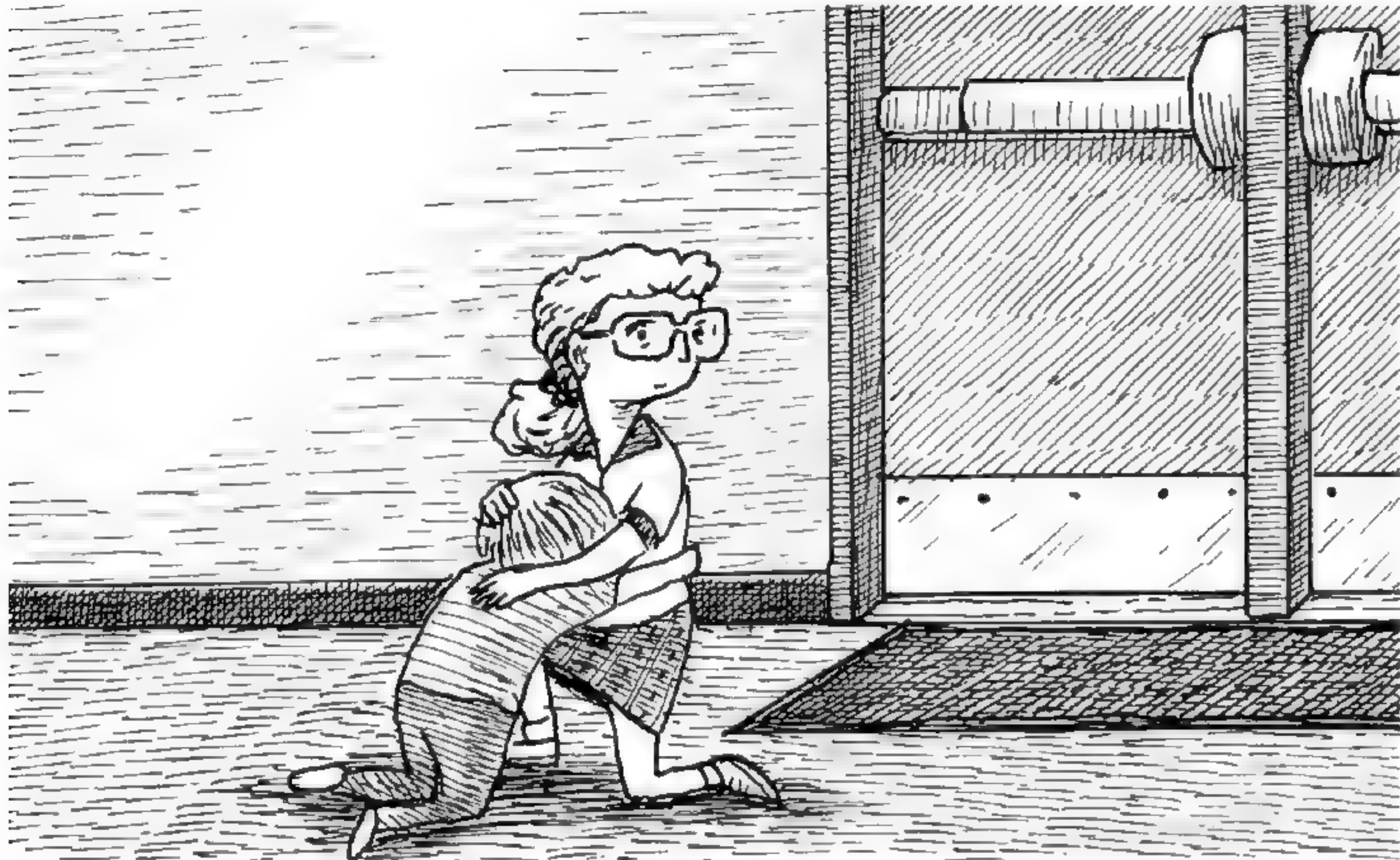




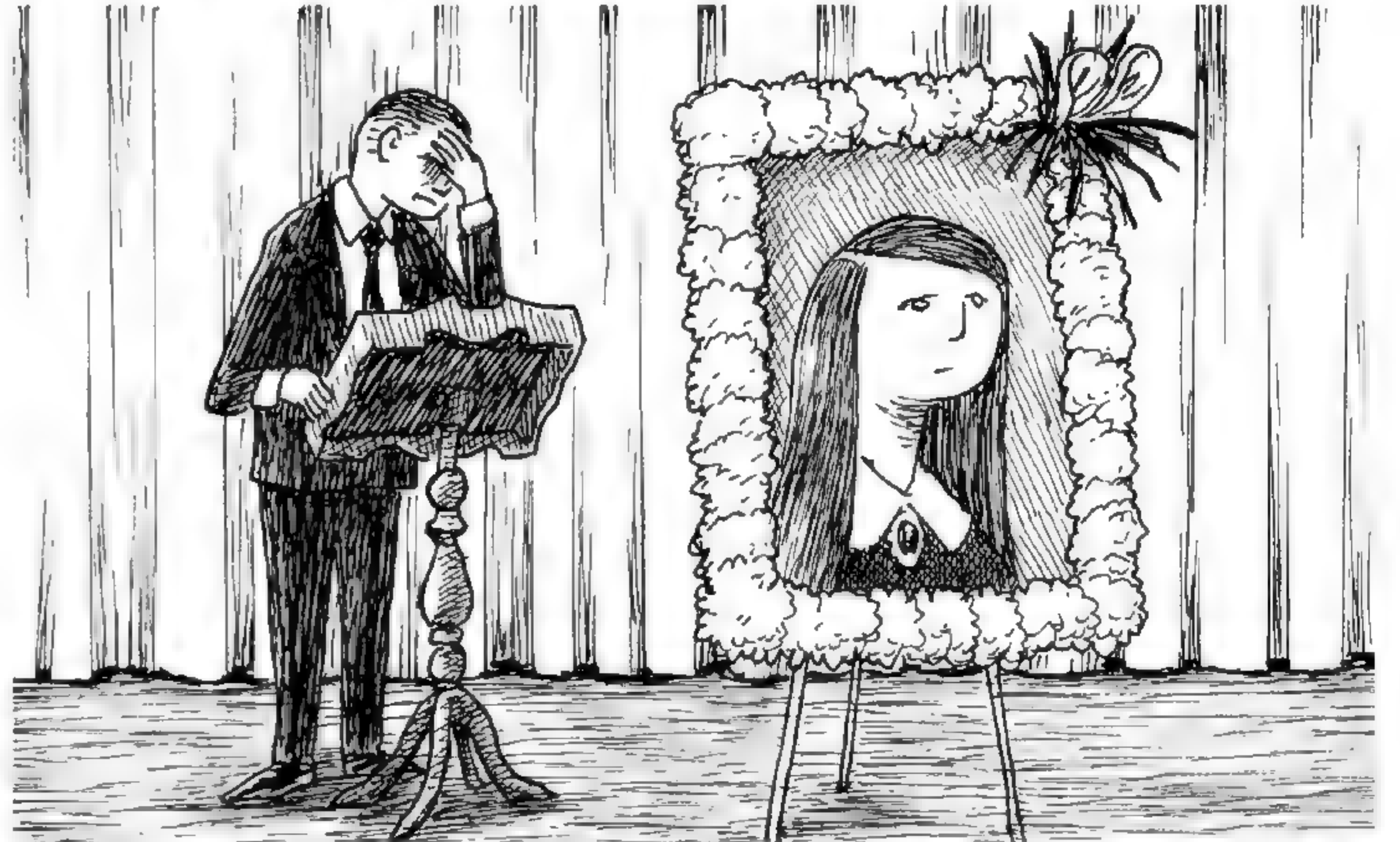
U is for UNA who ID'ed his face



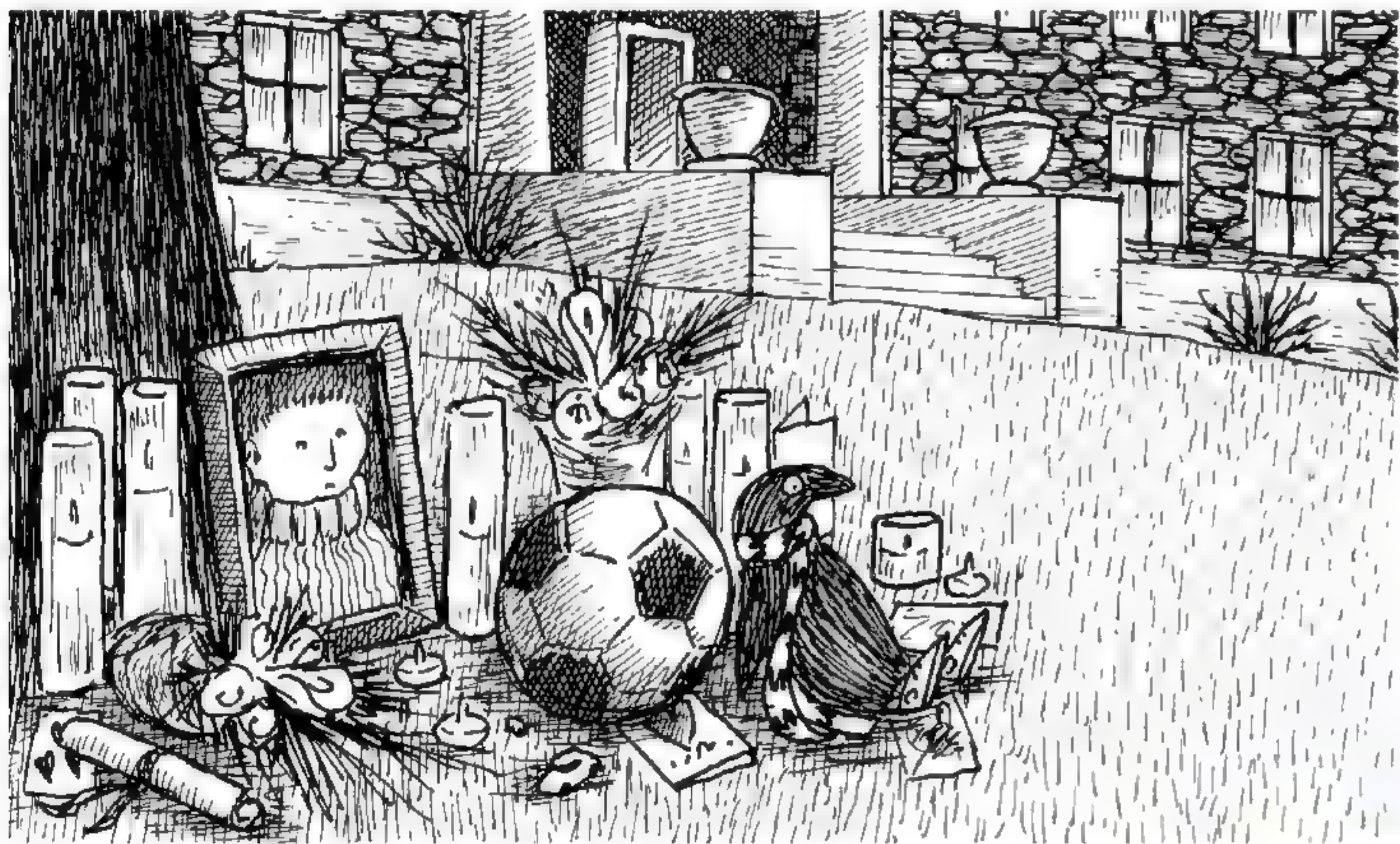
V is for VINCENT who's sheltered in place



W is for WENDY, kind beyond belief



X is for XENA whose dad's crushed by grief



Y is for YURI whose time has now passed



Z is for ZOE who won't be the last



Sergio Aragonés  
PRESENTS

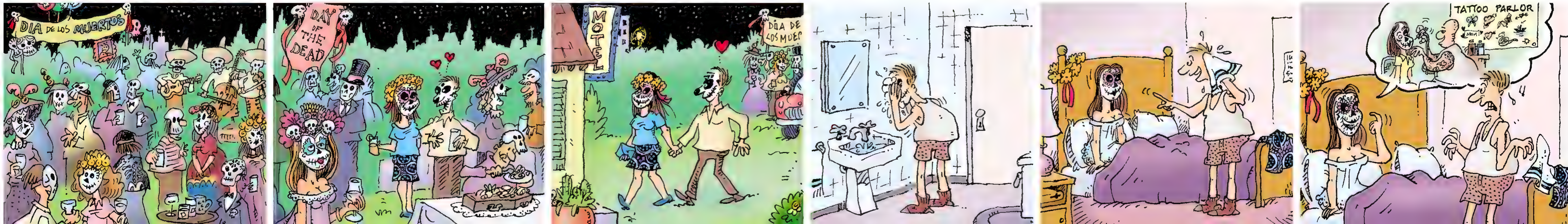
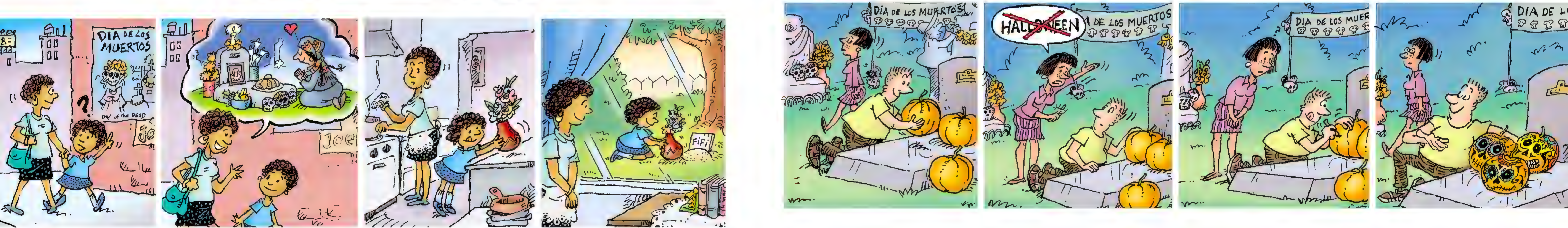
# A MAD LOOK AT

# DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS

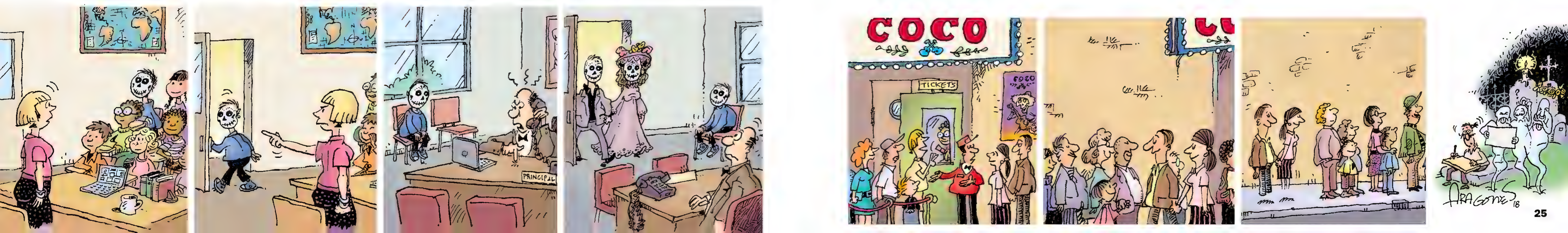
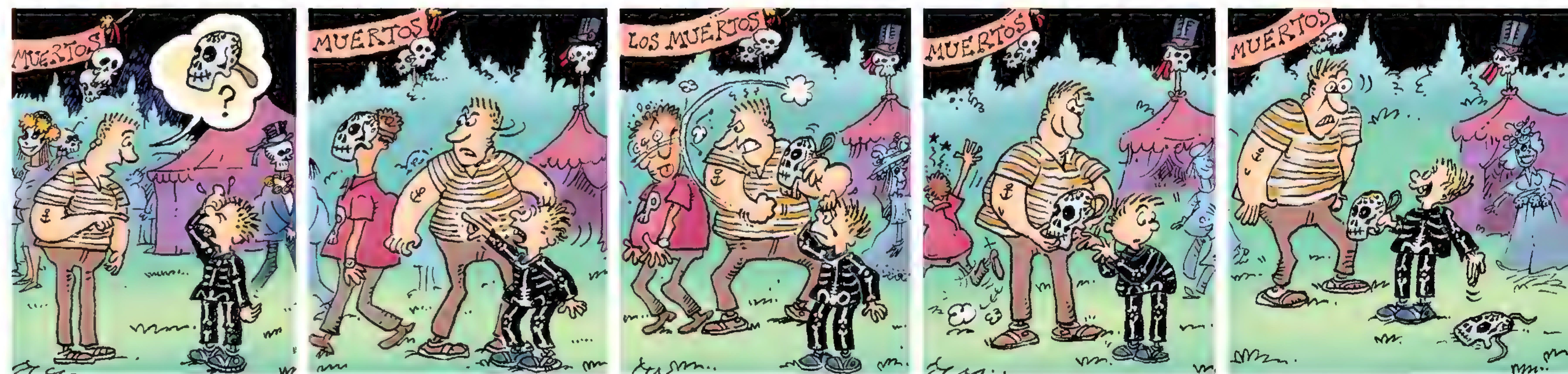
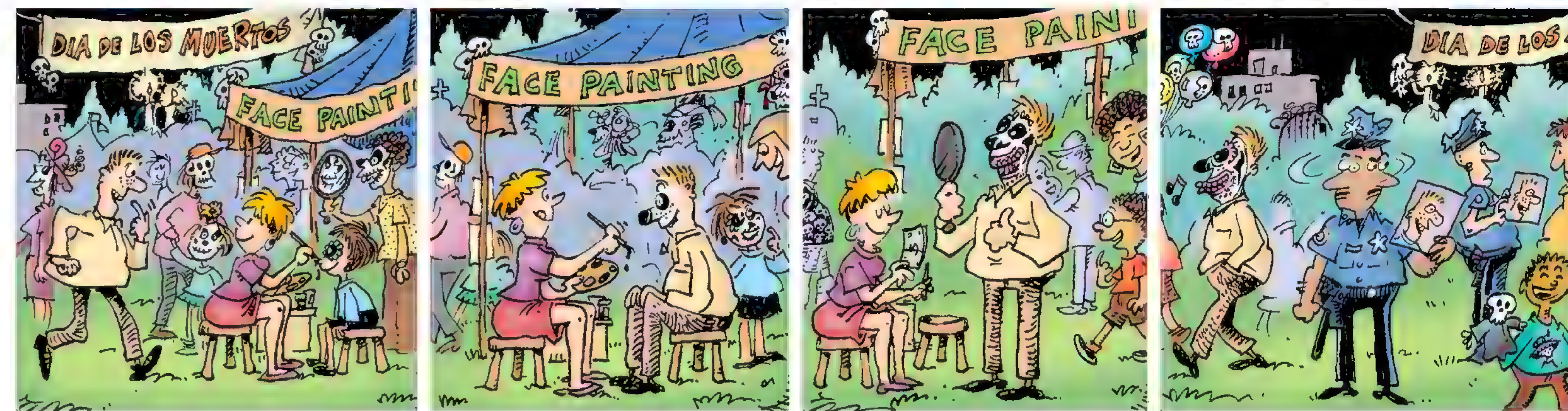
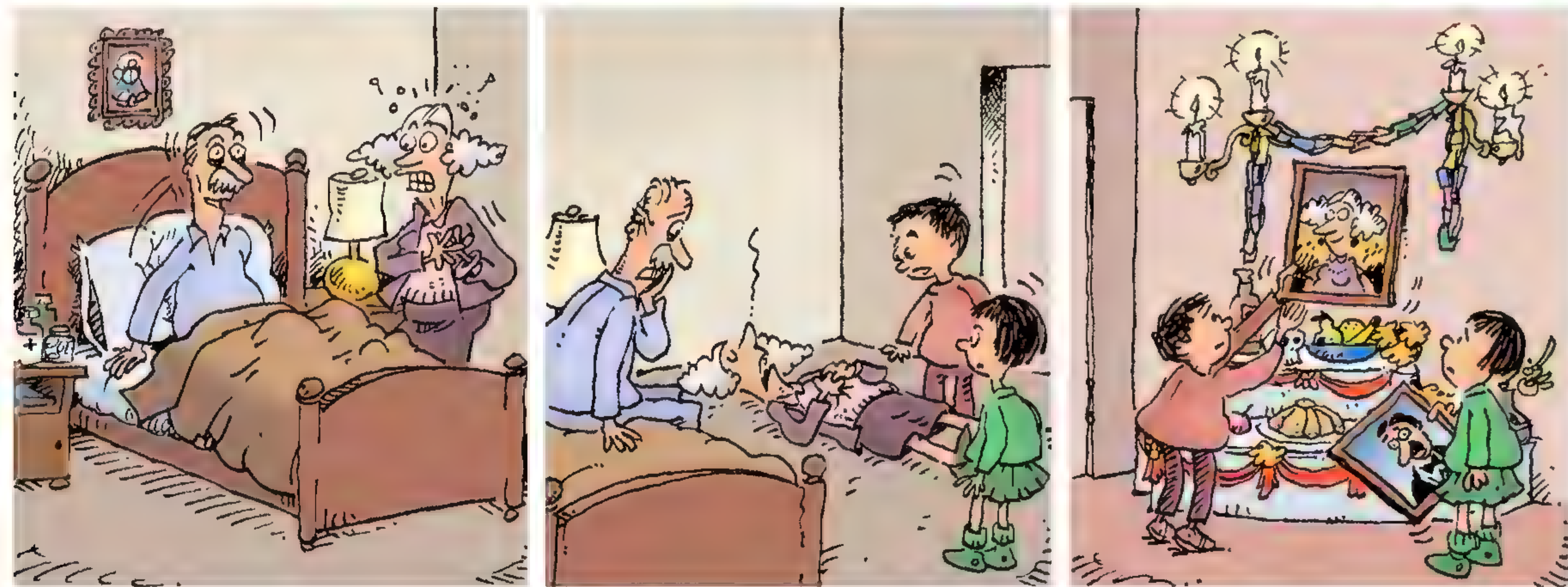
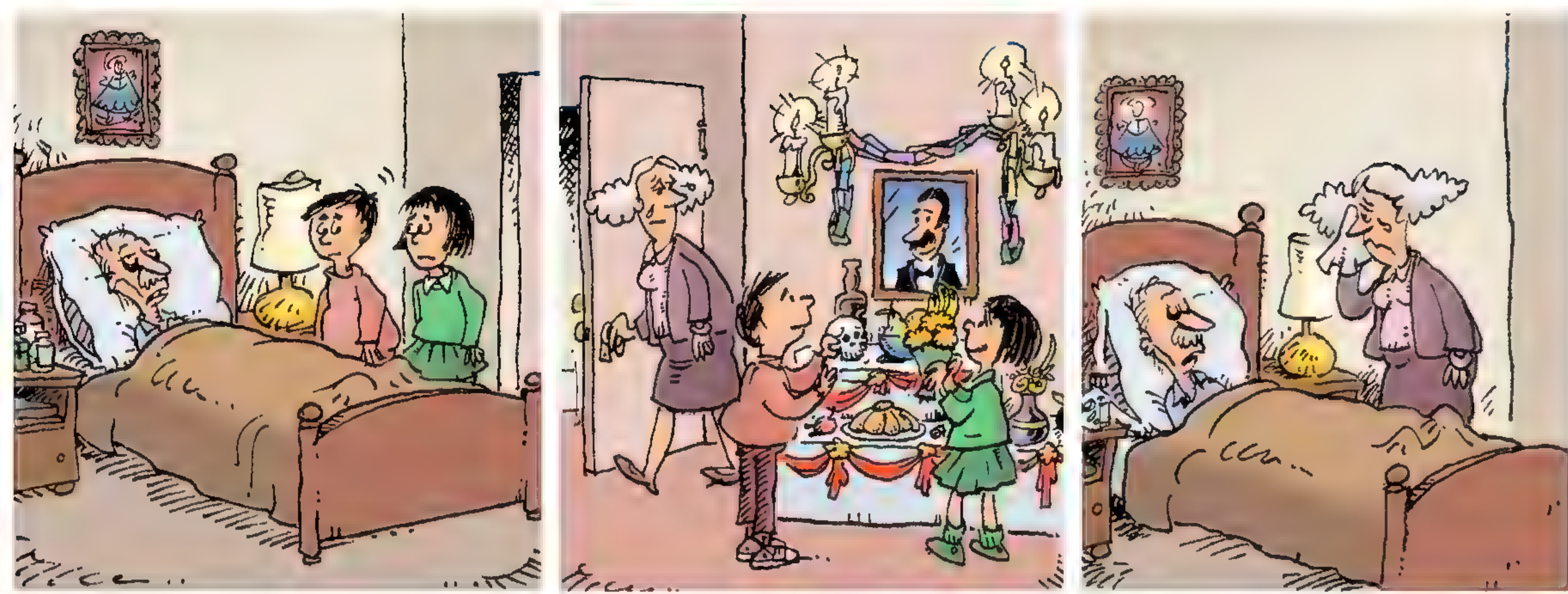
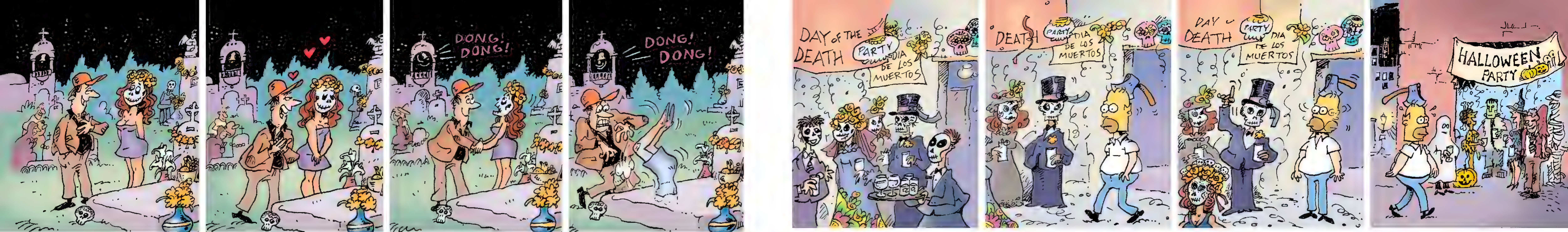
## DAY OF THE DEAD



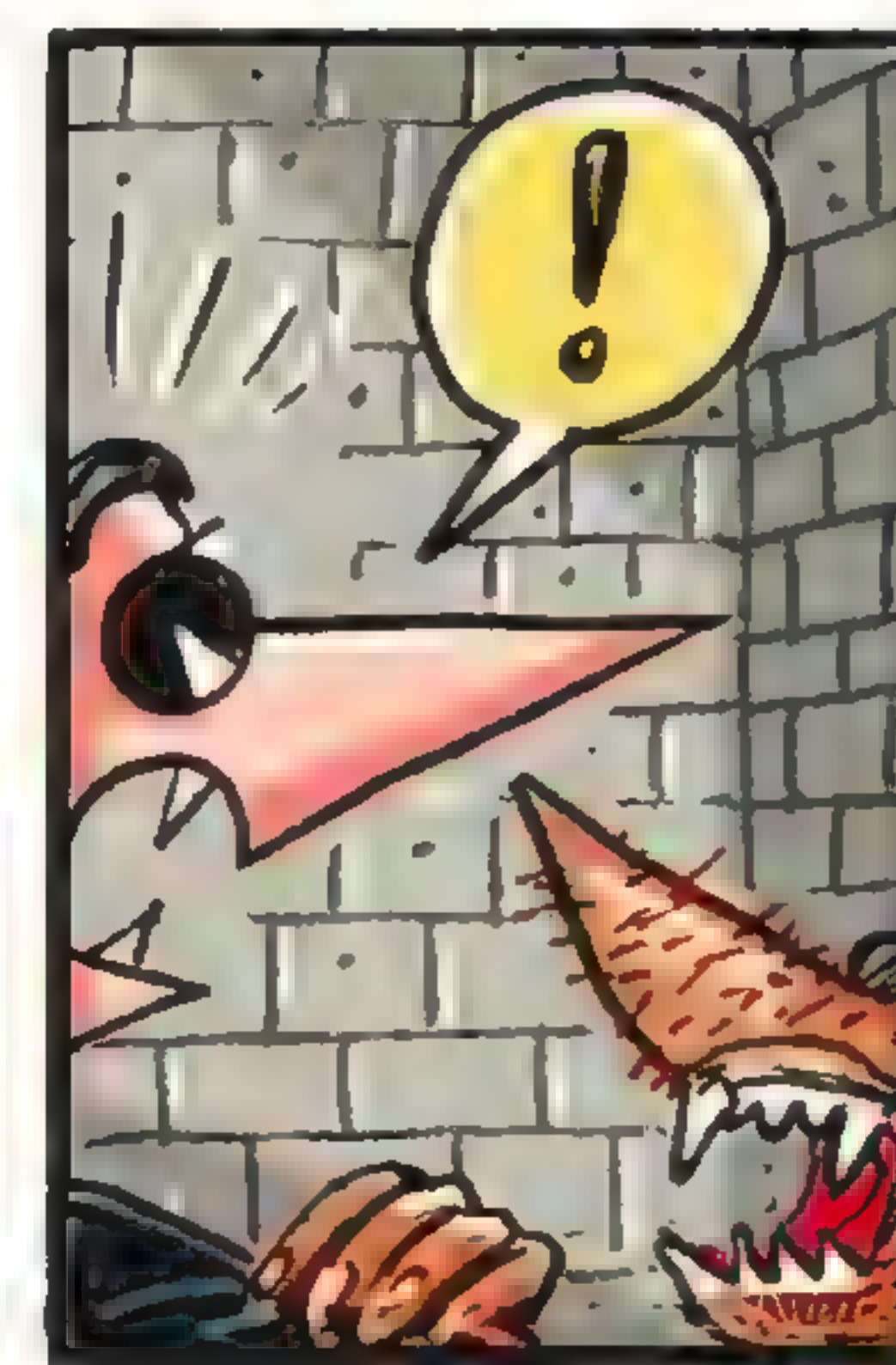
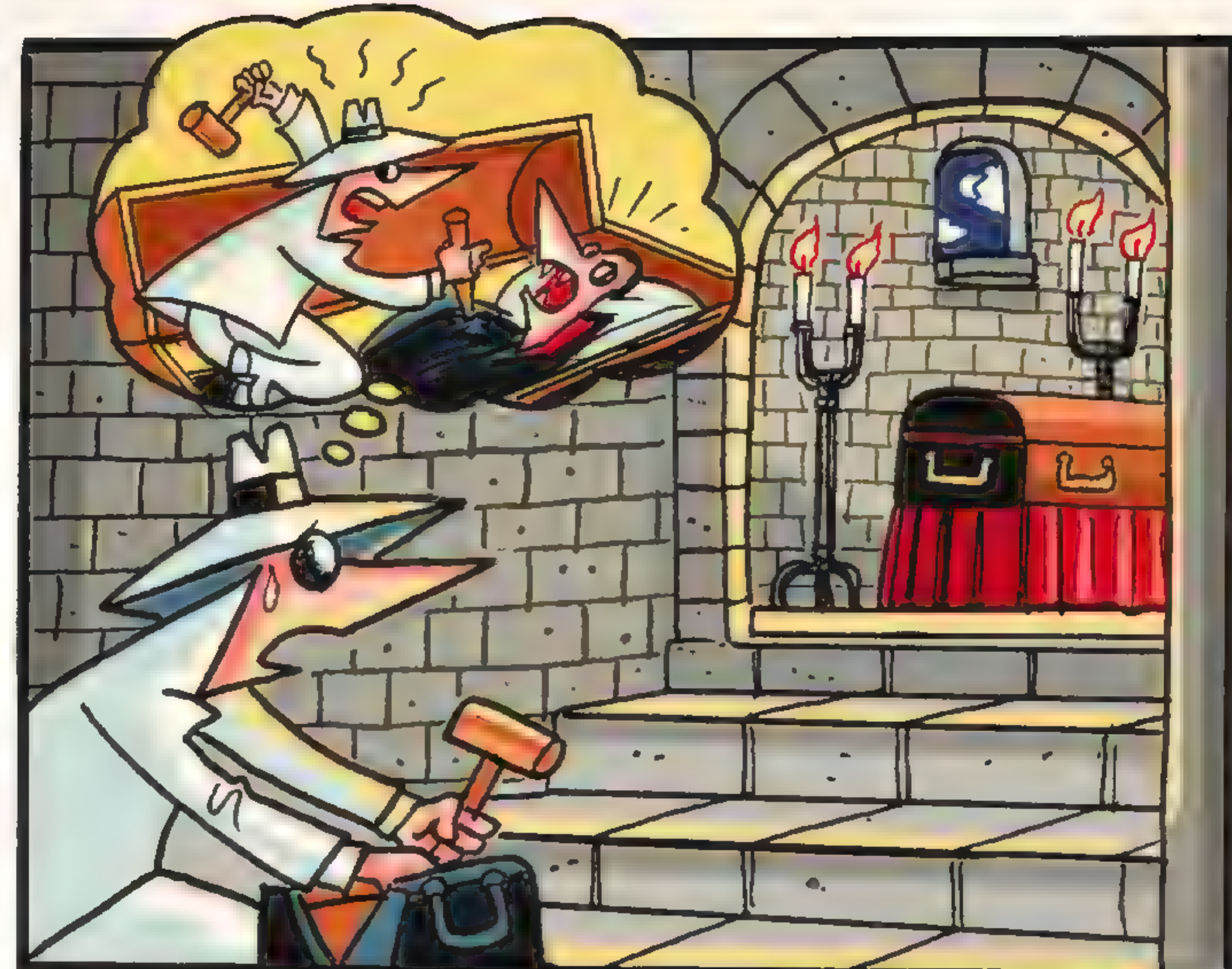
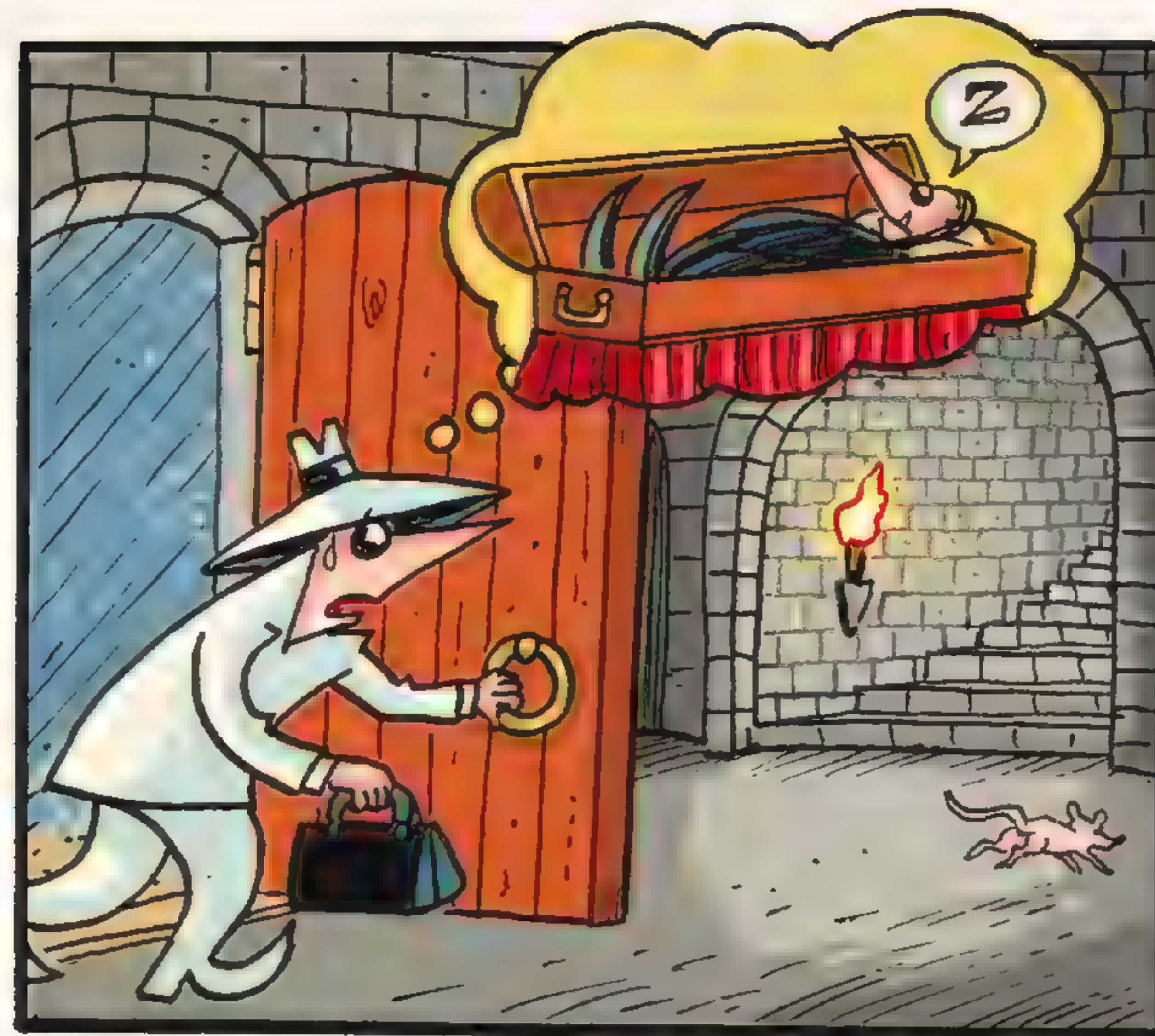
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **TOM LUTH**



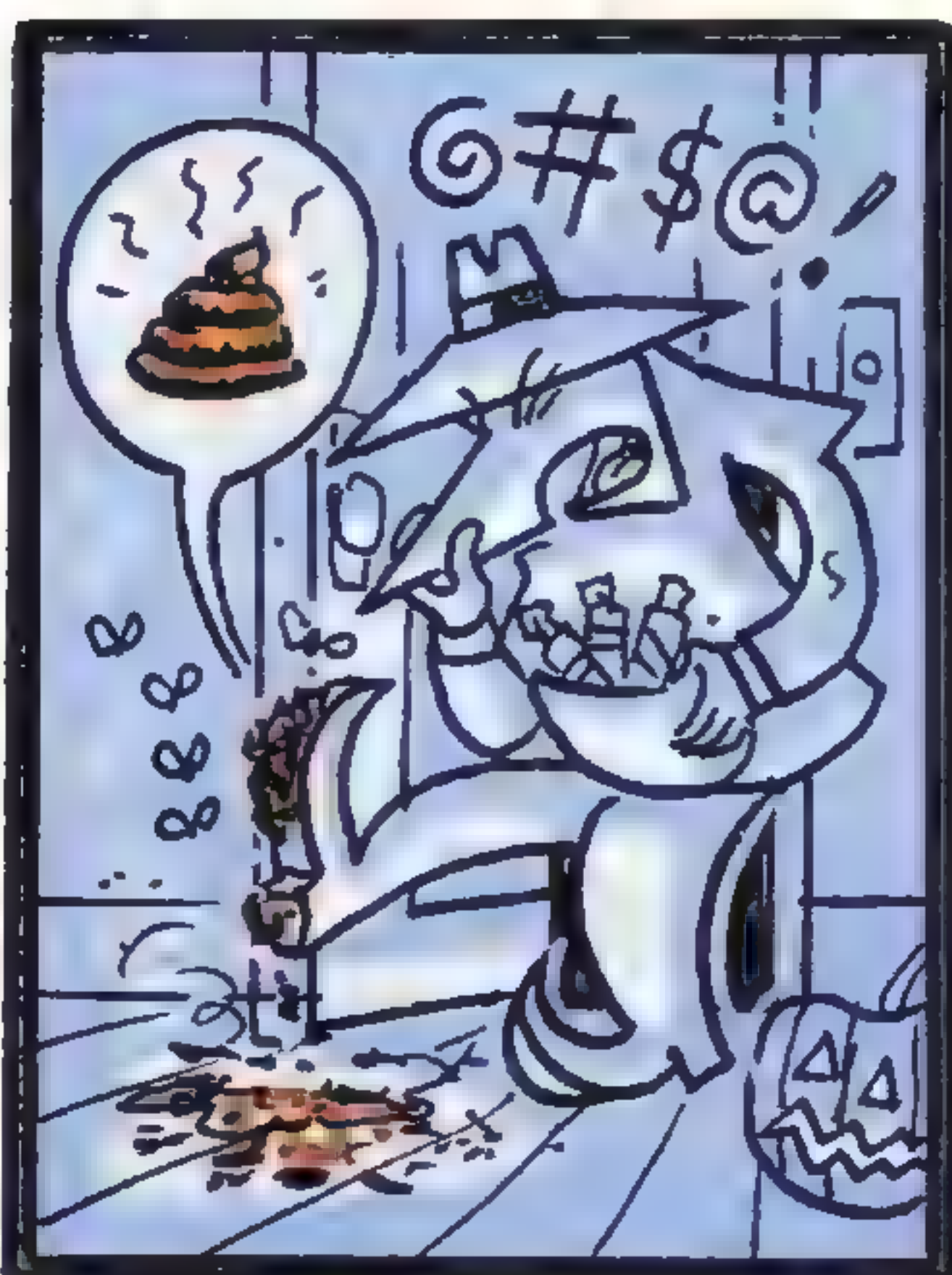








KAS VS SPY



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER

KUPER





# MAD'S TOM BUNK GOES TRICK OR TREATING

WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK







# THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

## WHAT, ME EVIL?

by Gris Grimly

I grew up in a conservative home ruled by old-time religion. This is a treacherous path for any juvenile to tread, especially in the '80s, when so much materialism was unvirtuous. MAD Magazine was no exception. MAD was decadent eye candy for prepubescent boys like me who were drawn to artistic media—and it was forbidden due to its ability to corrupt young minds. So I had to sneak down to the liquor store after school, and for the “cheap” price of \$1.35 (which was often paid with loose change) I could go home with a brand-new, slightly fingered issue of MAD. I would hide this contraband in my camouflage backpack, between my math and phonics books. Once in my room, I would indulge in satirical comic genius.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, MAD issues would be the most important educational books of my youth. These were my first instructors in the school of art. Jack Davis taught me that shape language can be exaggerated and yet realistic. Don Martin taught me to bend feet and fan fingers. Mort Drucker taught me that the art of caricature is as much in the hands as it is in the face. And Seymour Chwast taught me to treat as one. Now that I'm an adult, I look back and agree 100 percent with my mom. MAD did corrupt my mind. But it also made me the artist I am today.

GRIS GRIMLY is an award-winning illustrator best known for his “macabre” yet whimsical style. For almost 20 years, his distinctive style and wide selection of mediums have captivated a variety of lo- and high-end clients. Outside of his professional world, he has contributed his unique vision to film, animation, apparel design, and consumer products. [griskrilly.com](http://griskrilly.com)





52¢

ANNOYED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
CAS  
ABSURDITY

# THE POTRZEBIE

OF FEAR

FEATURING...



PATERNAL COMPLIANCE!



GASTRO DEFIANCE!



WEIRD SCIENCE!

PLUS

NOT IN THIS ISSUE-  
**VEGAN ZOMBIES!**

MMMM...THIS  
NEW "BEYOND BRAINS"  
GRAY MATTER SUBSTITUTE  
IS KICKASS!

MEH,  
IT'S OKAY. I HAD A  
BLACK BRAIN BURGER  
AT TGI DOOMSDAY'S THAT  
WAS TO LIVE FOR!



ARTIST JOHN LUCAS  
COLORIST NATHAN KANE

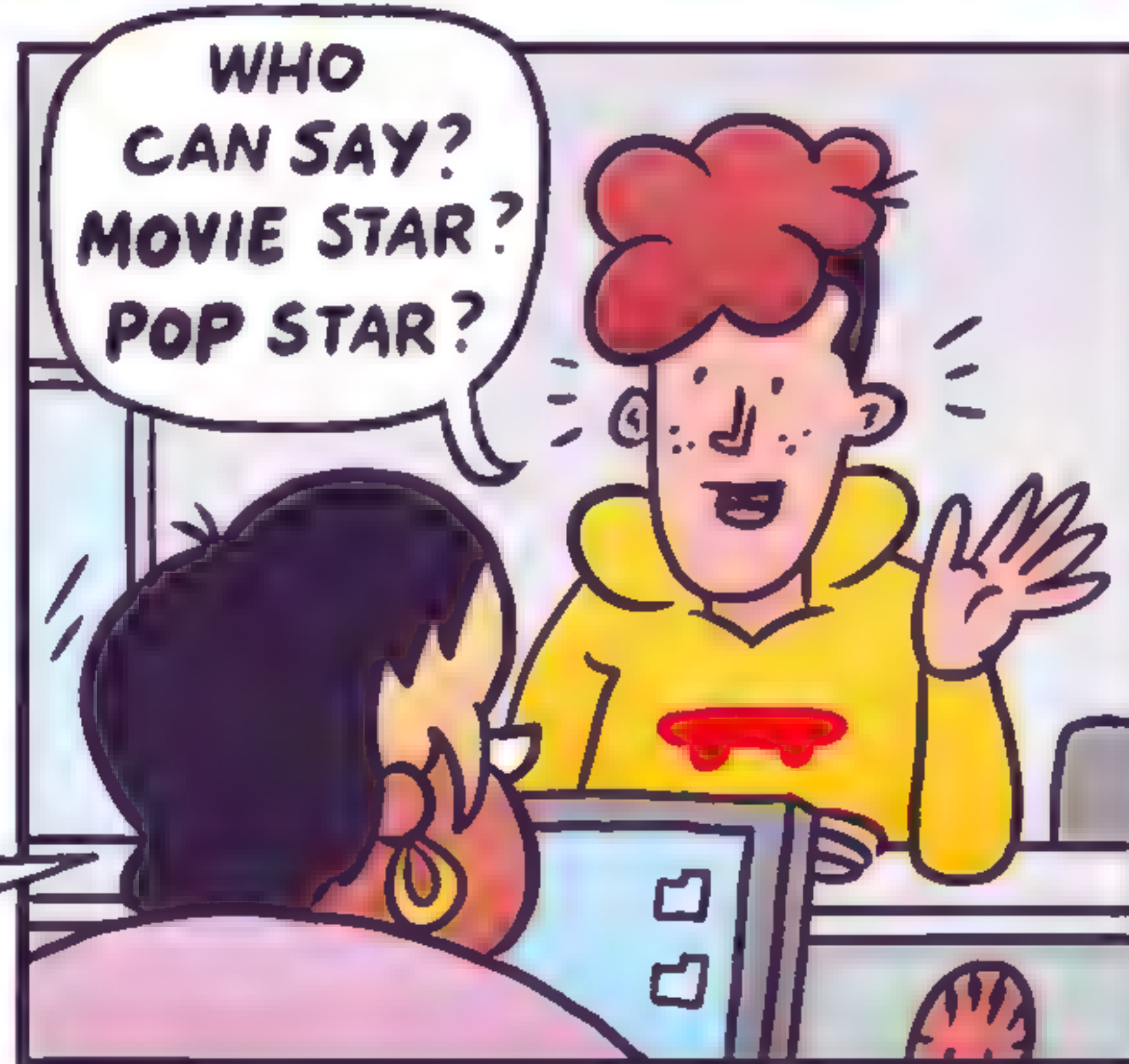
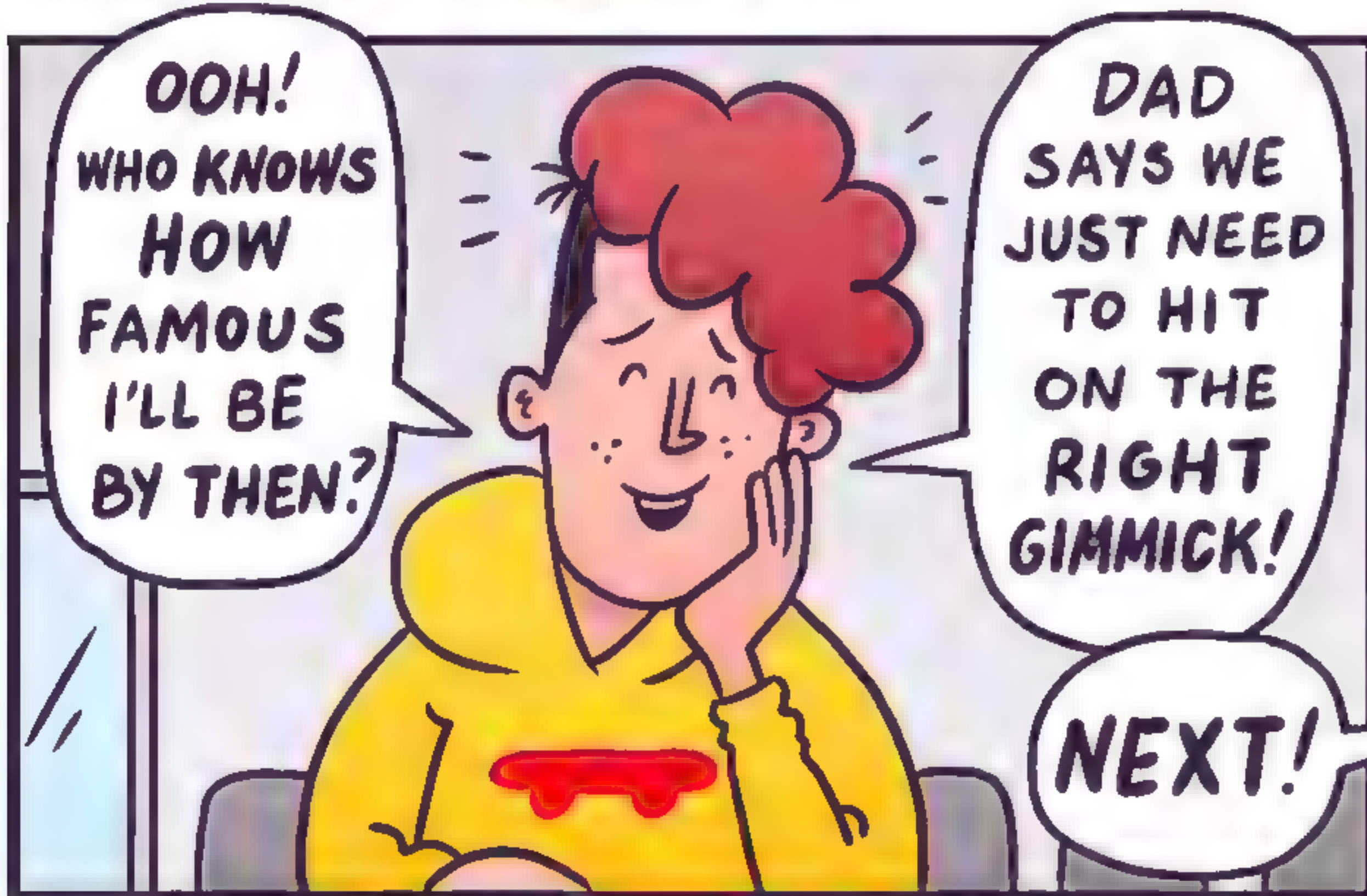
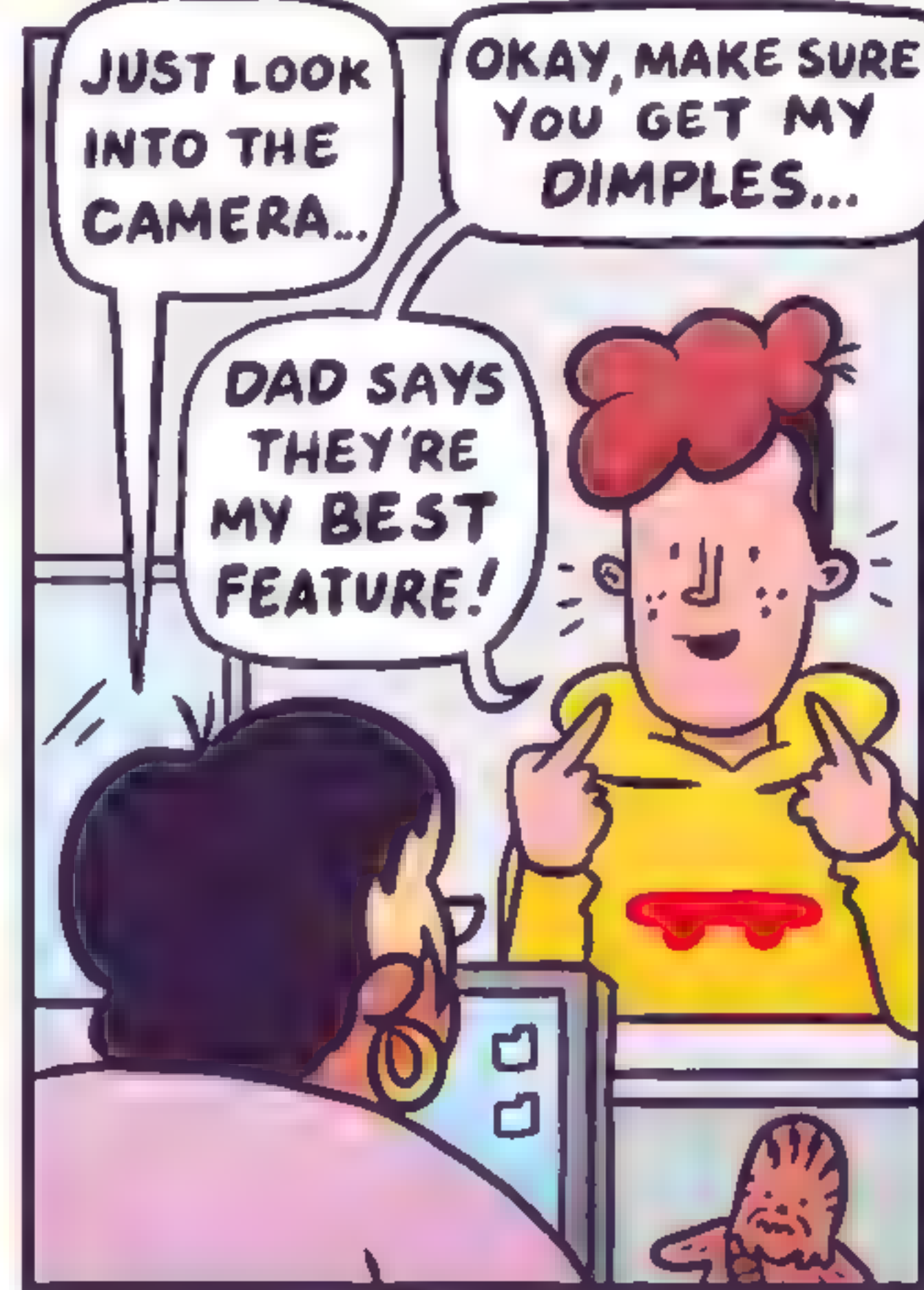
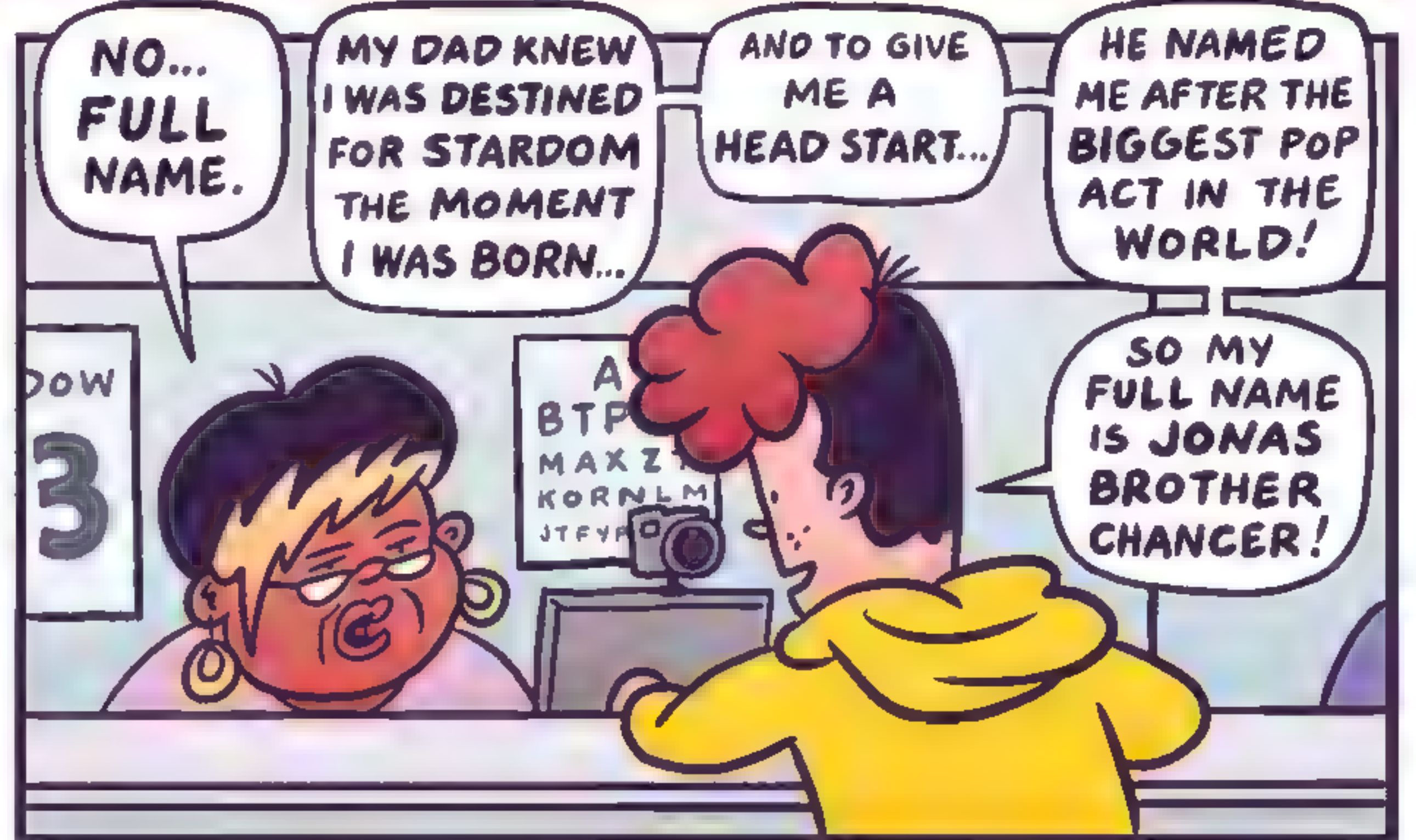
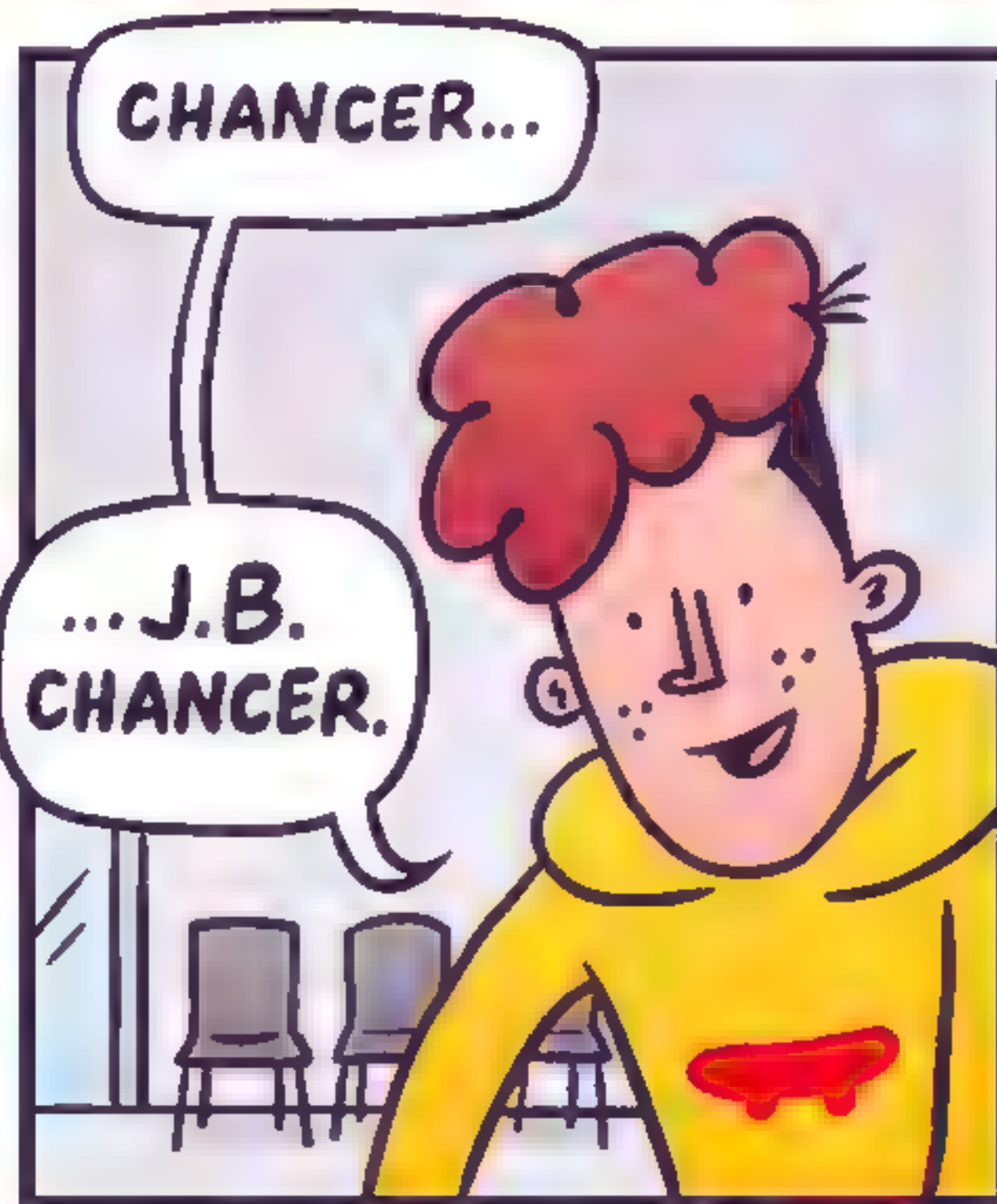
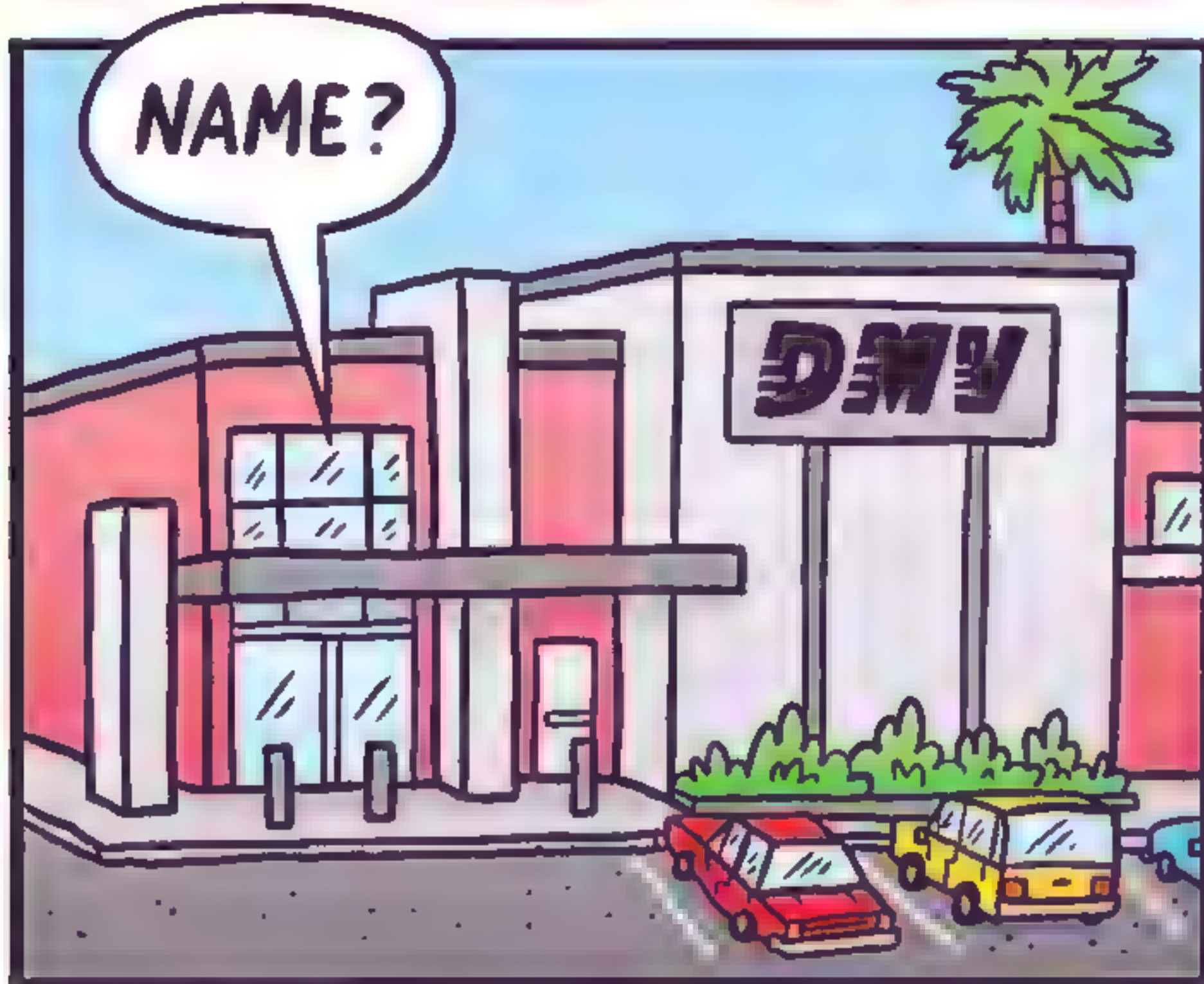
The conclusion of **THE SCHLEPPING DEAD!**

(Only in select Transylvania  
editions of Potrzebie Comics)



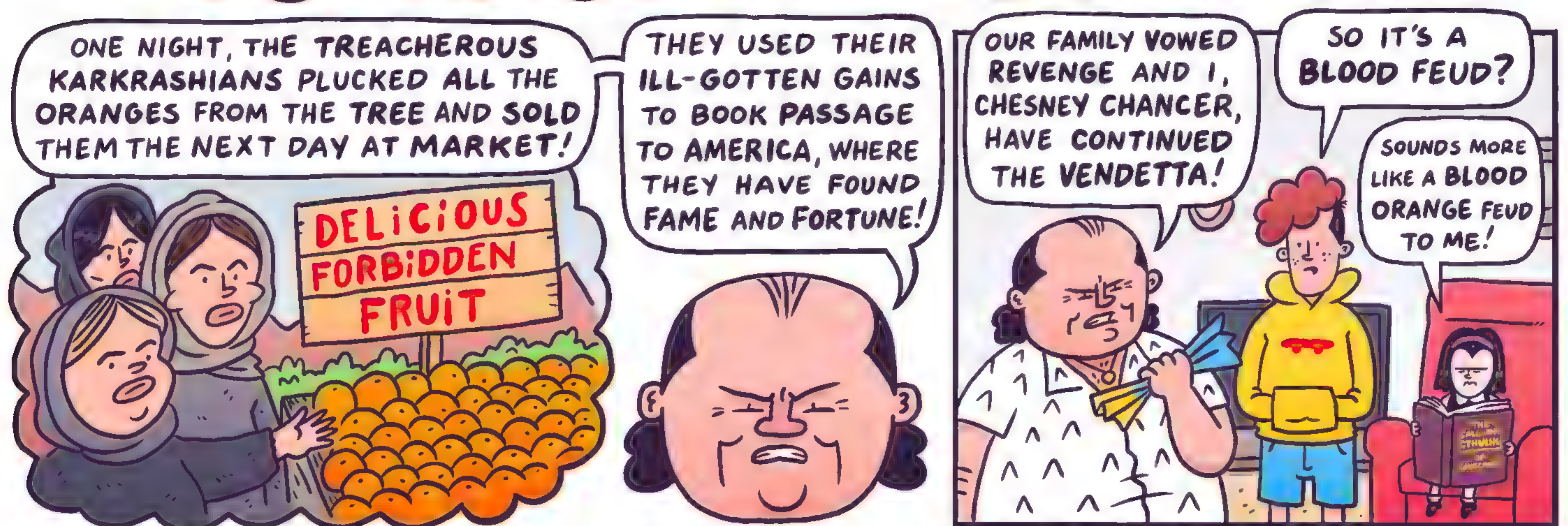
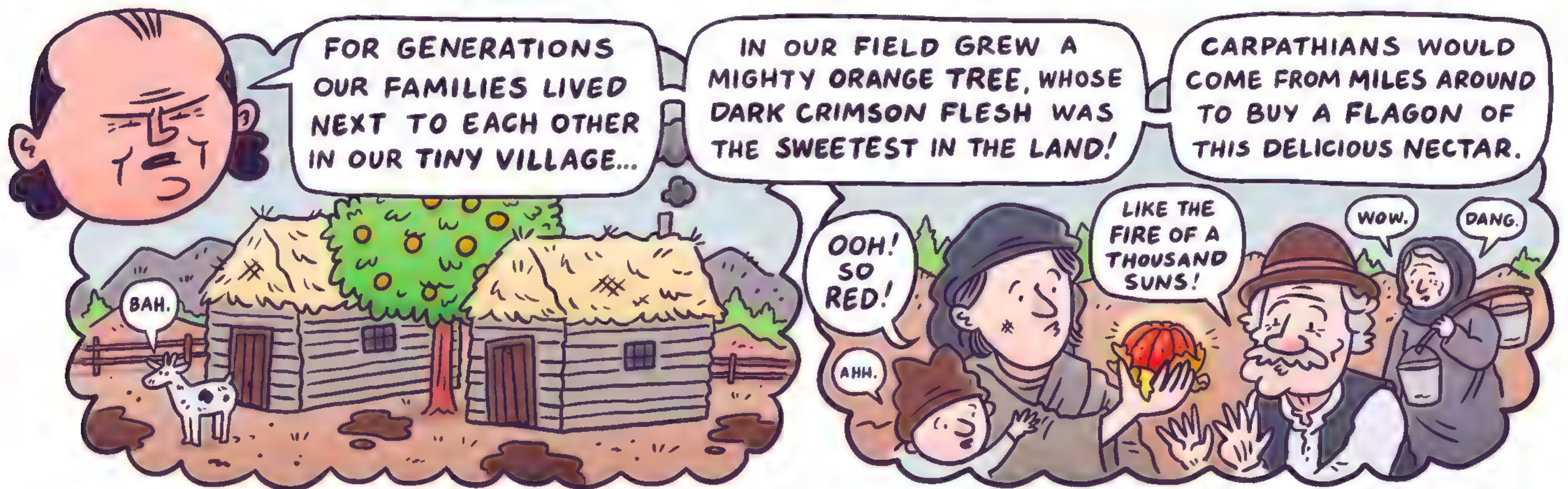
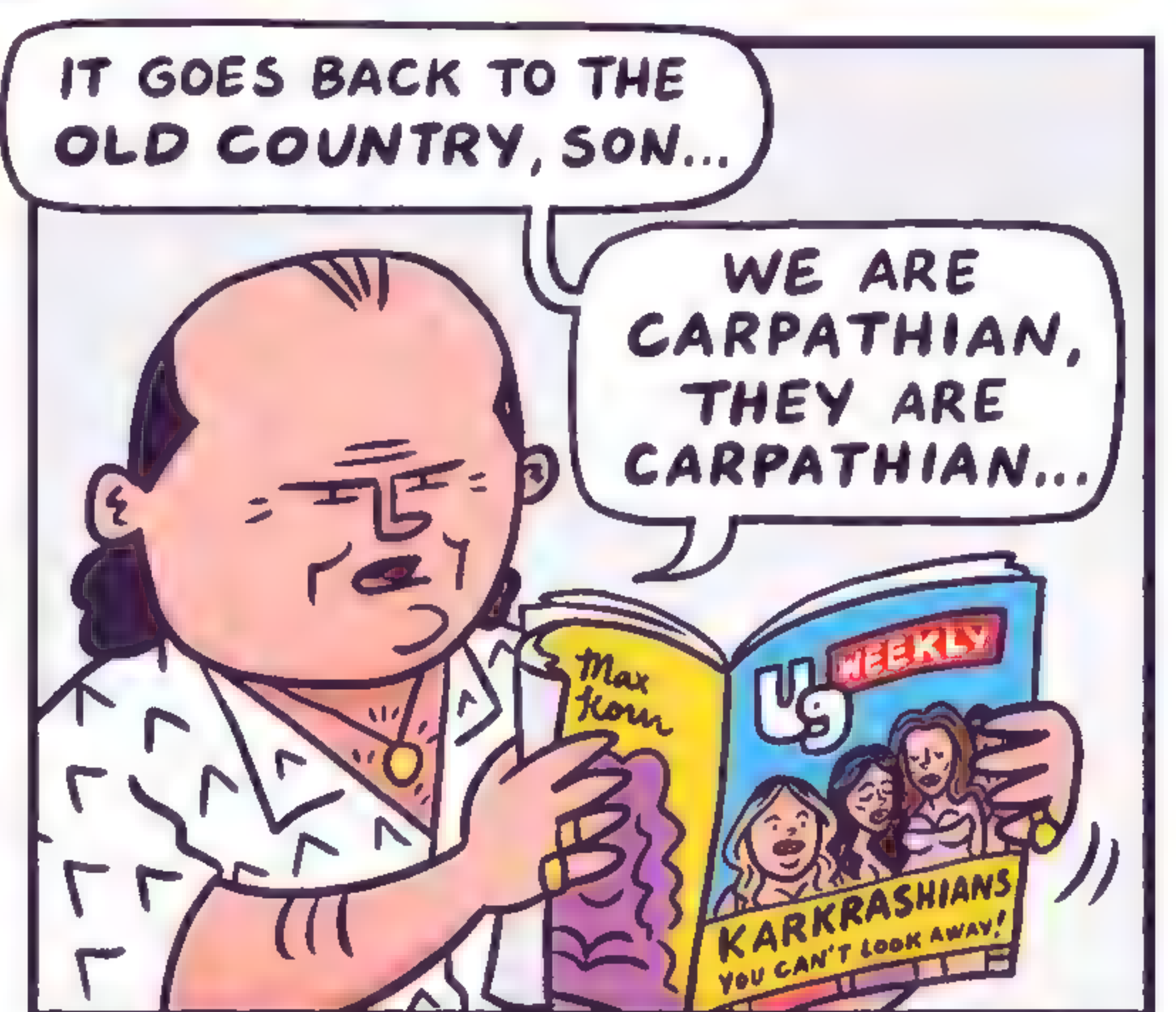
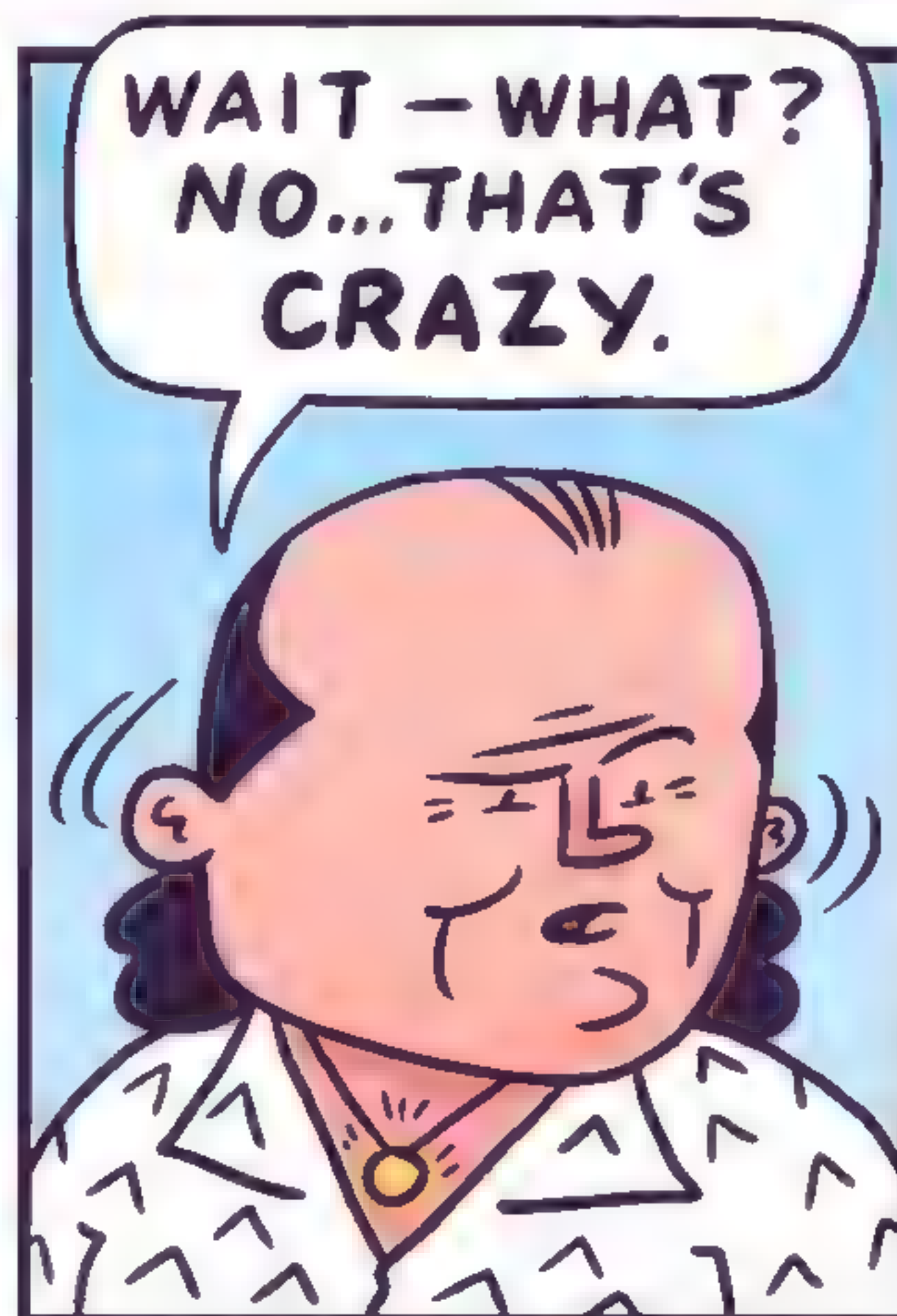
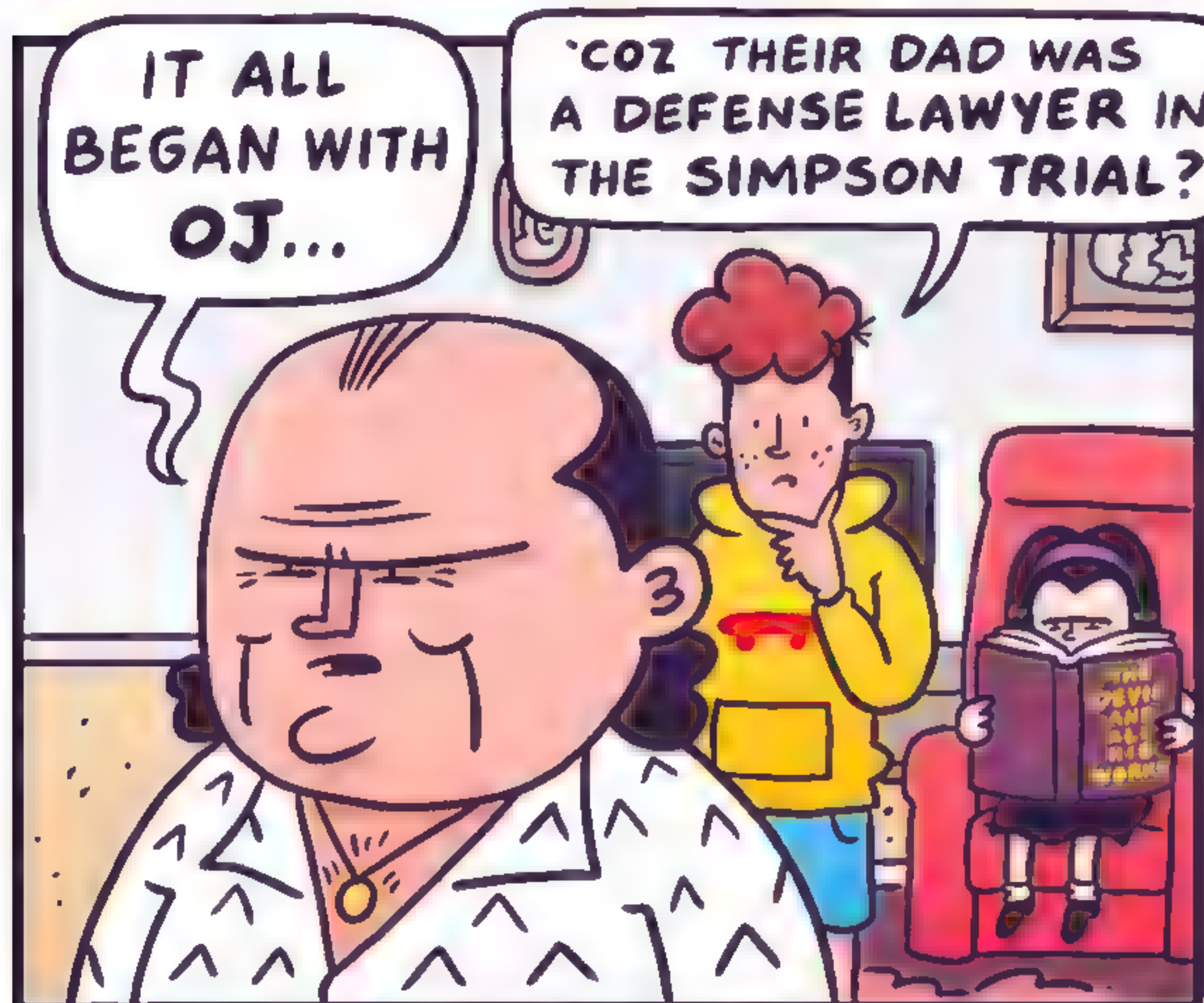
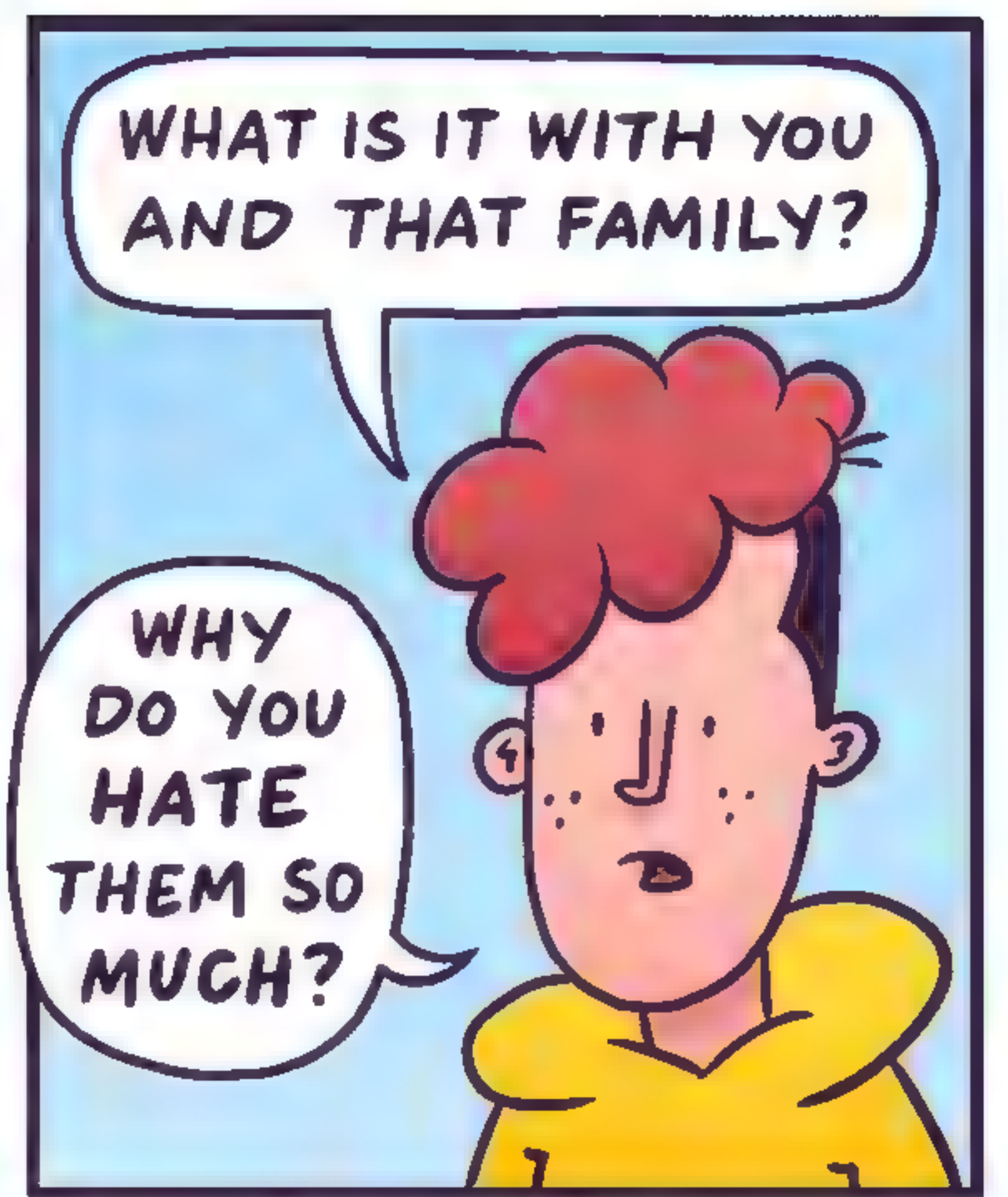
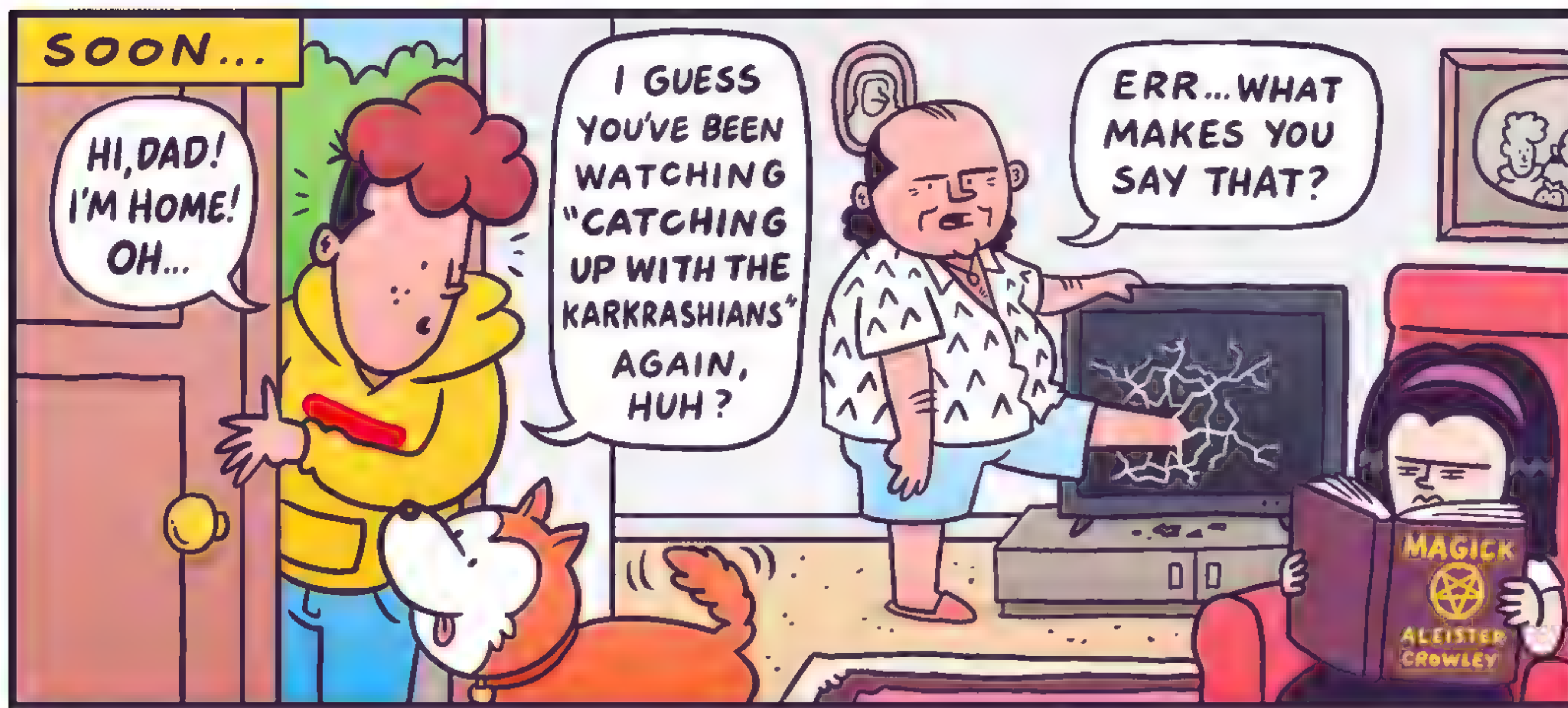
# THE ★ CHANCERS

BY LUKE  
MCGARRY

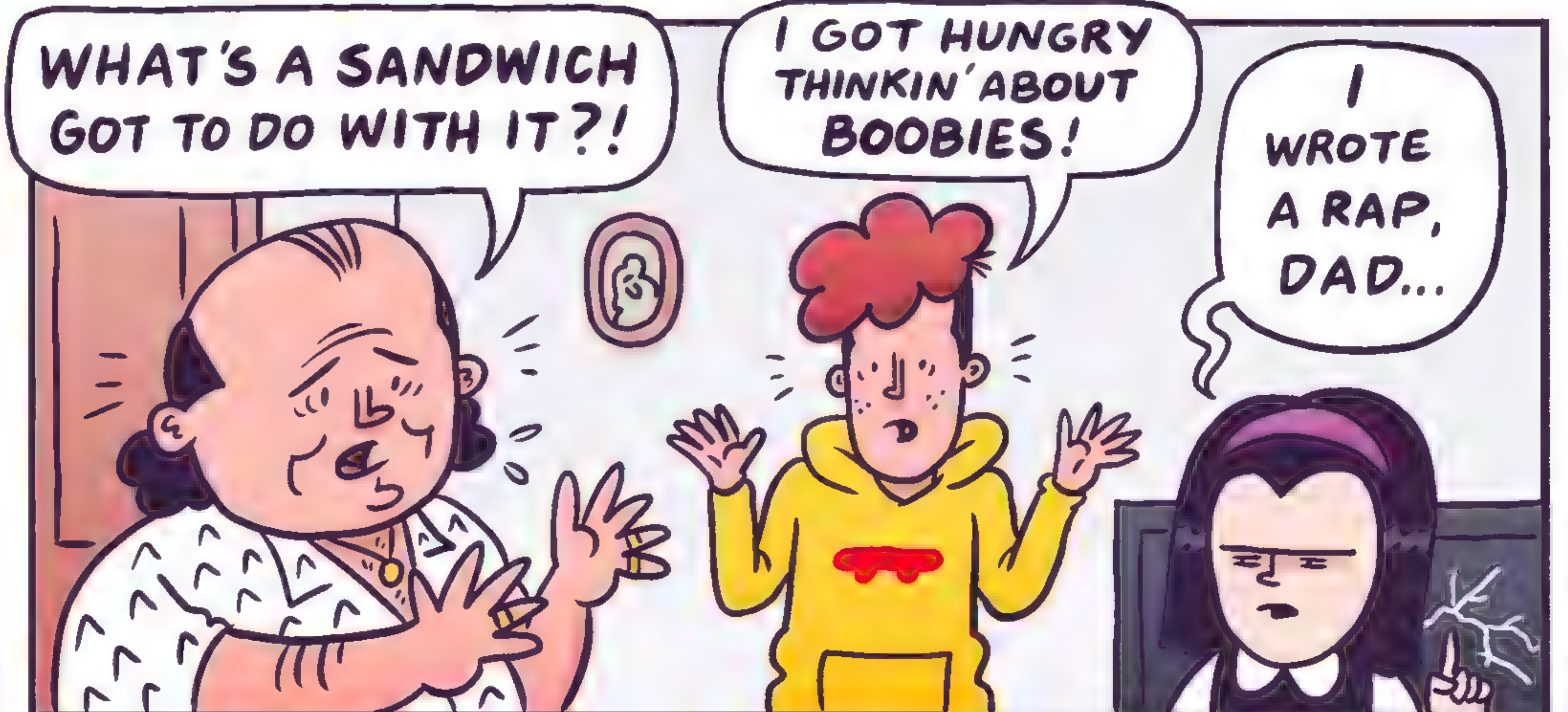
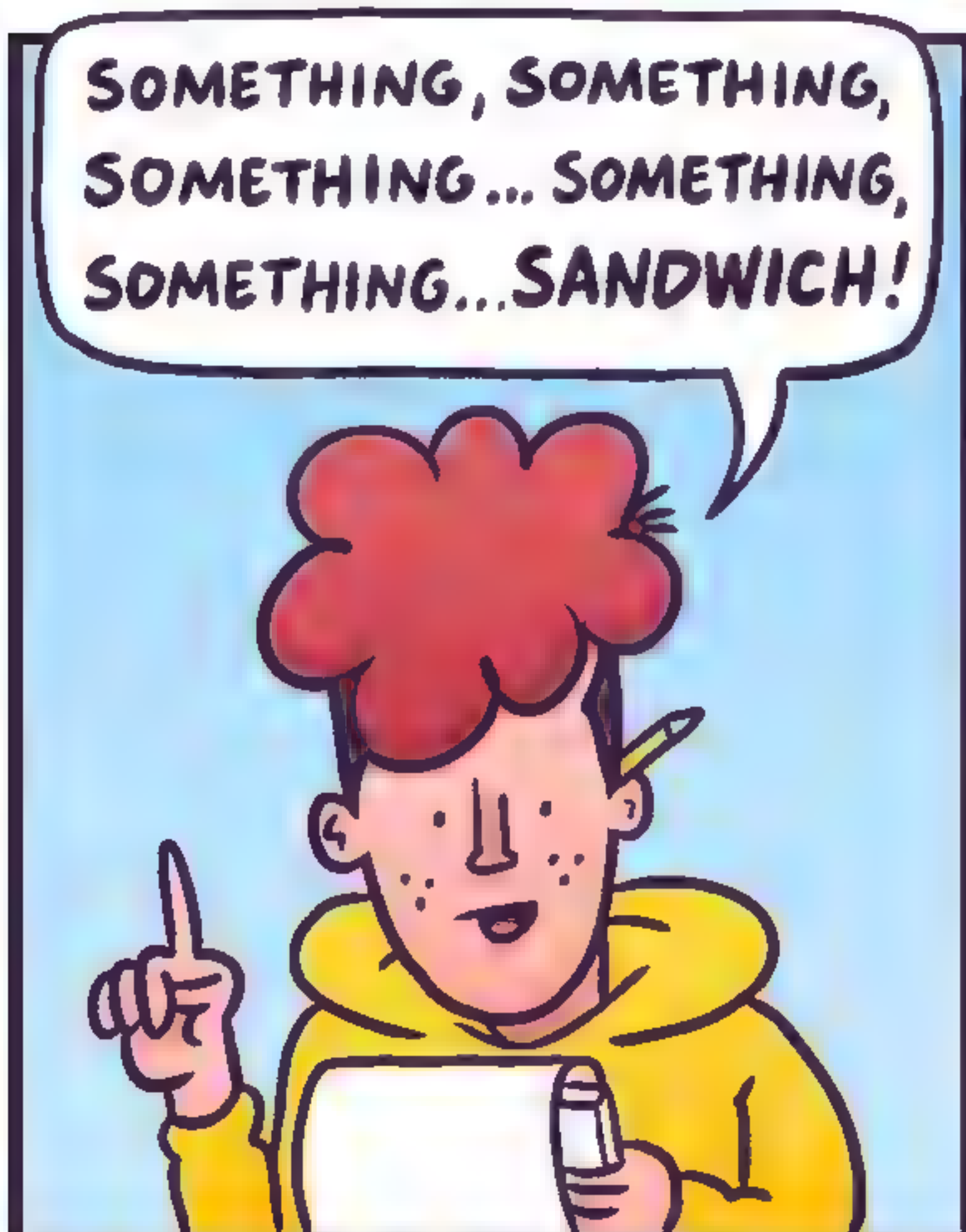
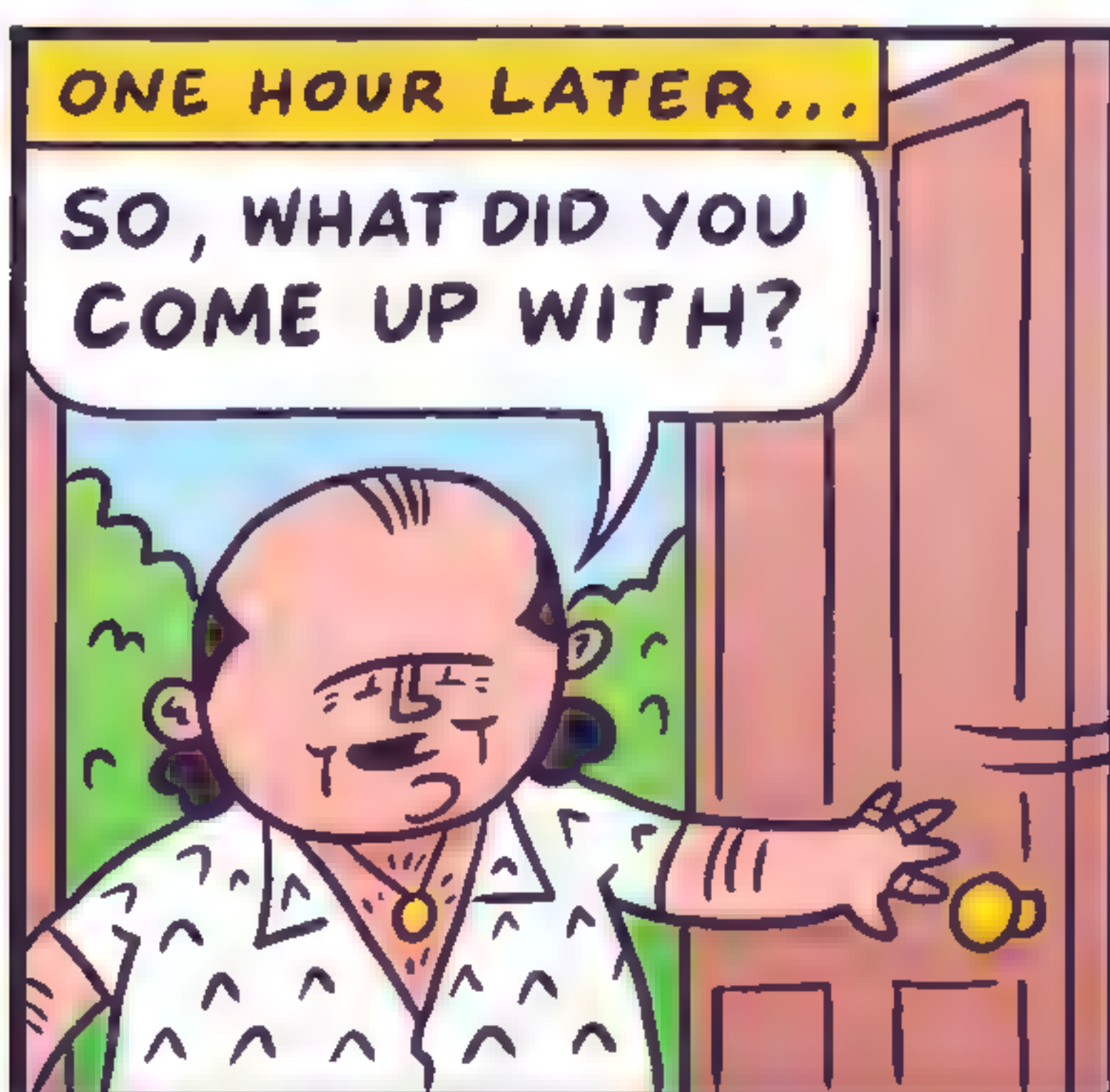
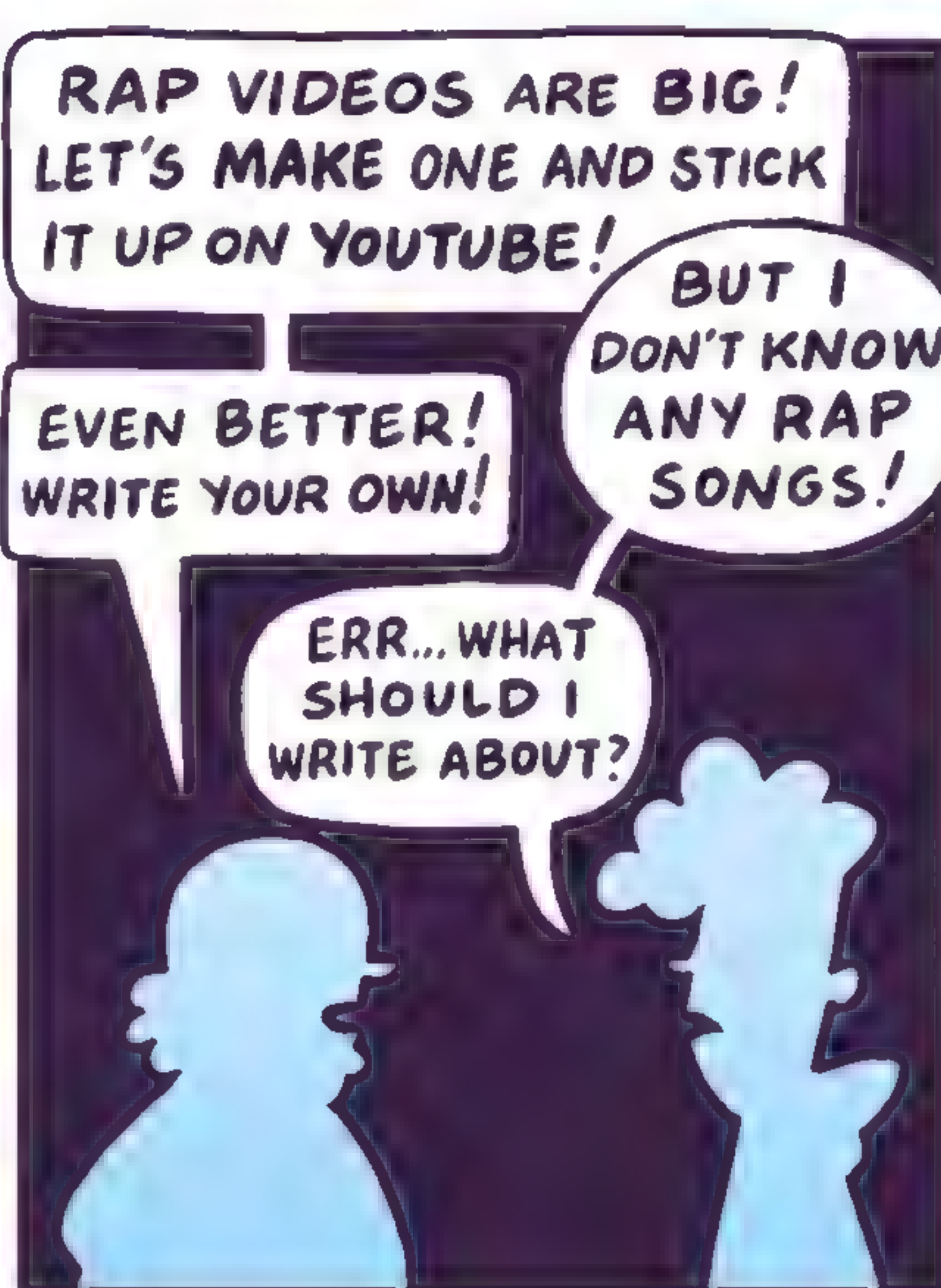
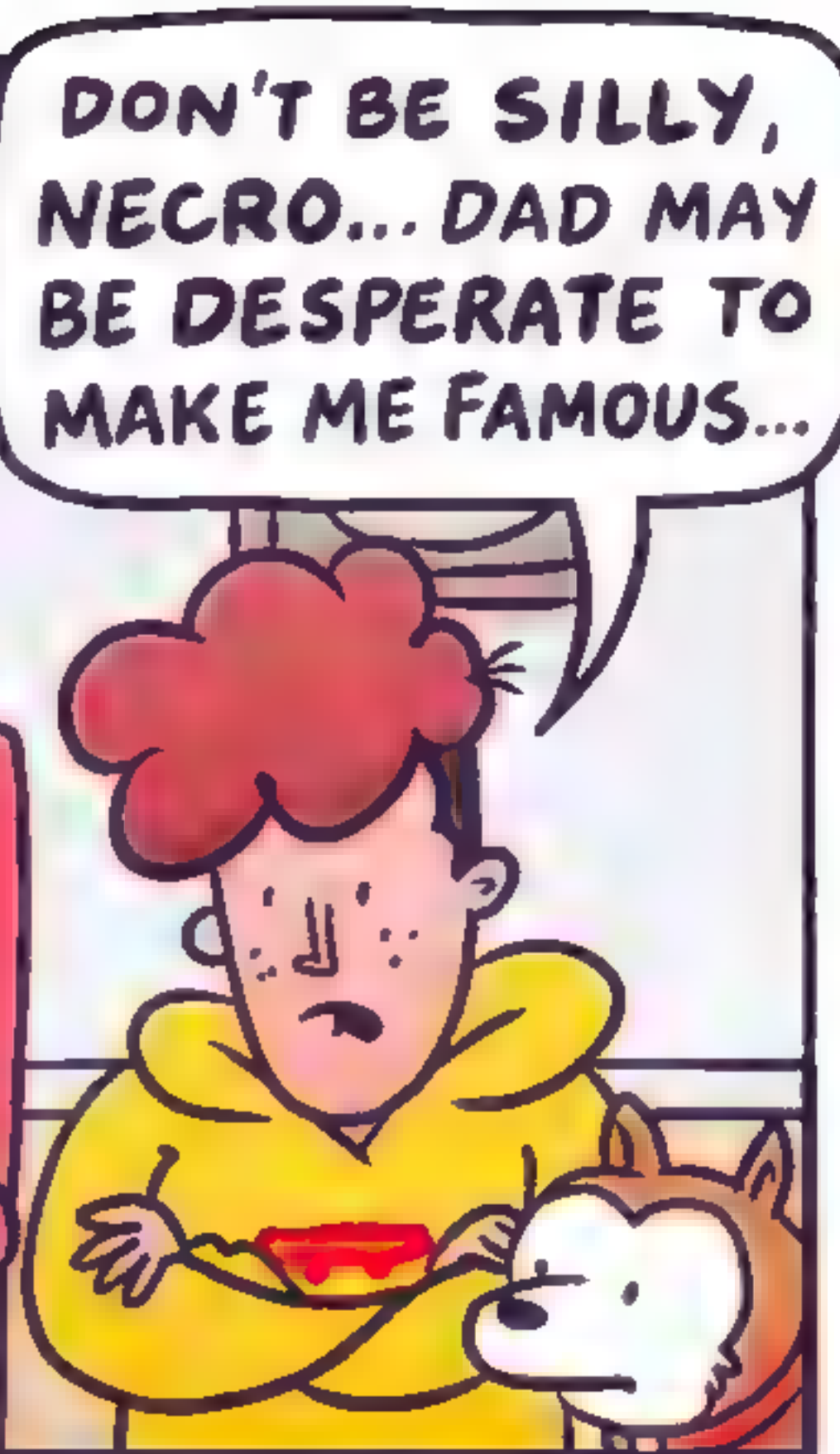
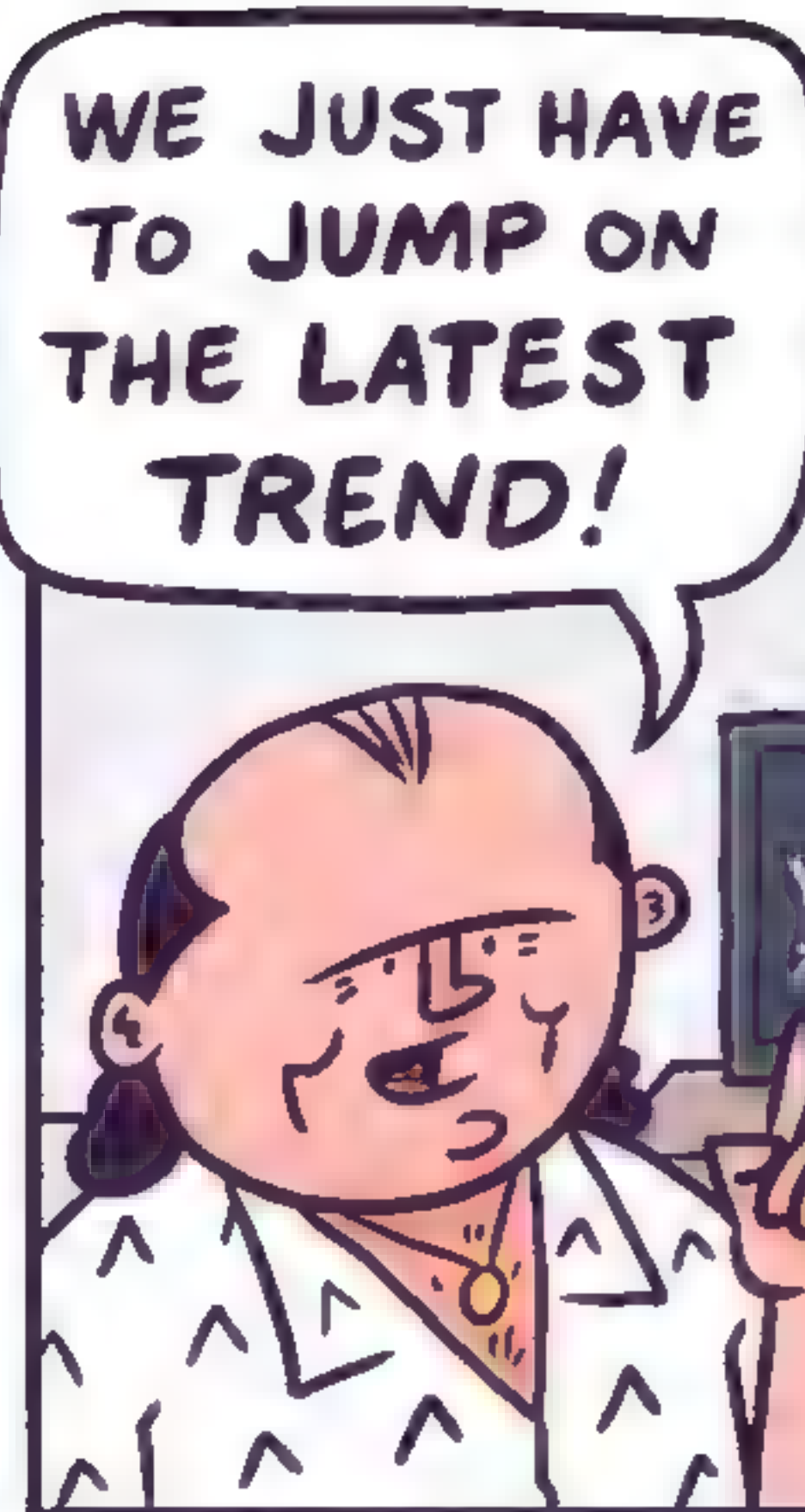
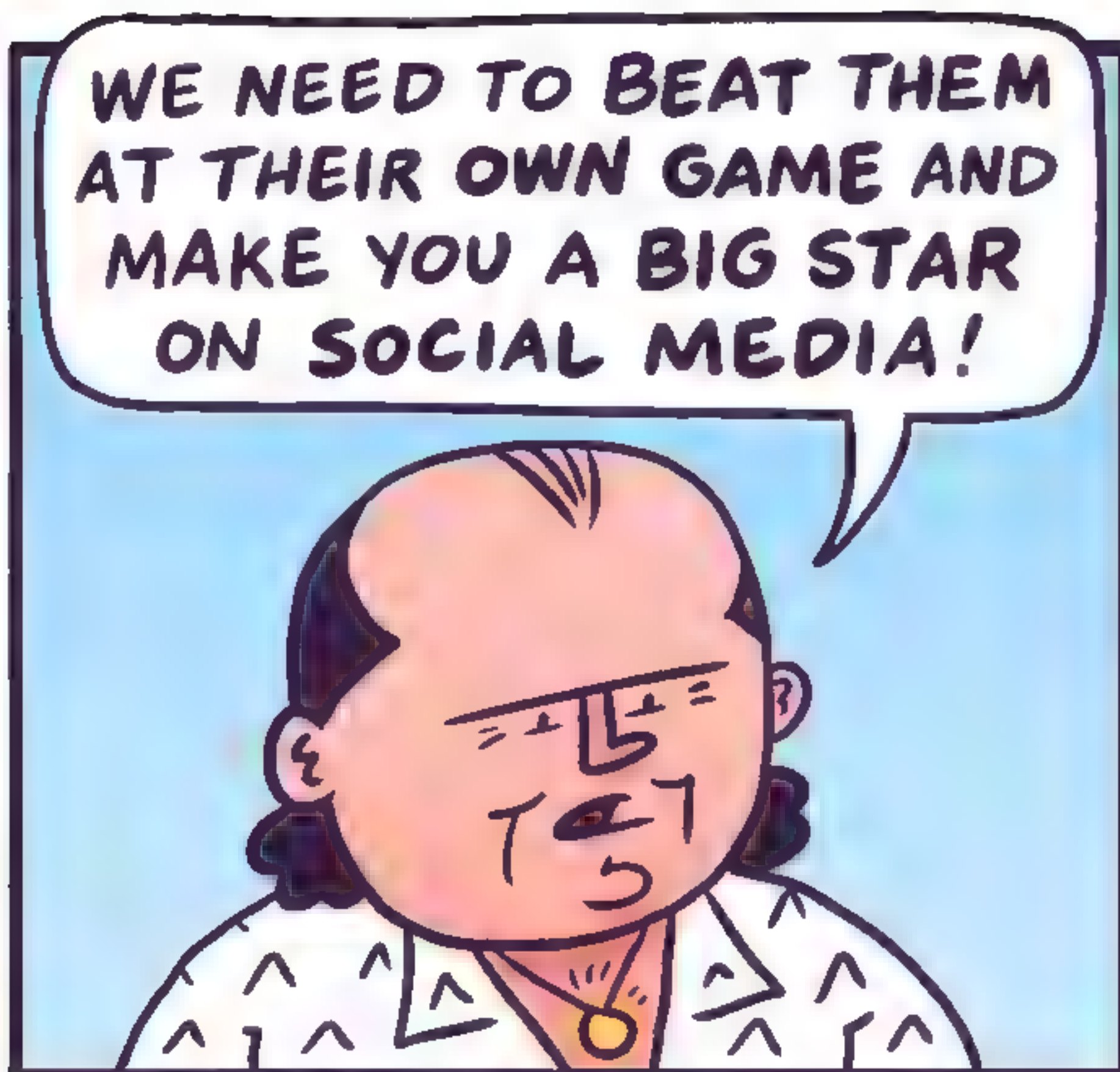


WRITER & ARTIST LUKE MCGARRY











SEVERAL VIOLENT VERSES LATER...

GRAB MY HEATER AND GET THE DROP,  
DO A 187 ON AN UNDERCOVER COP!

★☠️⚡️🌀  
THE POLICE!!

\*BLINK\*

\*PANT\*  
\*PANT\*

NOT NOW, PUMPKIN ... DADDY'S BUSY.  
BE A GOOD GIRL AND DO SOME  
COLORING OR SOMETHING.

PAT  
PAT

I CAN'T!!  
J.B. ATE MY  
CRAYONS!!!

IT'S NOT MY  
FAULT!

THEY SMELLED  
LIKE STRAWBERRIES!

GIVE  
ME  
STRENGTH.

DAD...

MR. BISCUITS  
IS SCRATCHING  
AGAIN.

WIKKI-  
WIK-WAK  
WAW!

YOU KNOW, DOGS DOING  
CLEVER TRICKS IS THE  
BIGGEST THING ON  
THE INTERNET NOW!

WIKKI  
WIK

OF COURSE!  
HOW COULD  
I BE SO  
BLIND?!

IT WAS STARING  
ME IN THE FACE  
ALL ALONG!

SLAP!

WE'RE GONNA  
BE RICH!!!

THE NEXT DAY...

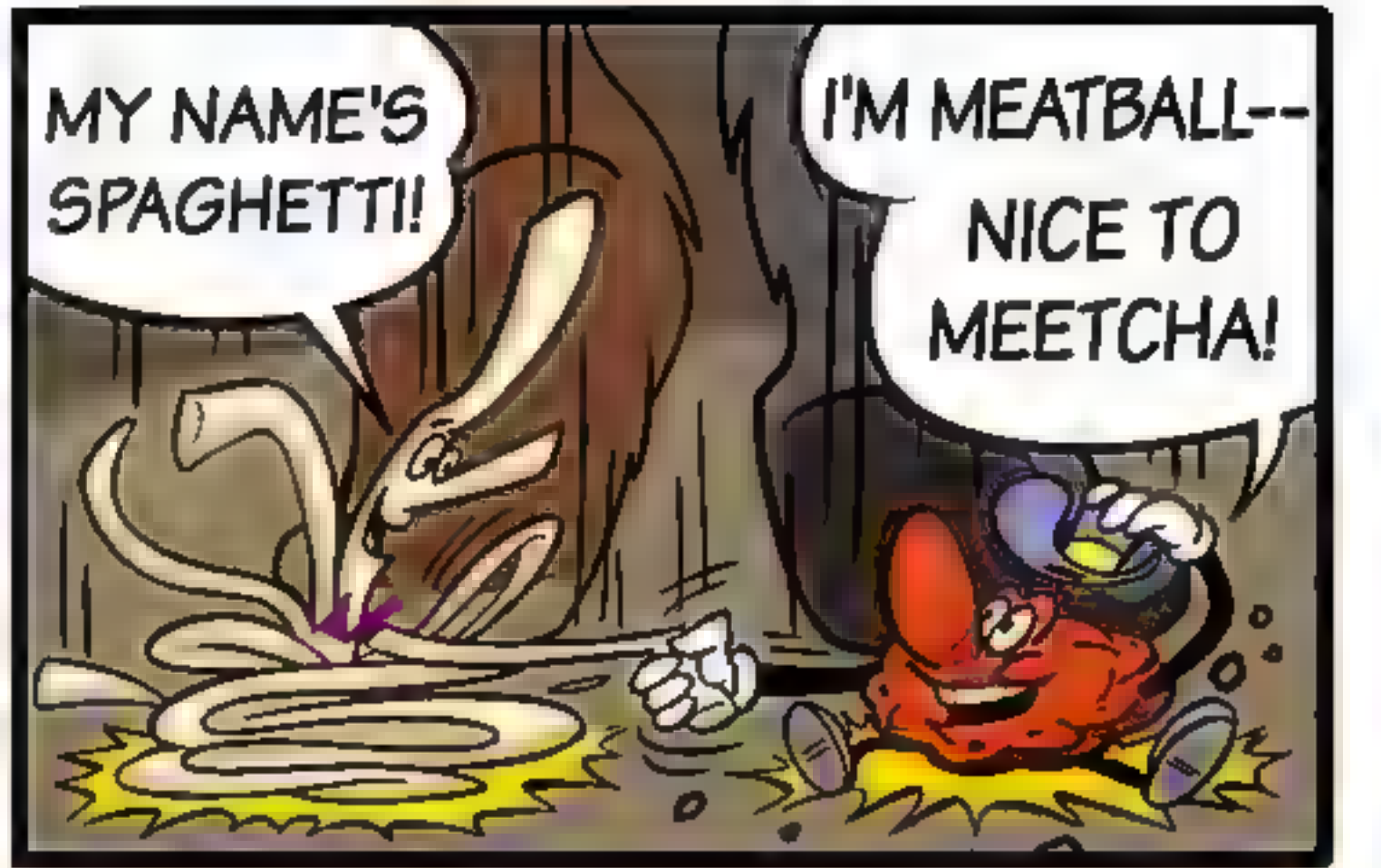
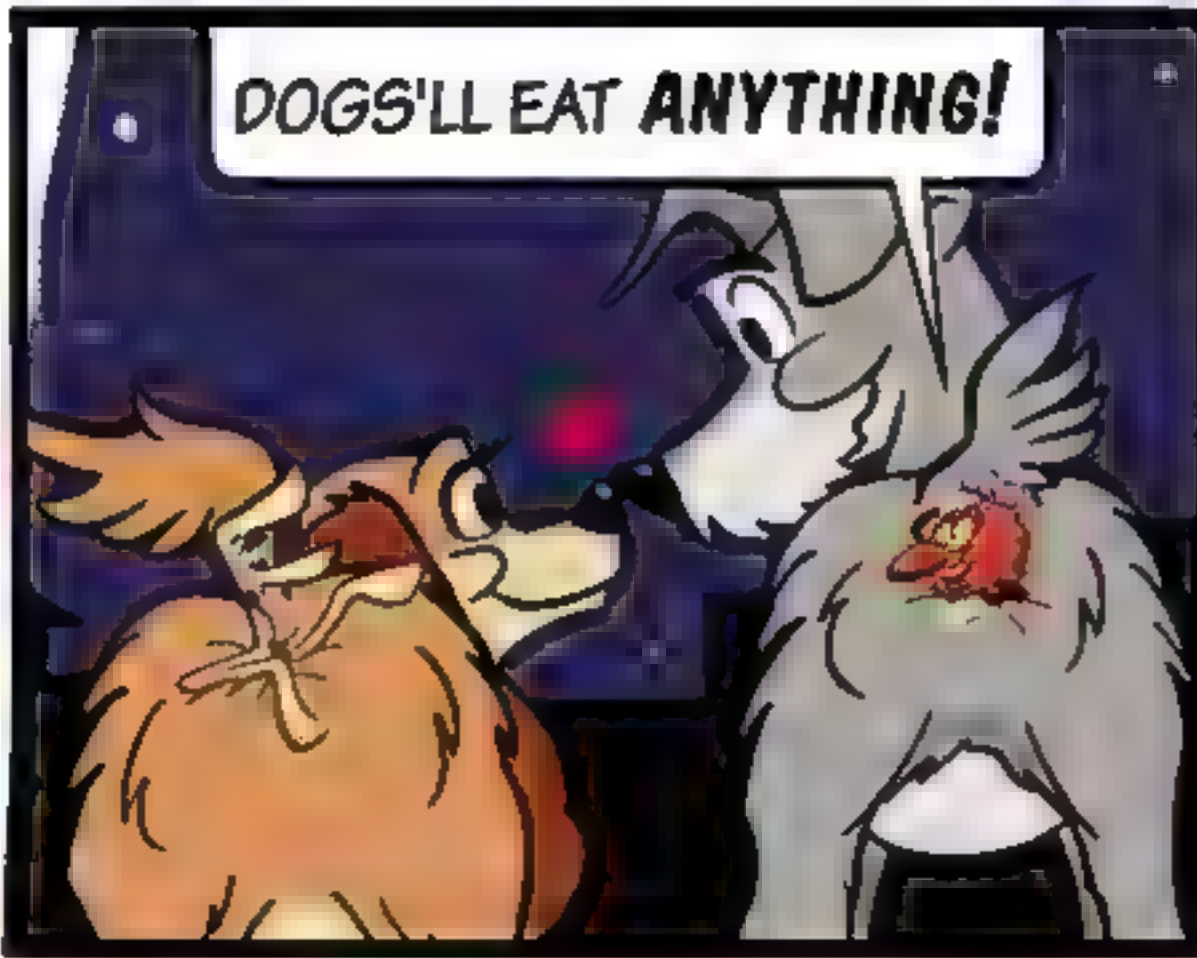
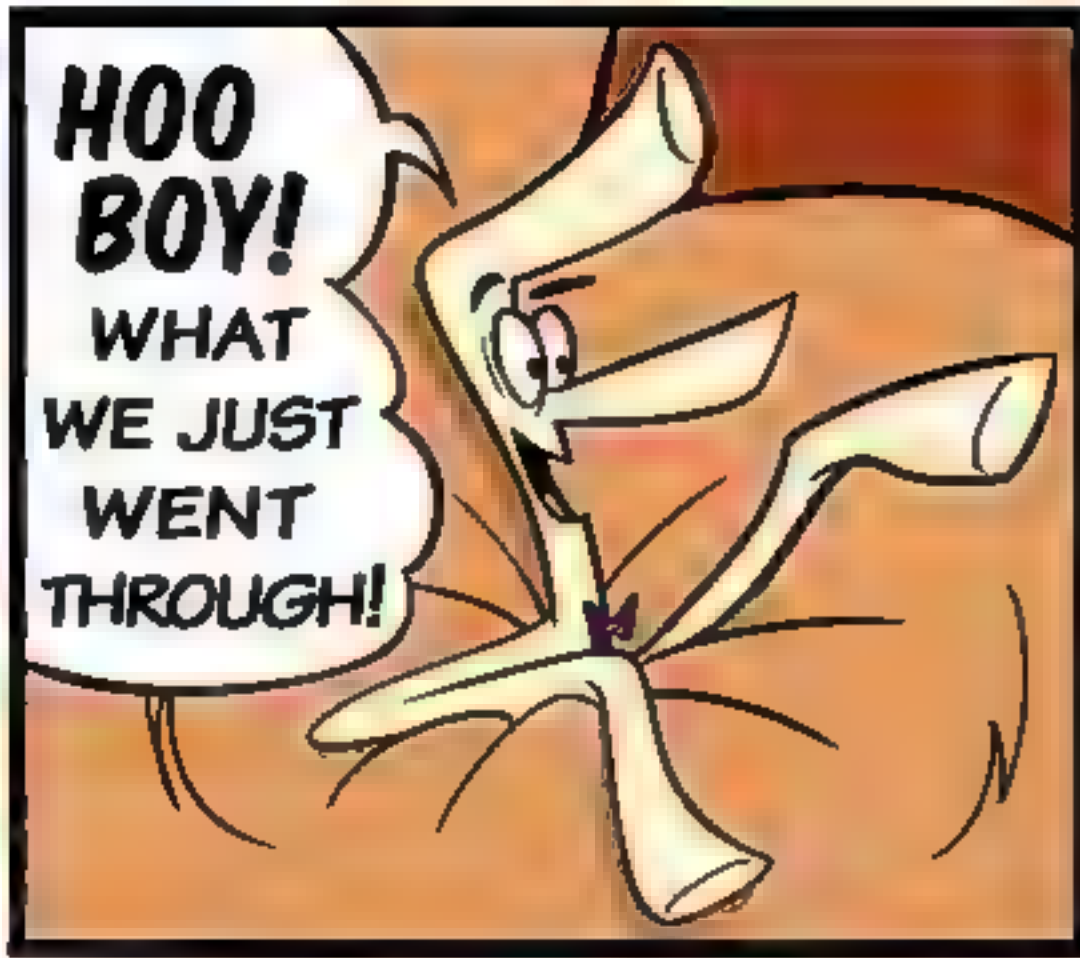
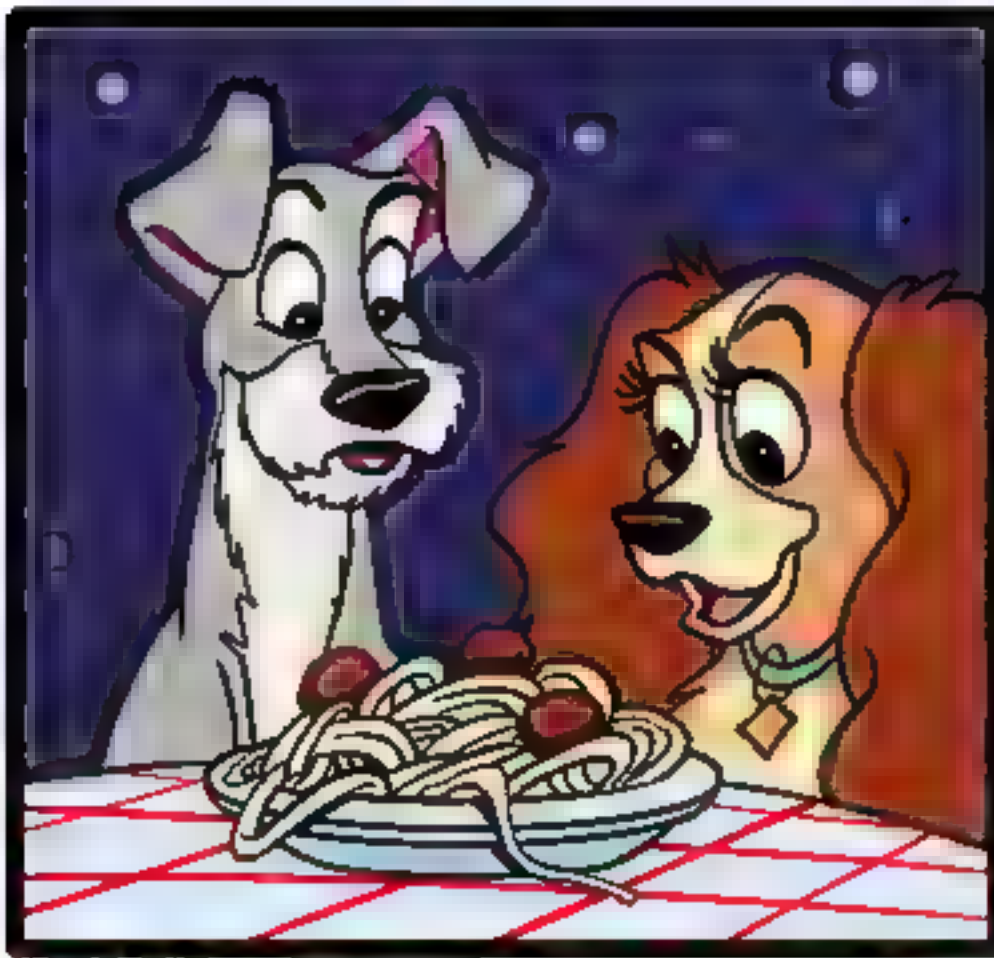
DAD, THE COLLAR  
IS CHOKING ME!

STOP WHINING  
AND START  
BARKING...

...AND MAKE  
IT SOUND LIKE  
YOU'RE SAYING  
"I LOVE YOU!"

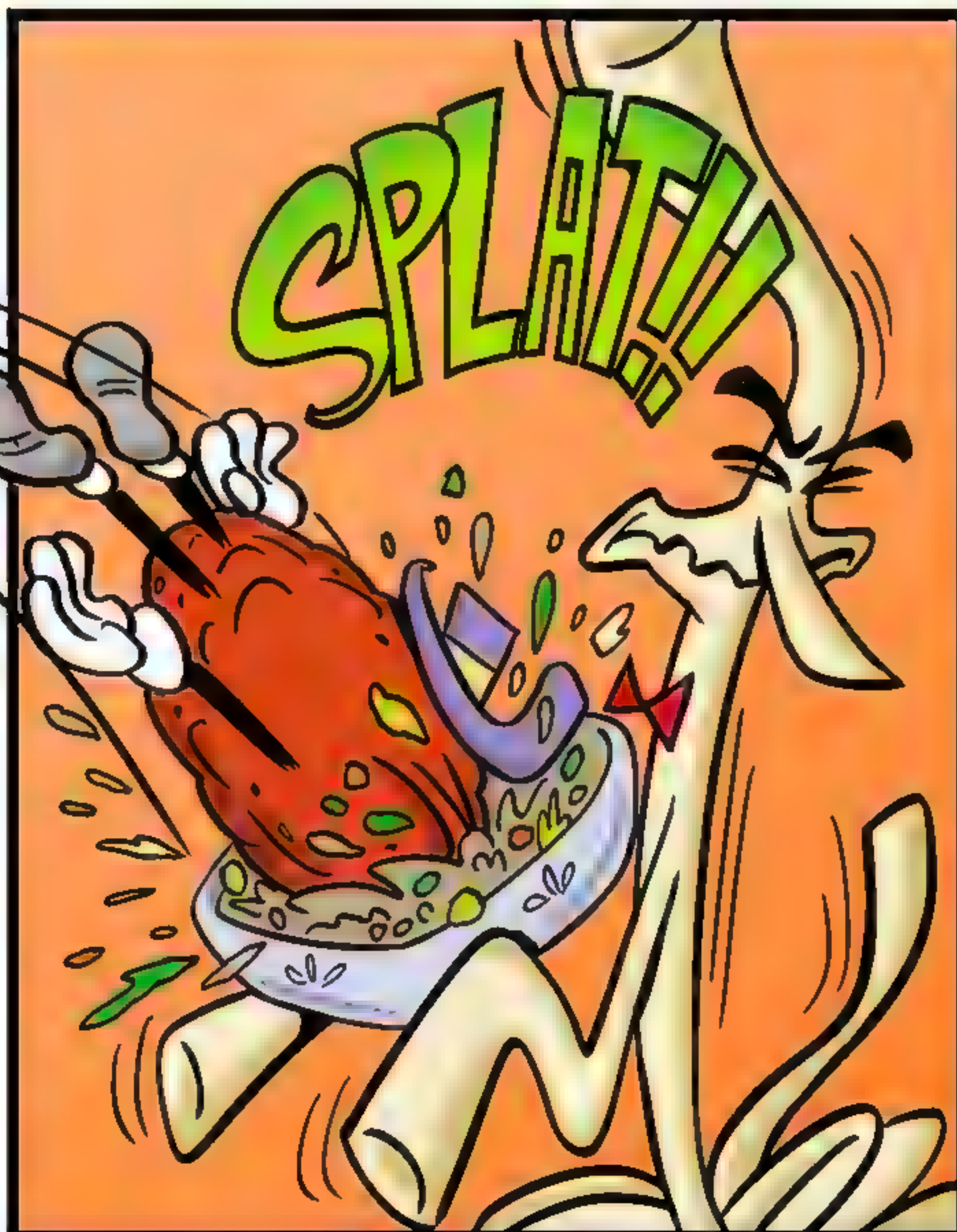
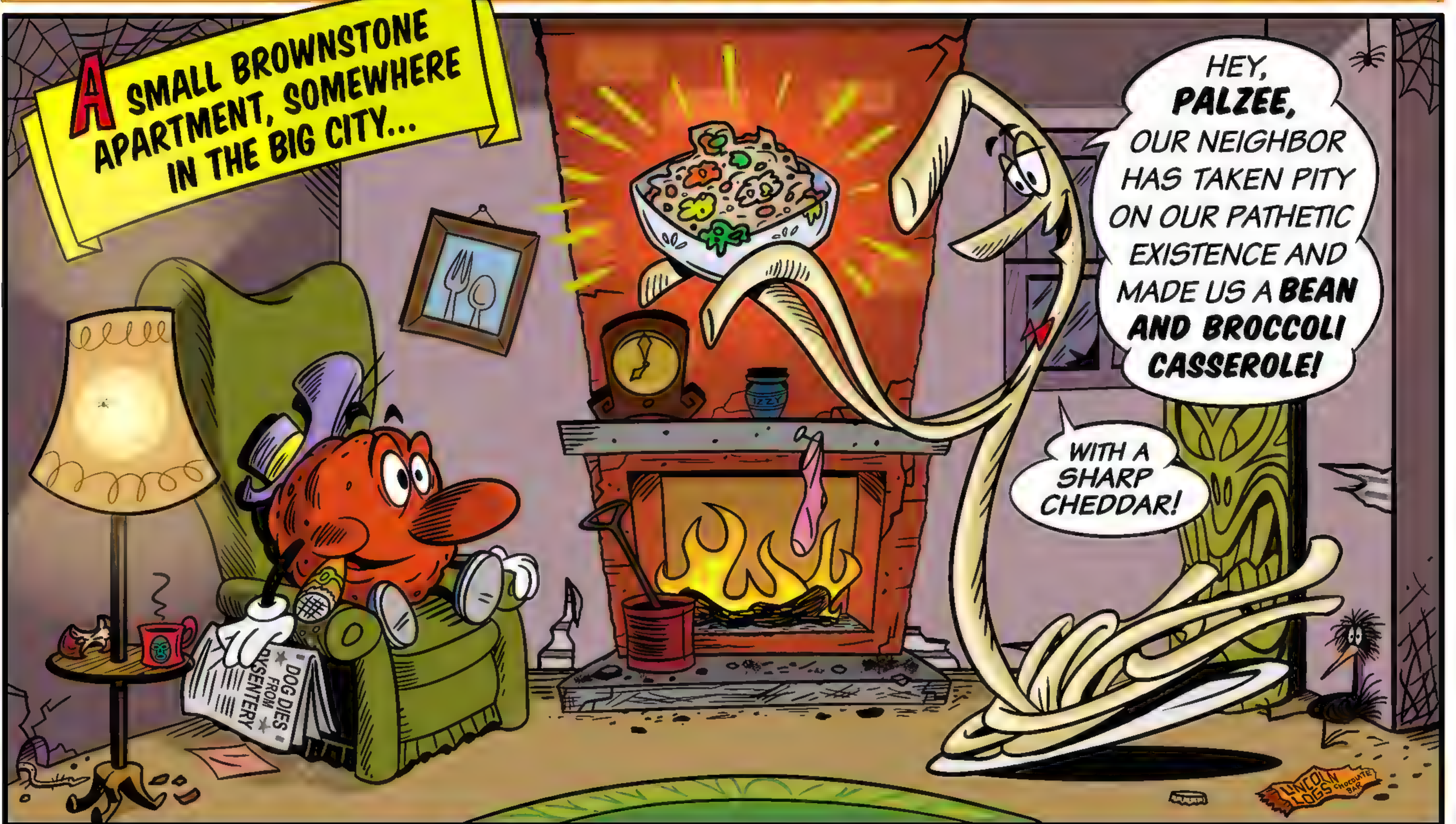
THE END



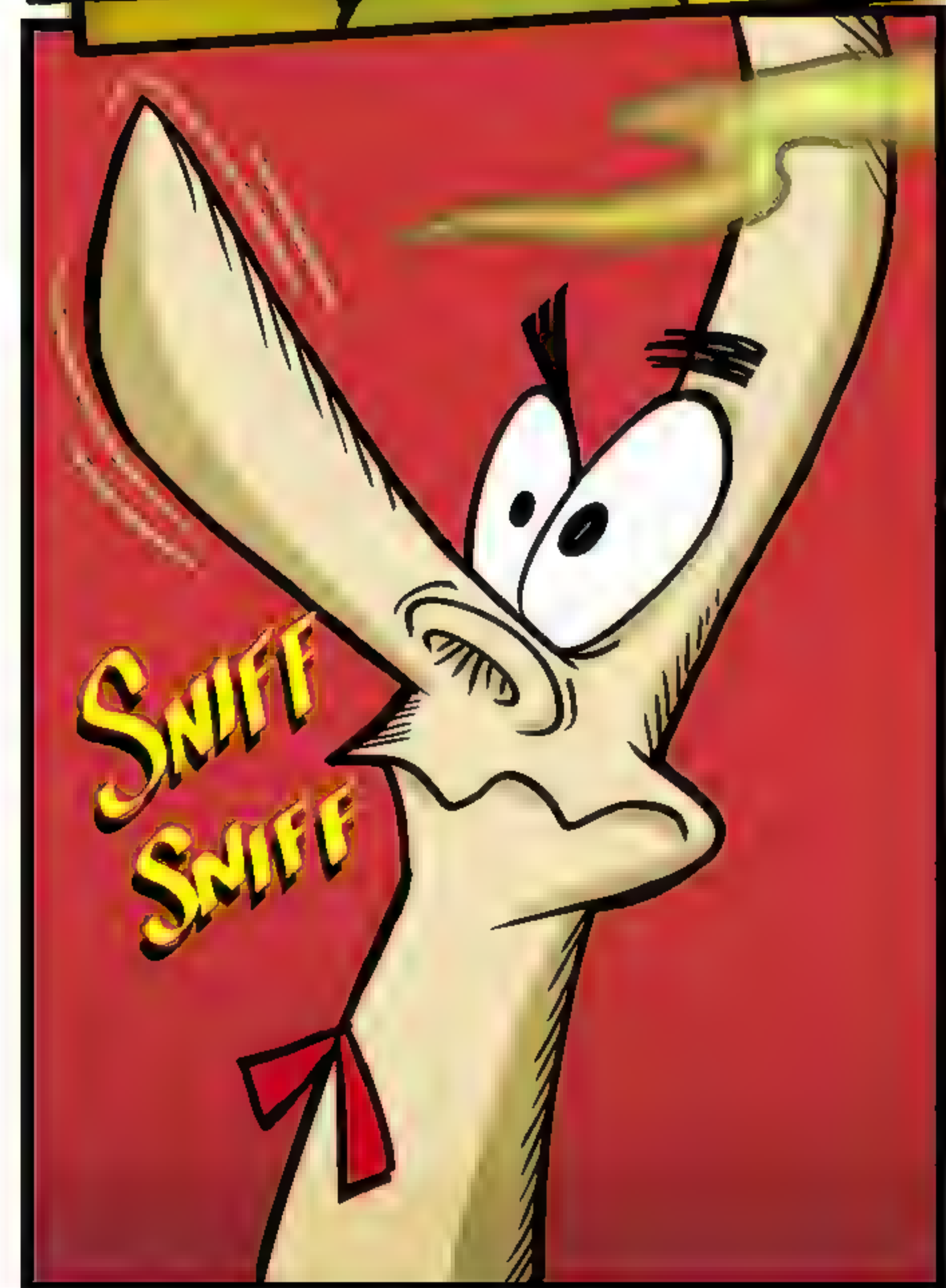


# Spaghetti & MEATBALL IN

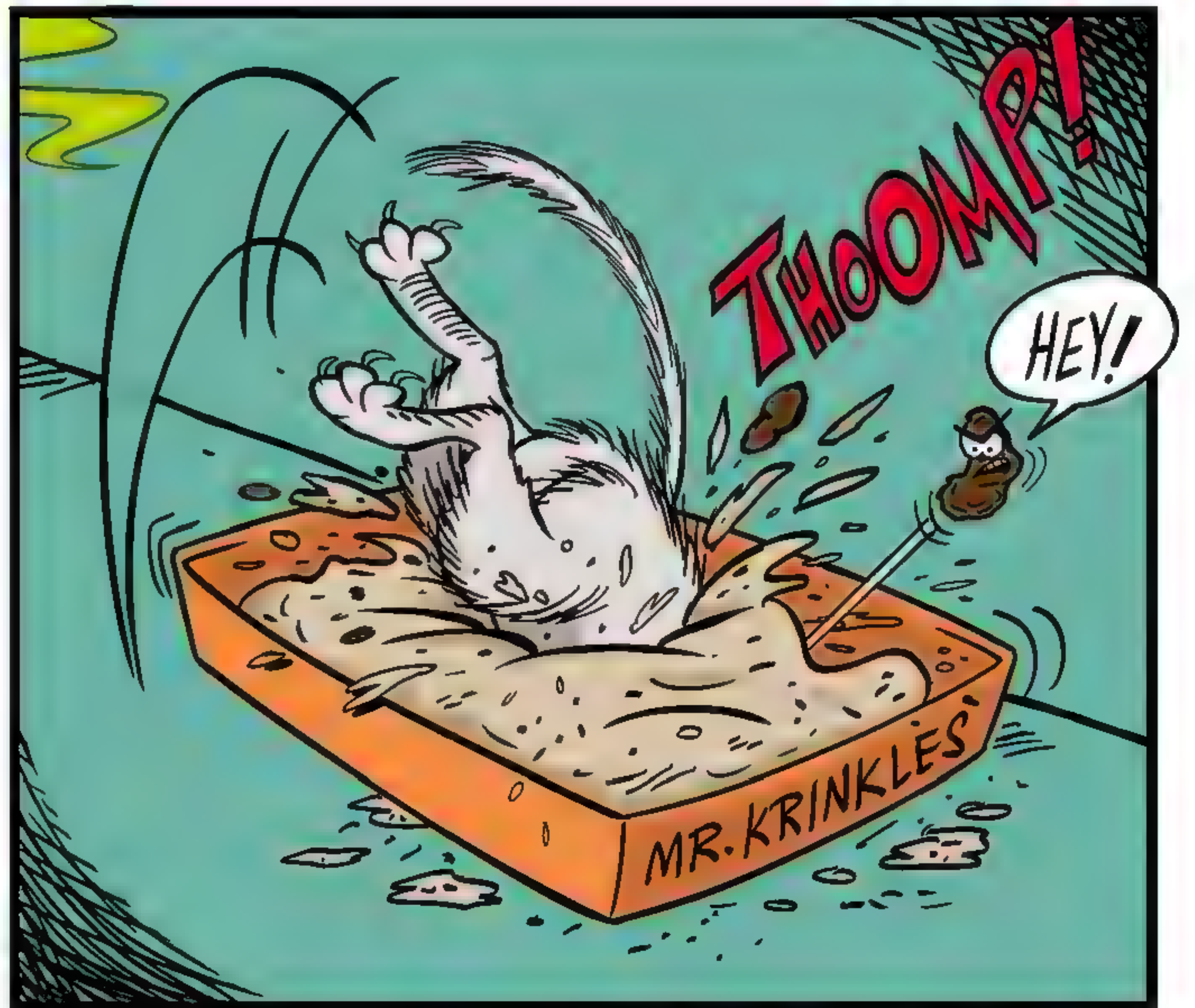
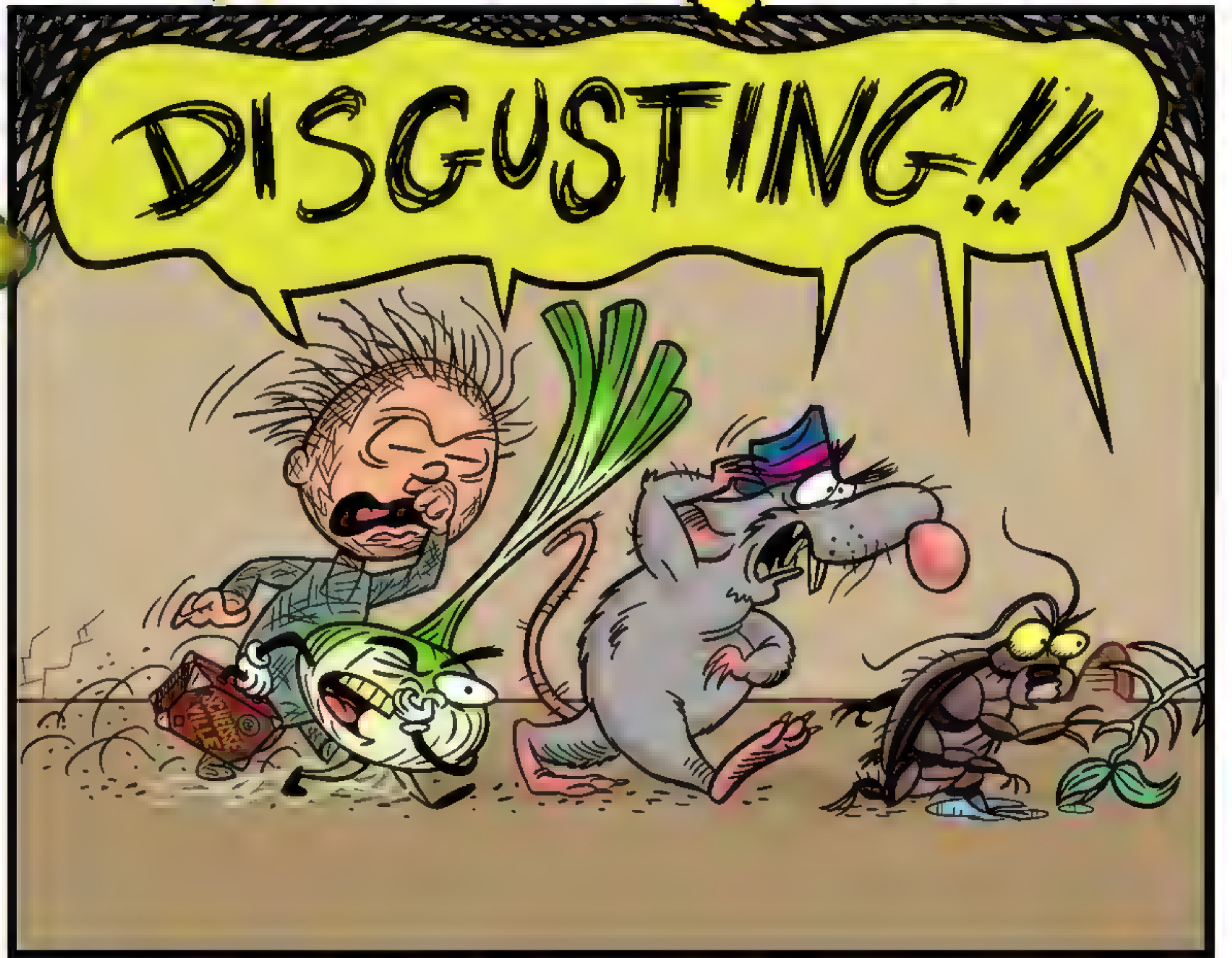
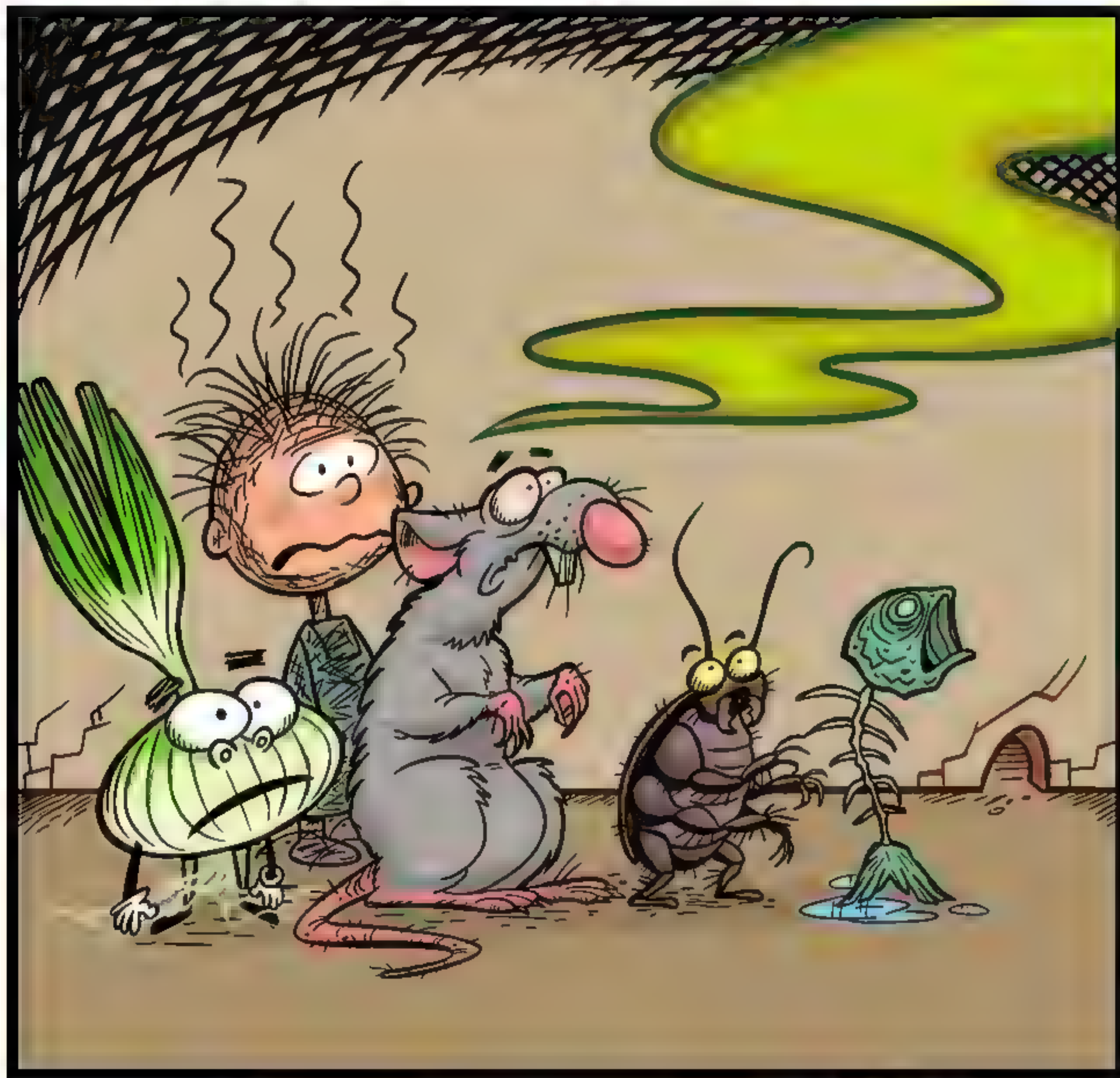
DON'T LIGHT THAT MATCH!



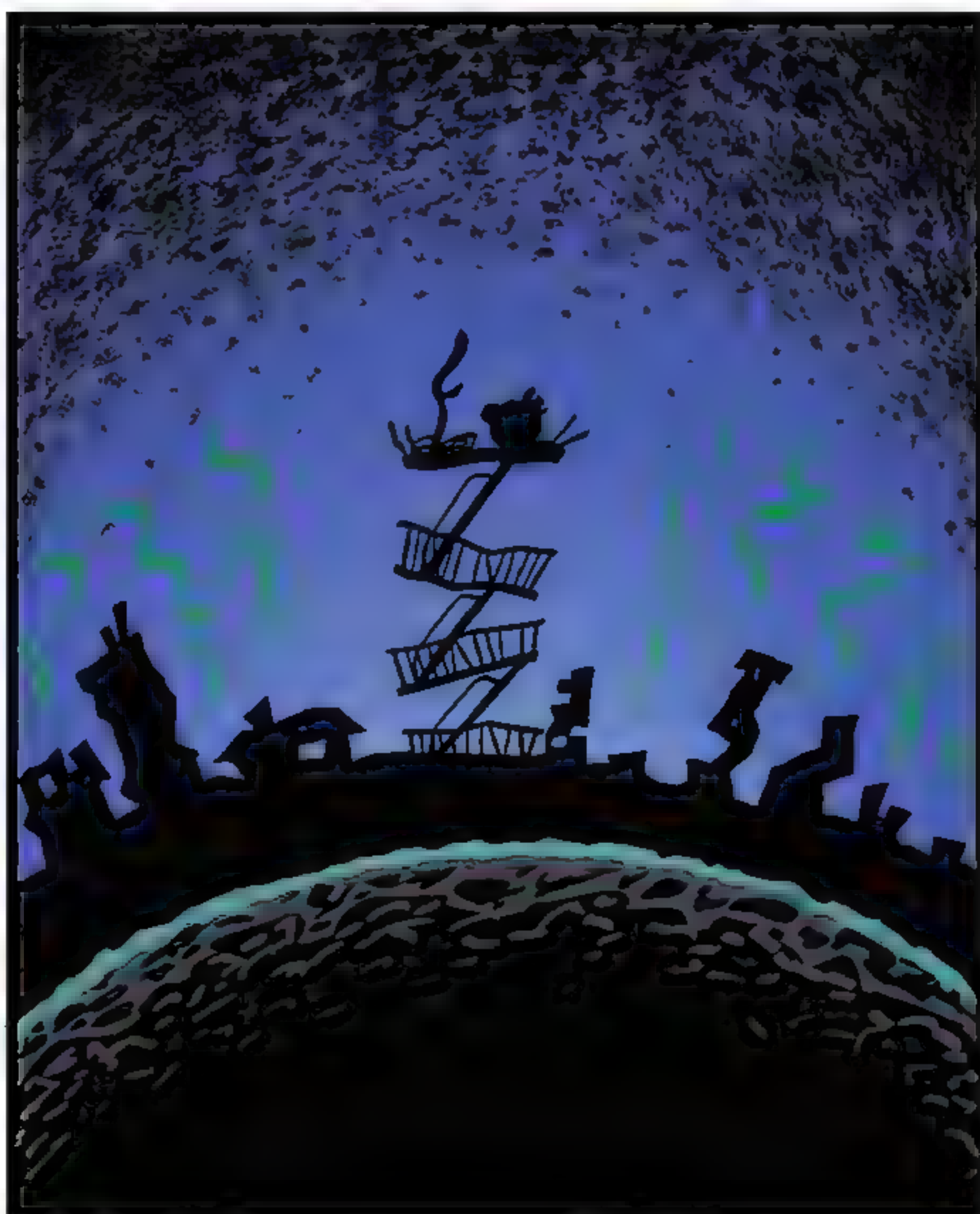
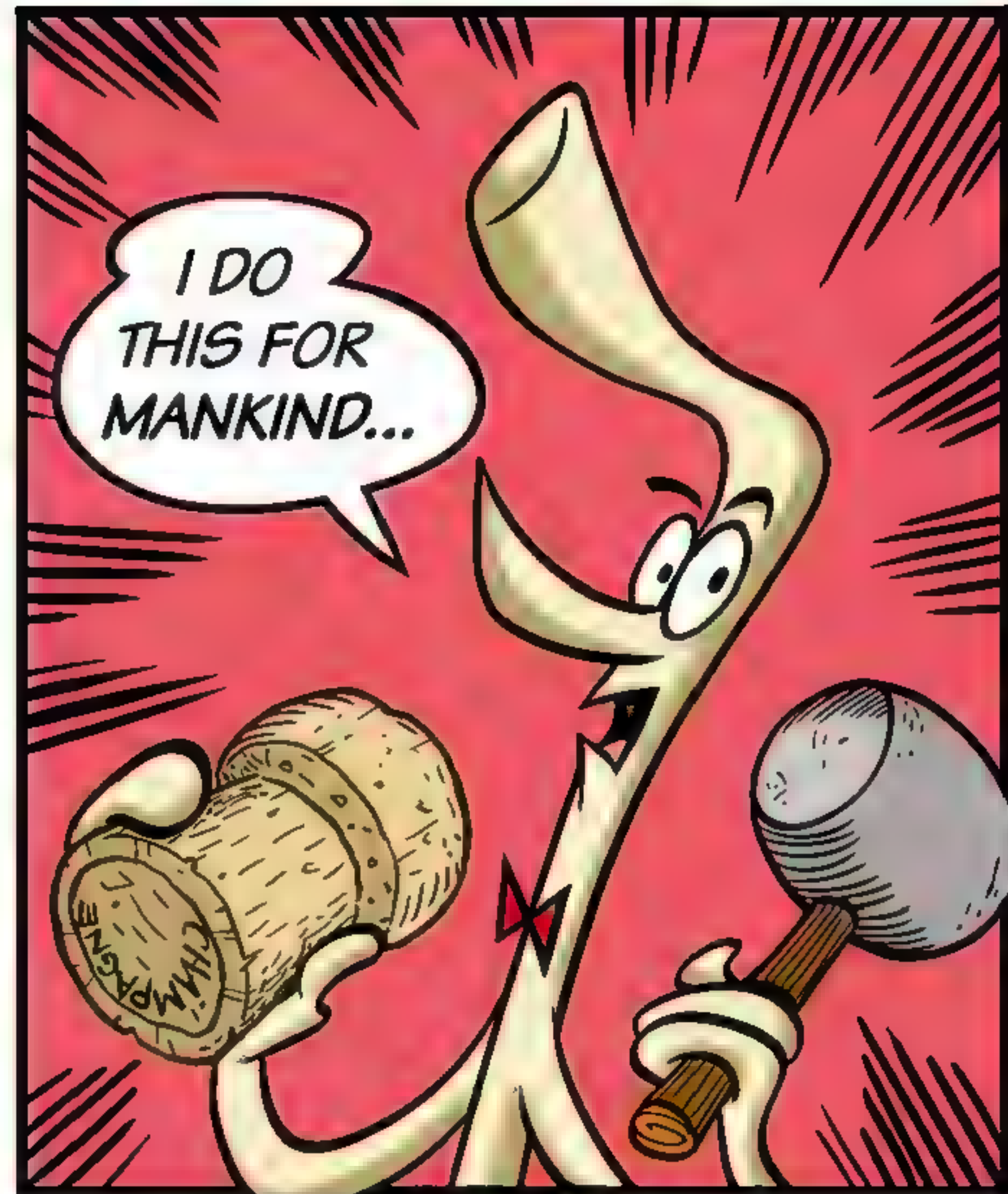
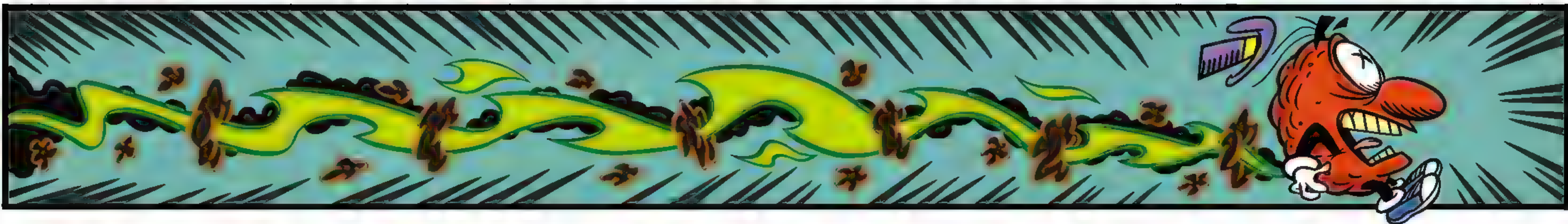










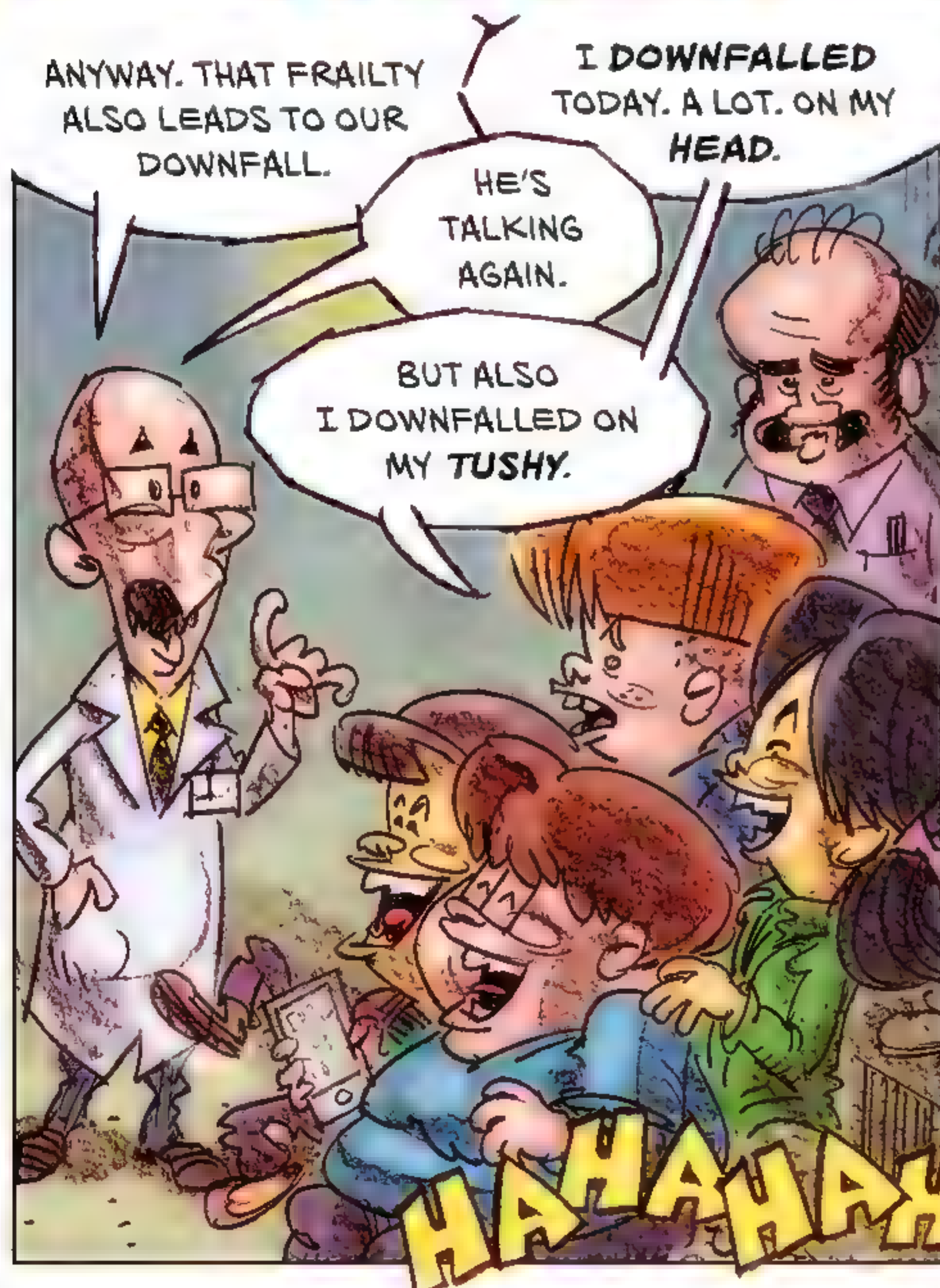
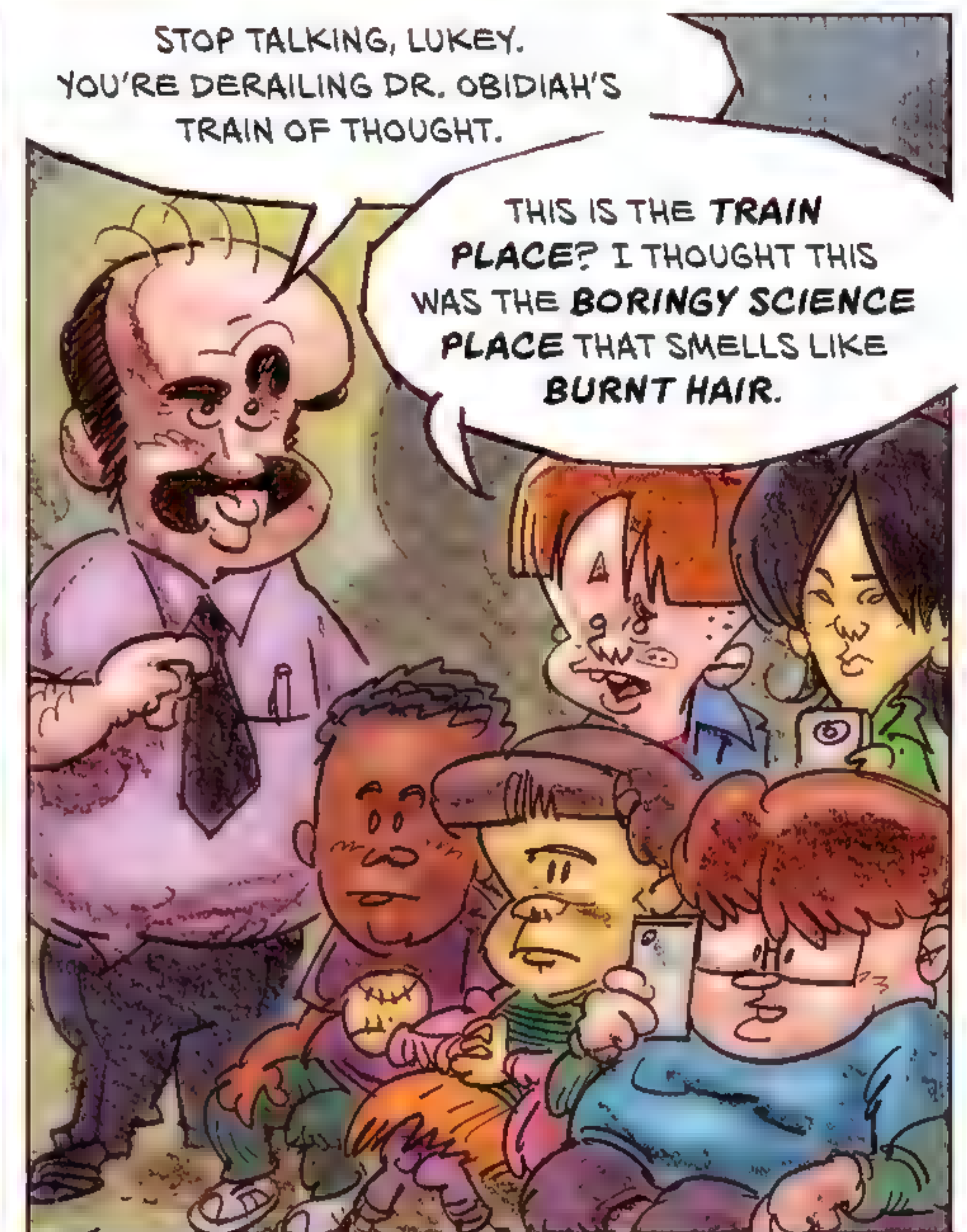
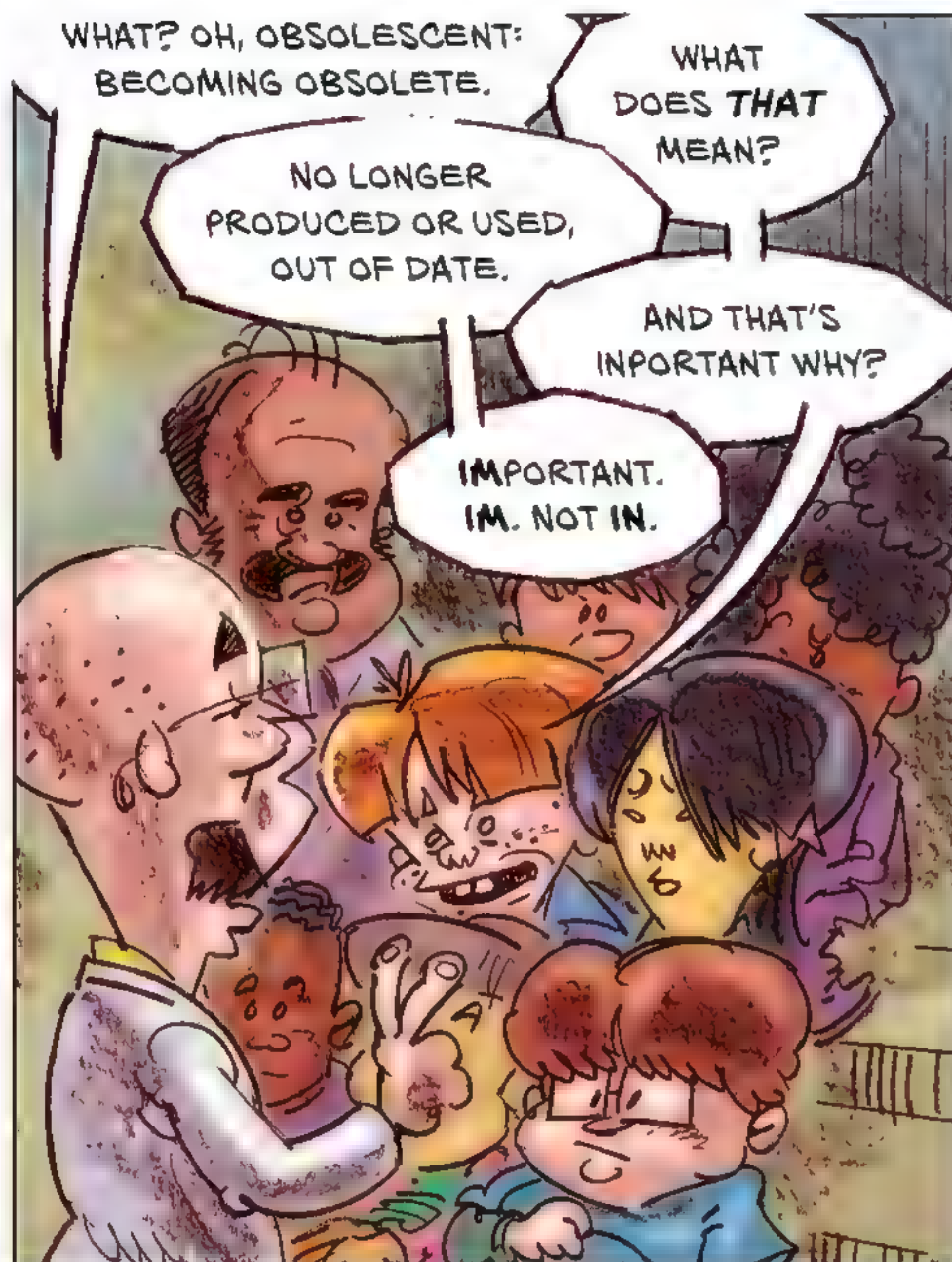




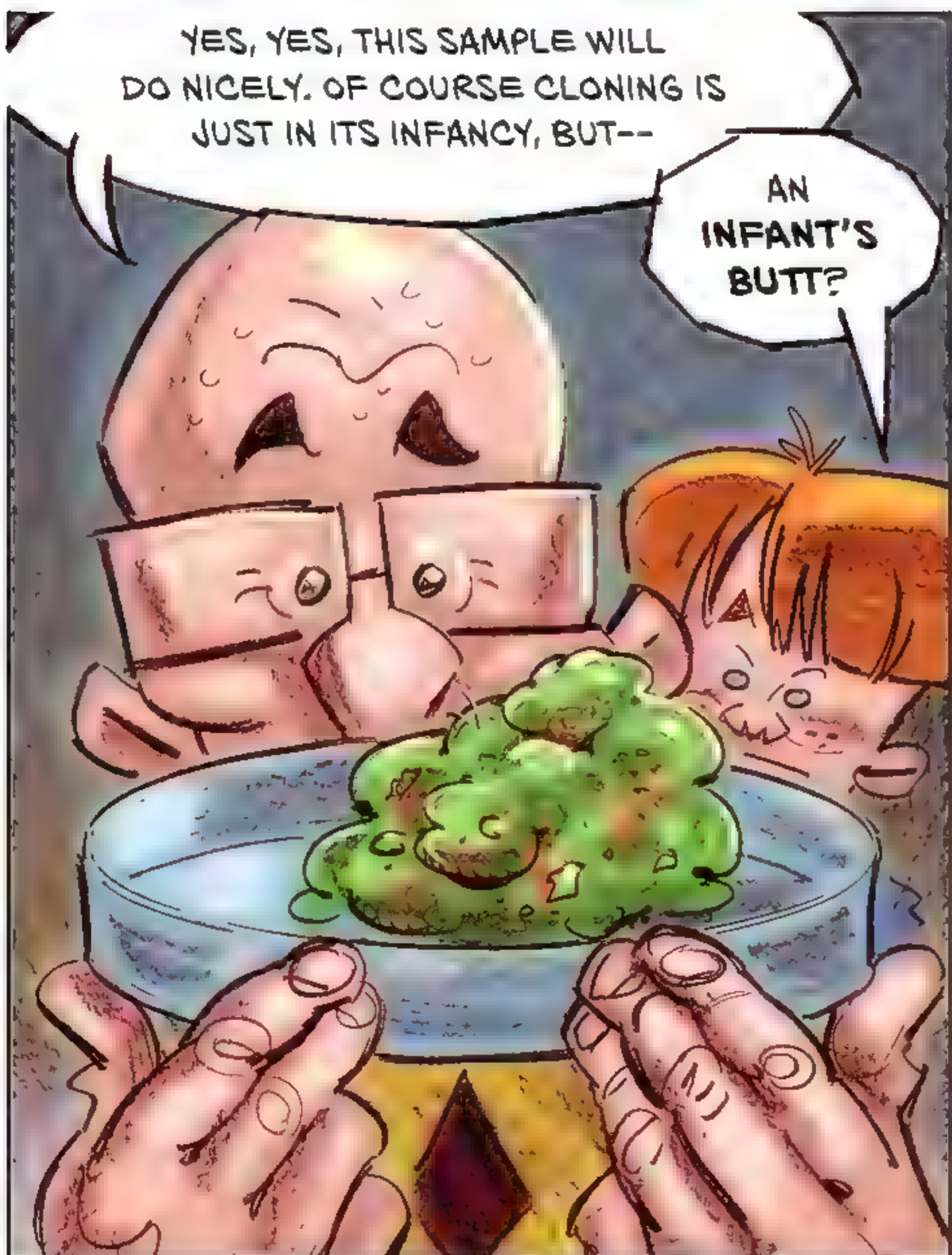
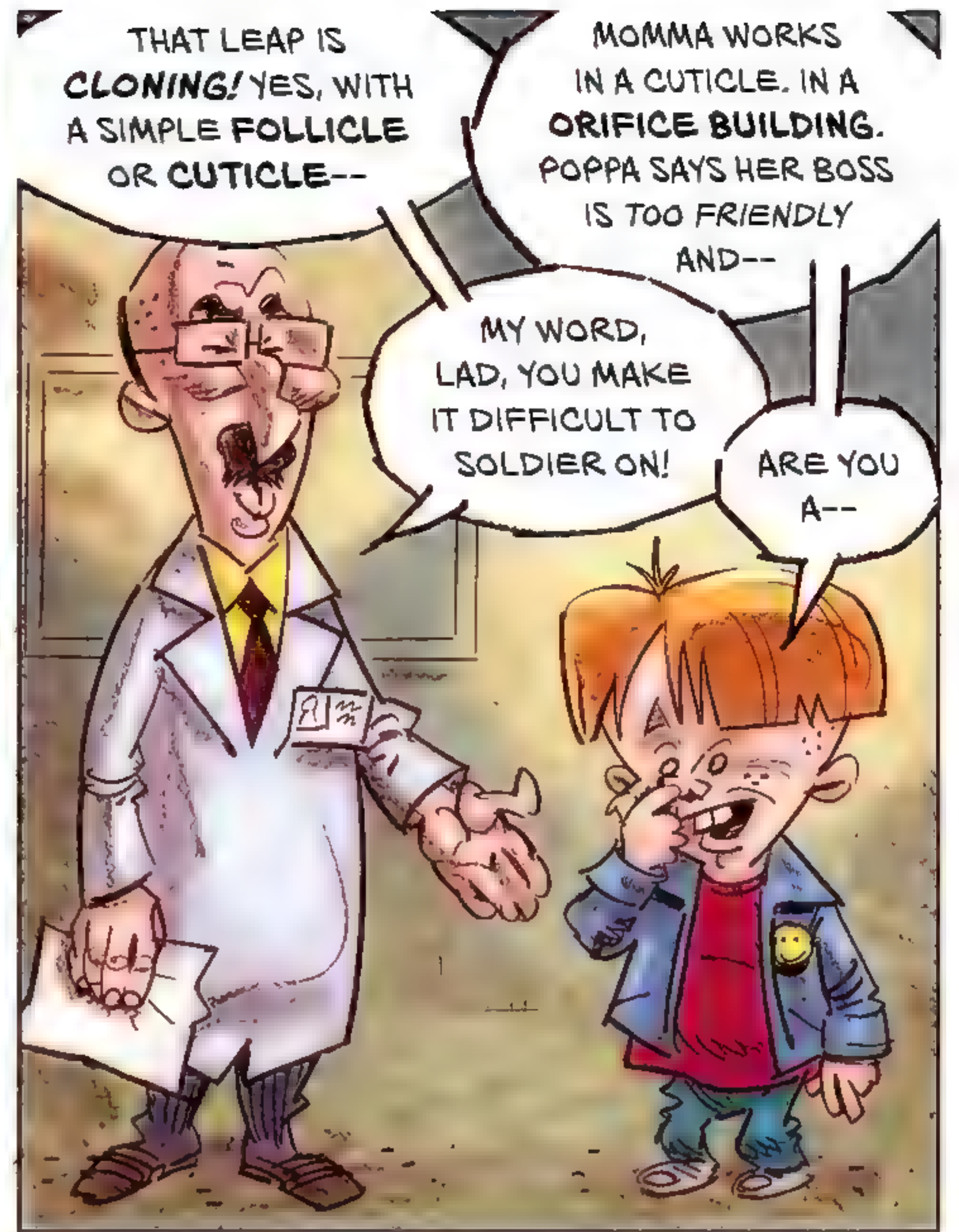
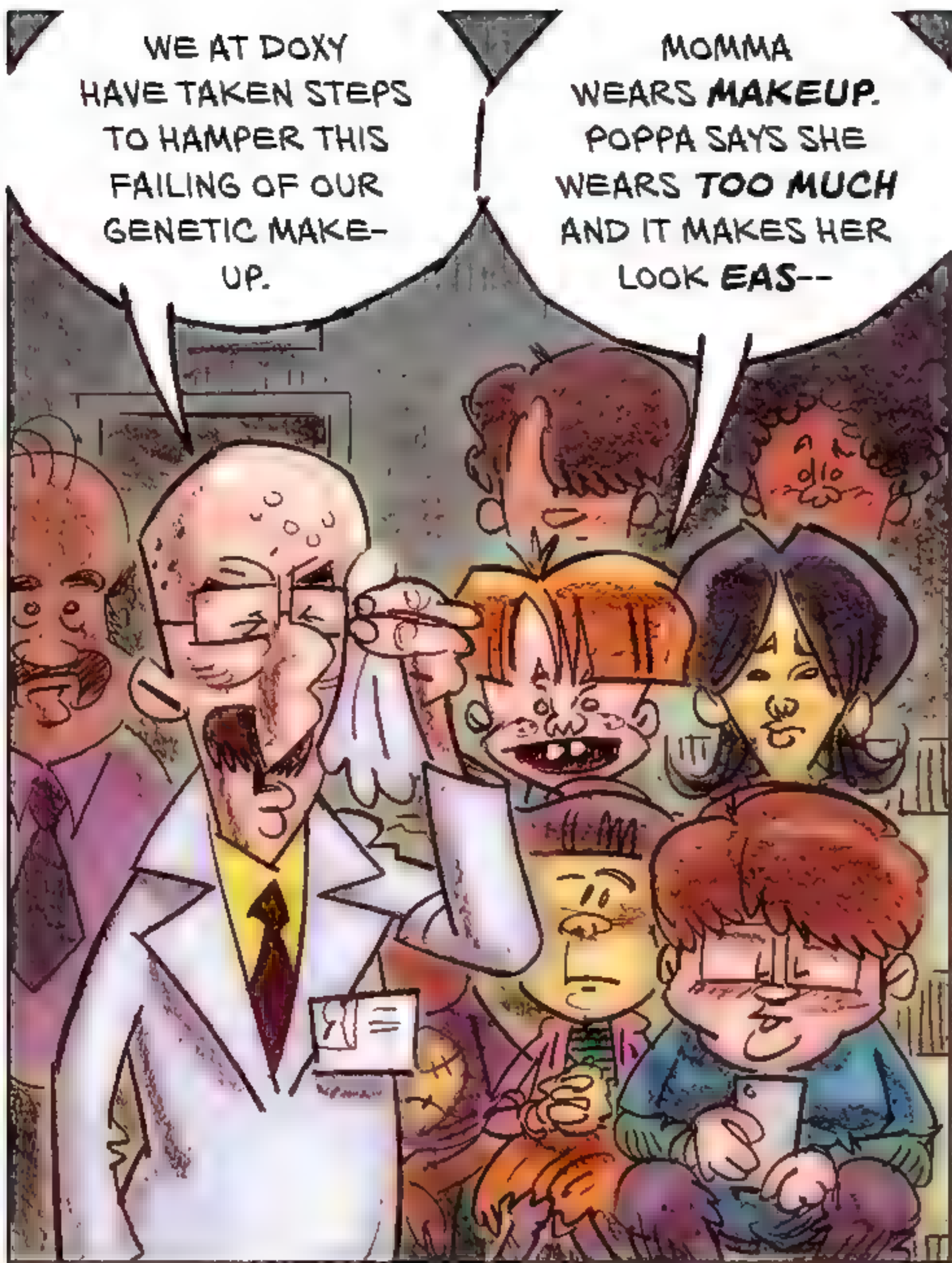
# LUKEY & MUKEY

WRITER & ARTIST **BOB FINGERMAN**

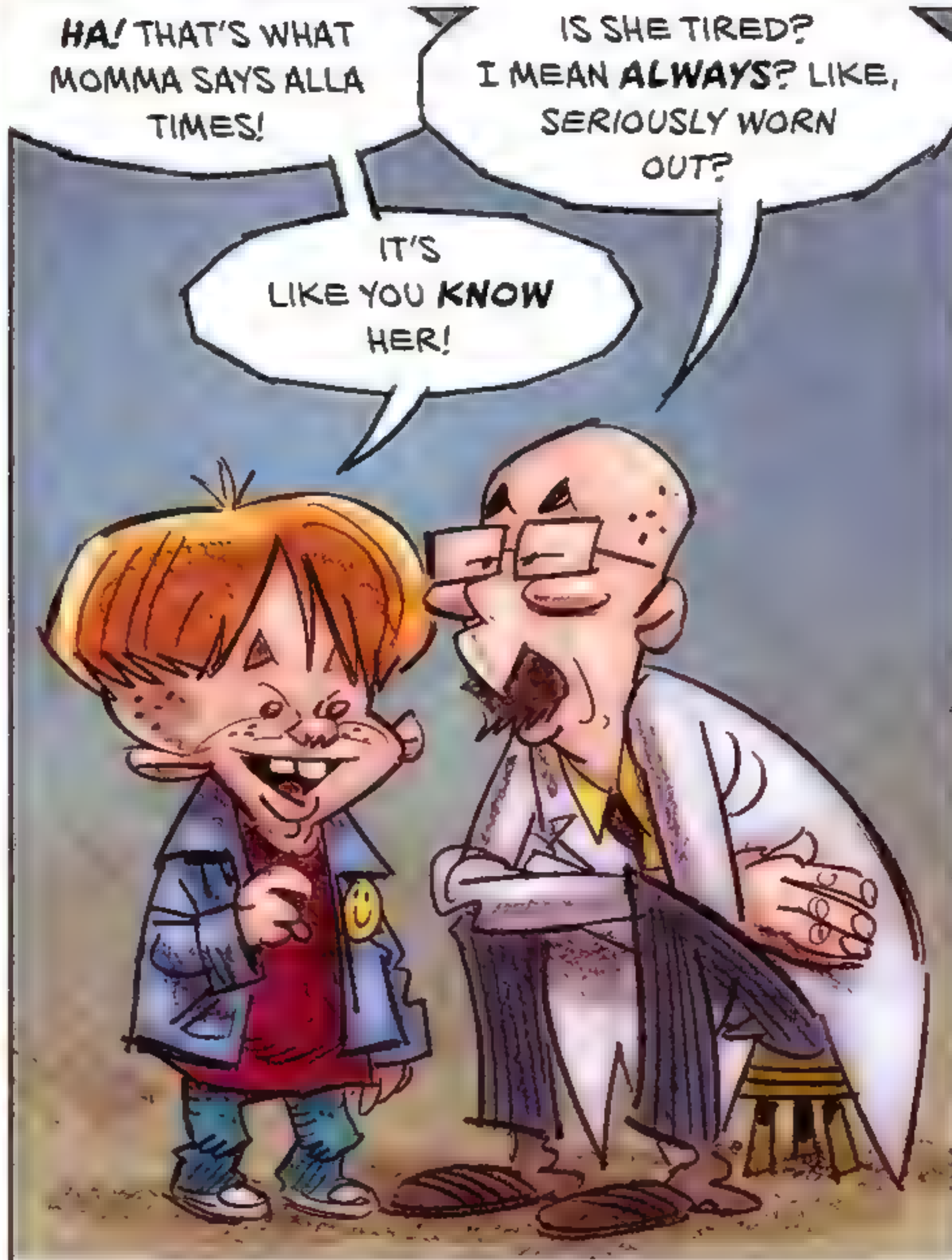
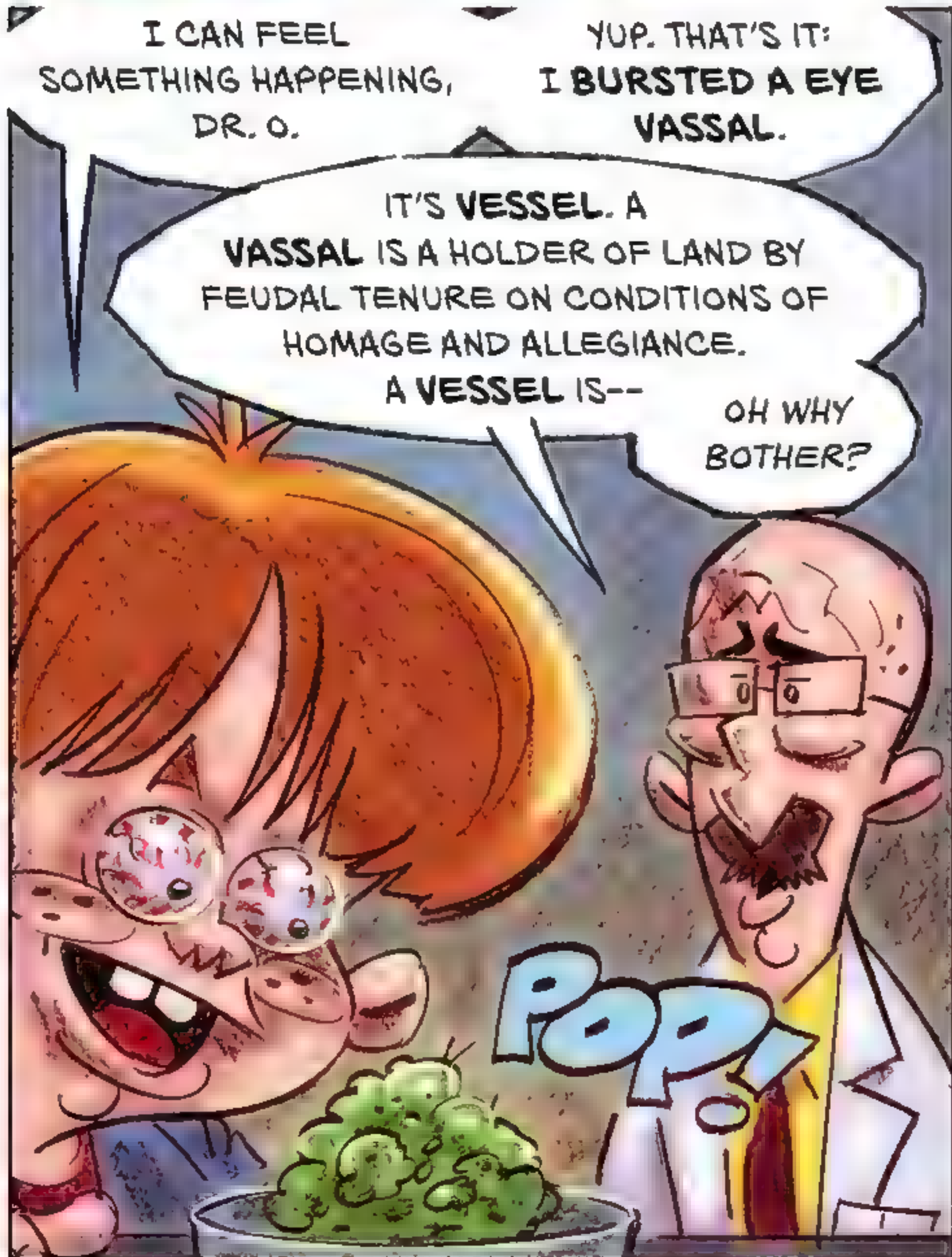
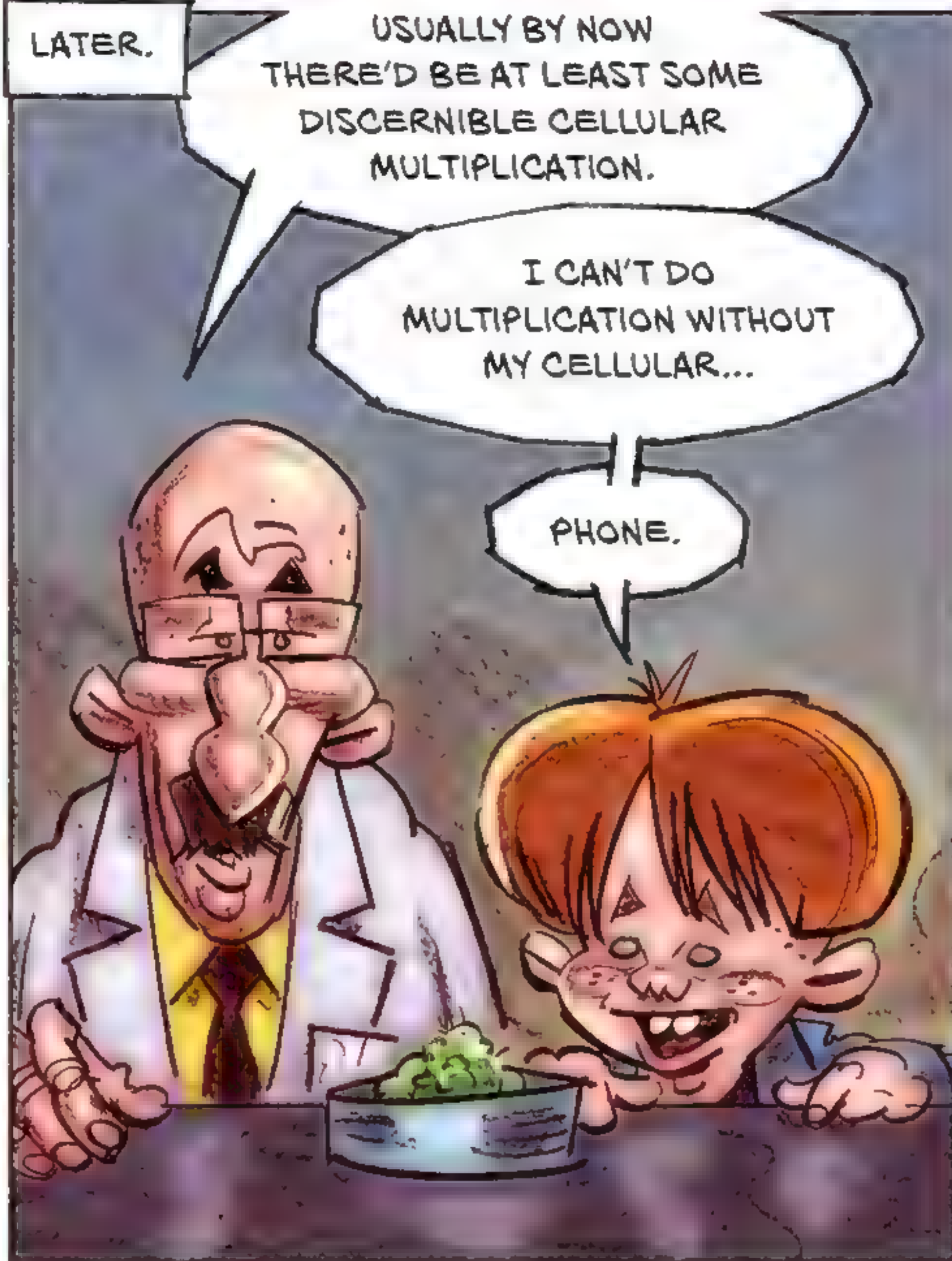
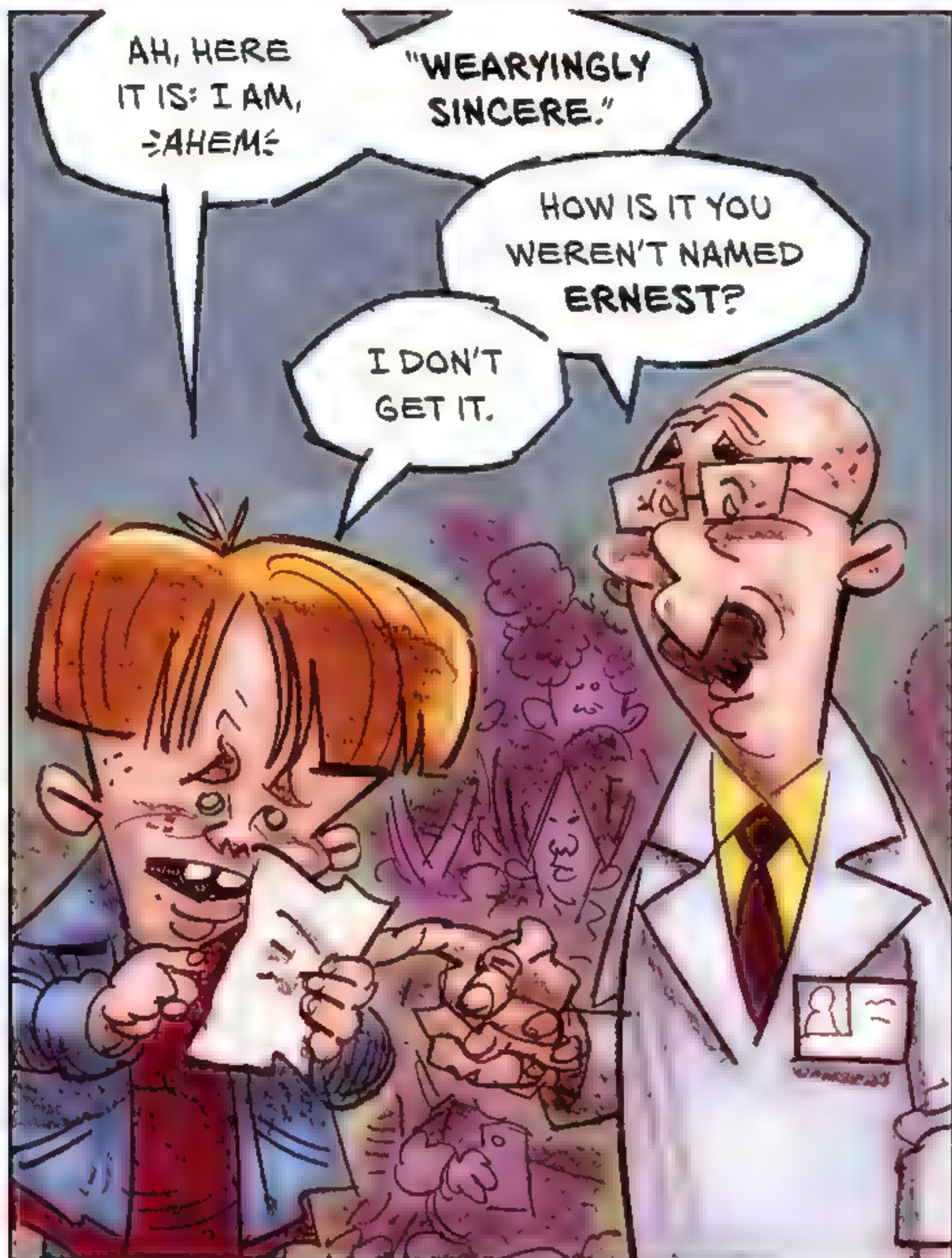
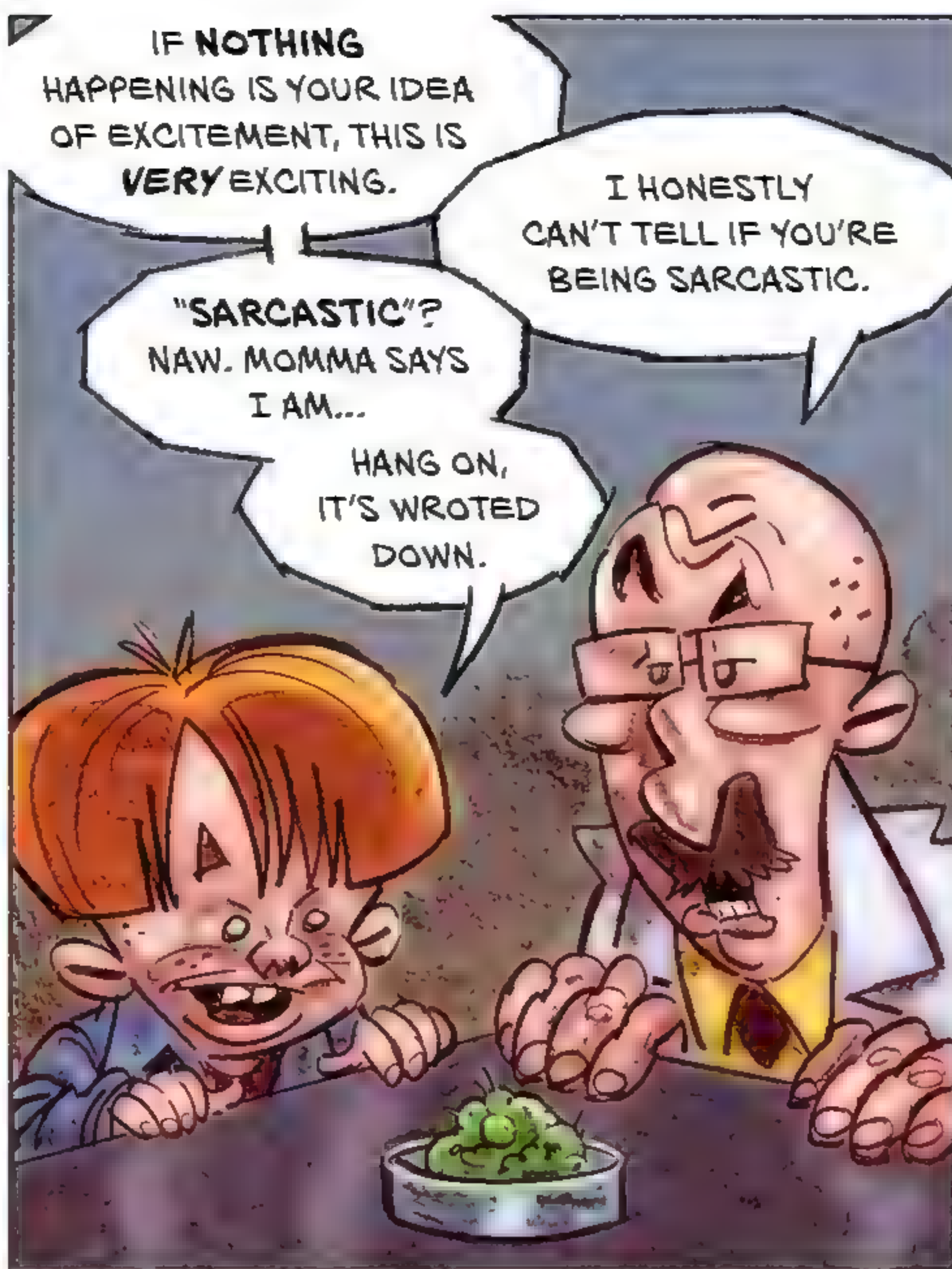
WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR CONTINUING SAGA, FALL HAD FALLEN, WHICH MEANT FIFTH-GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER **MR. PAPADOPOULOS** HAD TAKEN HIS STUDENTS ON THEIR ANNUAL CLASS TRIP TO THE LABS OF CHEMICAL GIANT **DOXY-CROMWELL GOLDSUNG, INC.** WE JOIN THEM AS **DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH** COMMENCES HIS LECTURE.











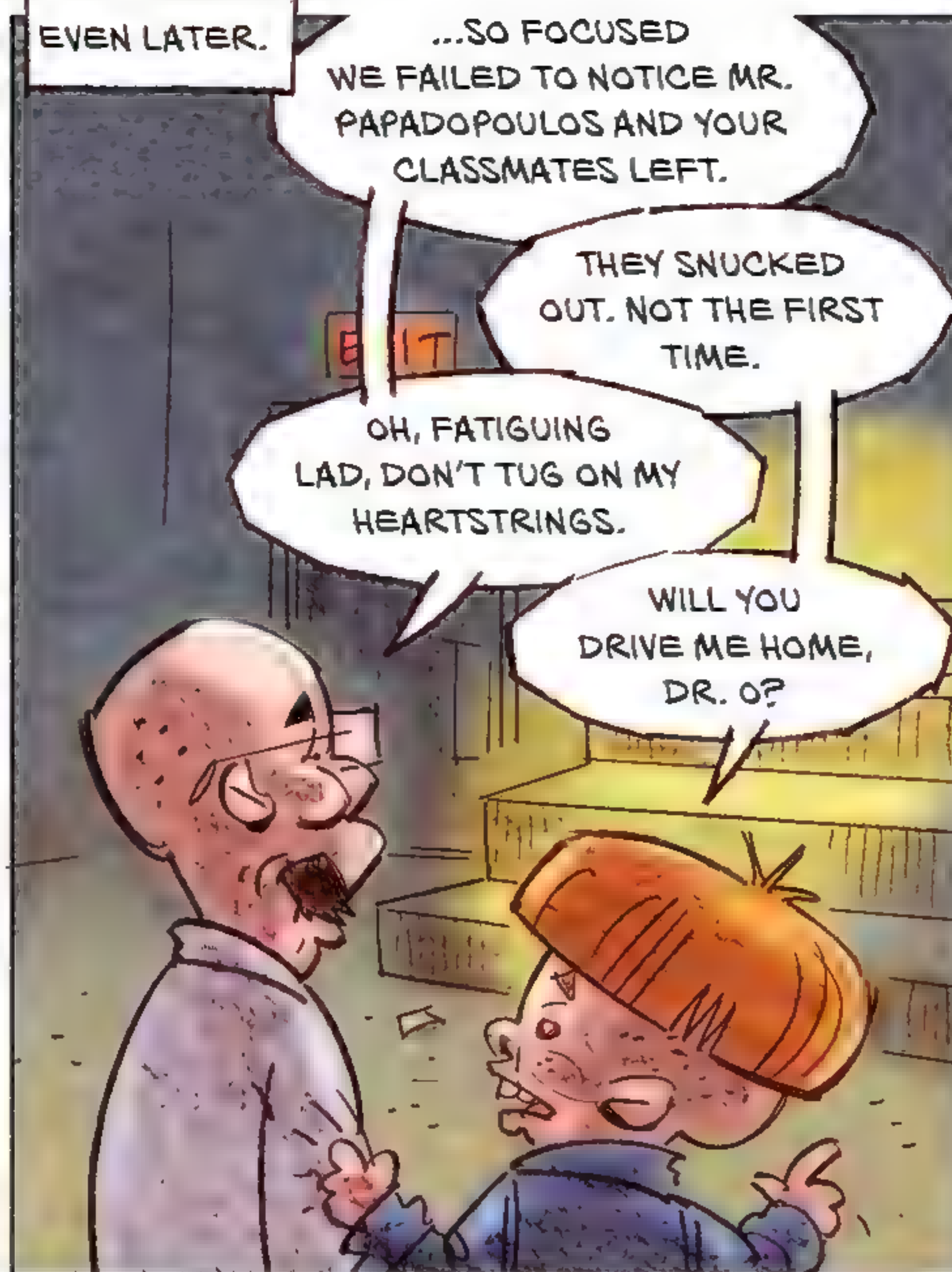




I ALSO DETECT FLUCTUATIONS ON THE MUCCHINO-METER.

WHAT?!!  
MUCUS-BASED LIFE? ON PLANET BLUEYGREENY-BROWN? BESIDES OUR COVETED QUARRY, WE THOUGHT ITS NATIVES PRIMITIVE.

HASTEN TO PLANET PBJ! I MEAN BGG! PDQ!



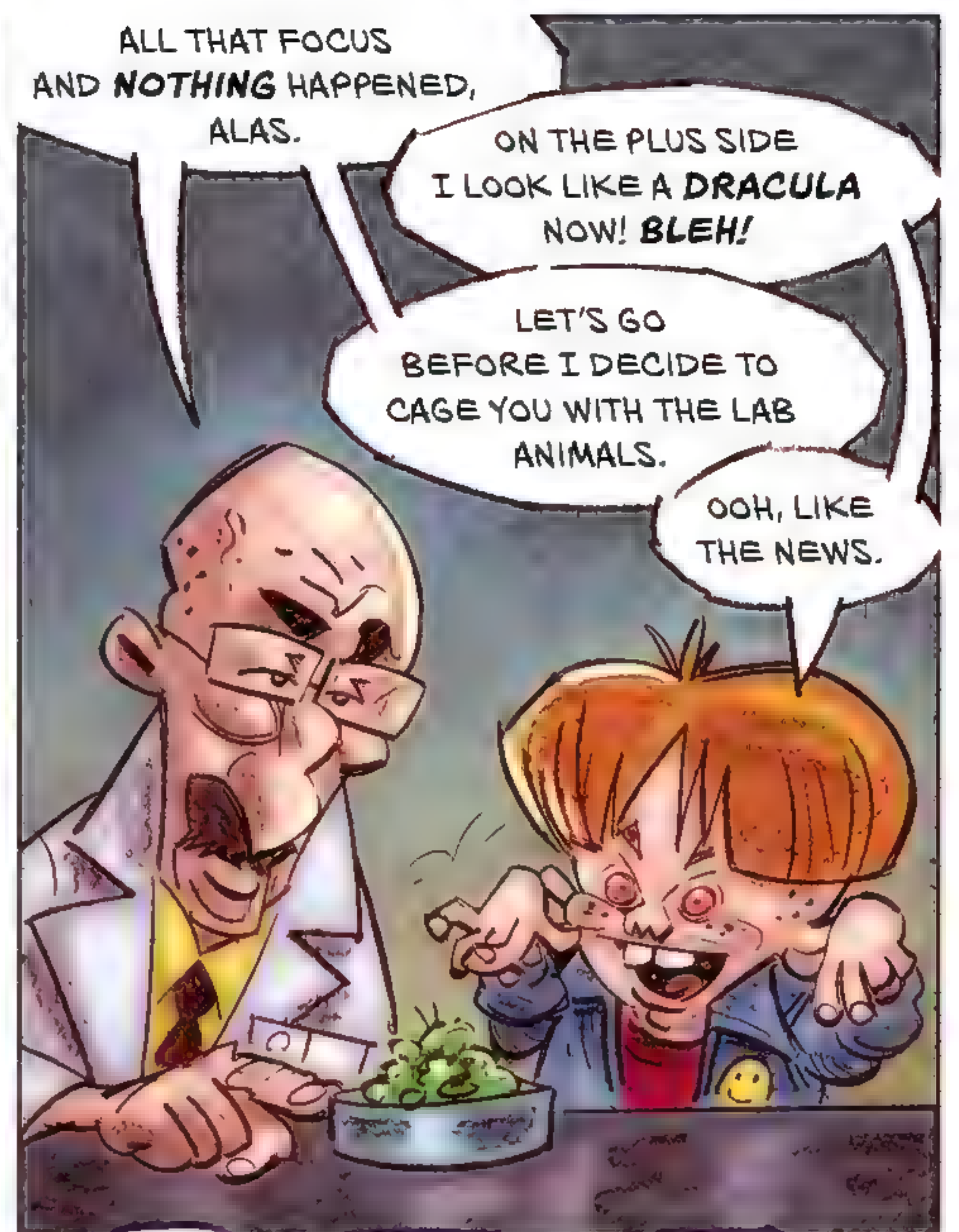
EVEN LATER.

...SO FOCUSED WE FAILED TO NOTICE MR. PAPADOPOULOS AND YOUR CLASSMATES LEFT.

THEY SNUCKED OUT. NOT THE FIRST TIME.

OH, FATIGUING LAD, DON'T TUG ON MY HEARTSTRINGS.

WILL YOU DRIVE ME HOME, DR. O?

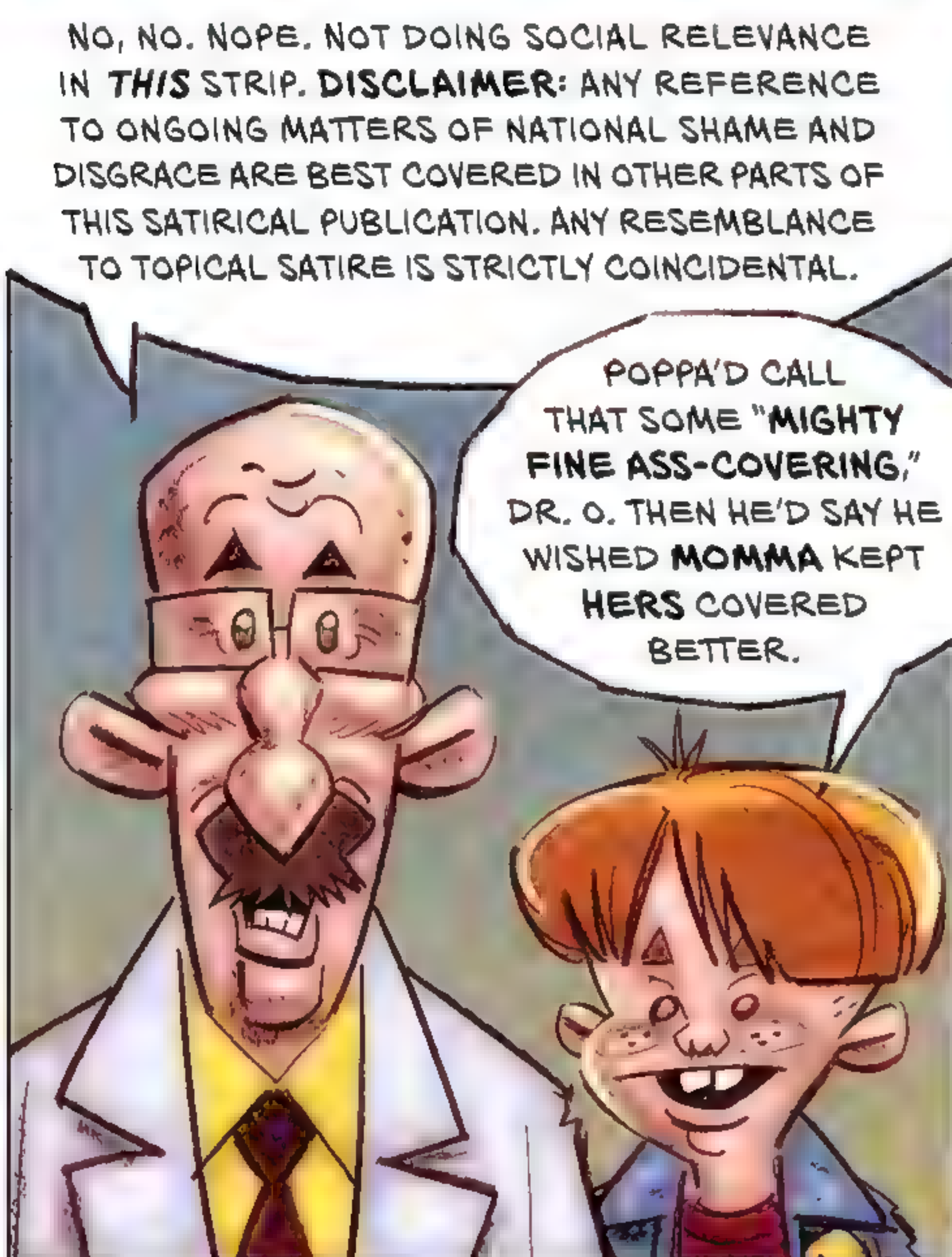


ALL THAT FOCUS AND **NOTHING** HAPPENED, ALAS.

ON THE PLUS SIDE I LOOK LIKE A **DRACULA** NOW! **BLEH!**

LET'S GO BEFORE I DECIDE TO CAGE YOU WITH THE LAB ANIMALS.

OOH, LIKE THE NEWS.



NO, NO. NOPE. NOT DOING SOCIAL RELEVANCE IN **THIS** STRIP. **DISCLAIMER:** ANY REFERENCE TO ONGOING MATTERS OF NATIONAL SHAME AND DISGRACE ARE BEST COVERED IN OTHER PARTS OF THIS SATIRICAL PUBLICATION. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO TOPICAL SATIRE IS STRICTLY COINCIDENTAL.

POPPA'D CALL THAT SOME "MIGHTY FINE ASS-COVERING," DR. O. THEN HE'D SAY HE WISHED MOMMA KEPT HERS COVERED BETTER.



WHERE DO YOU LIVE, ANYWAY?

I HAVE IT WRITTEN DOWN.

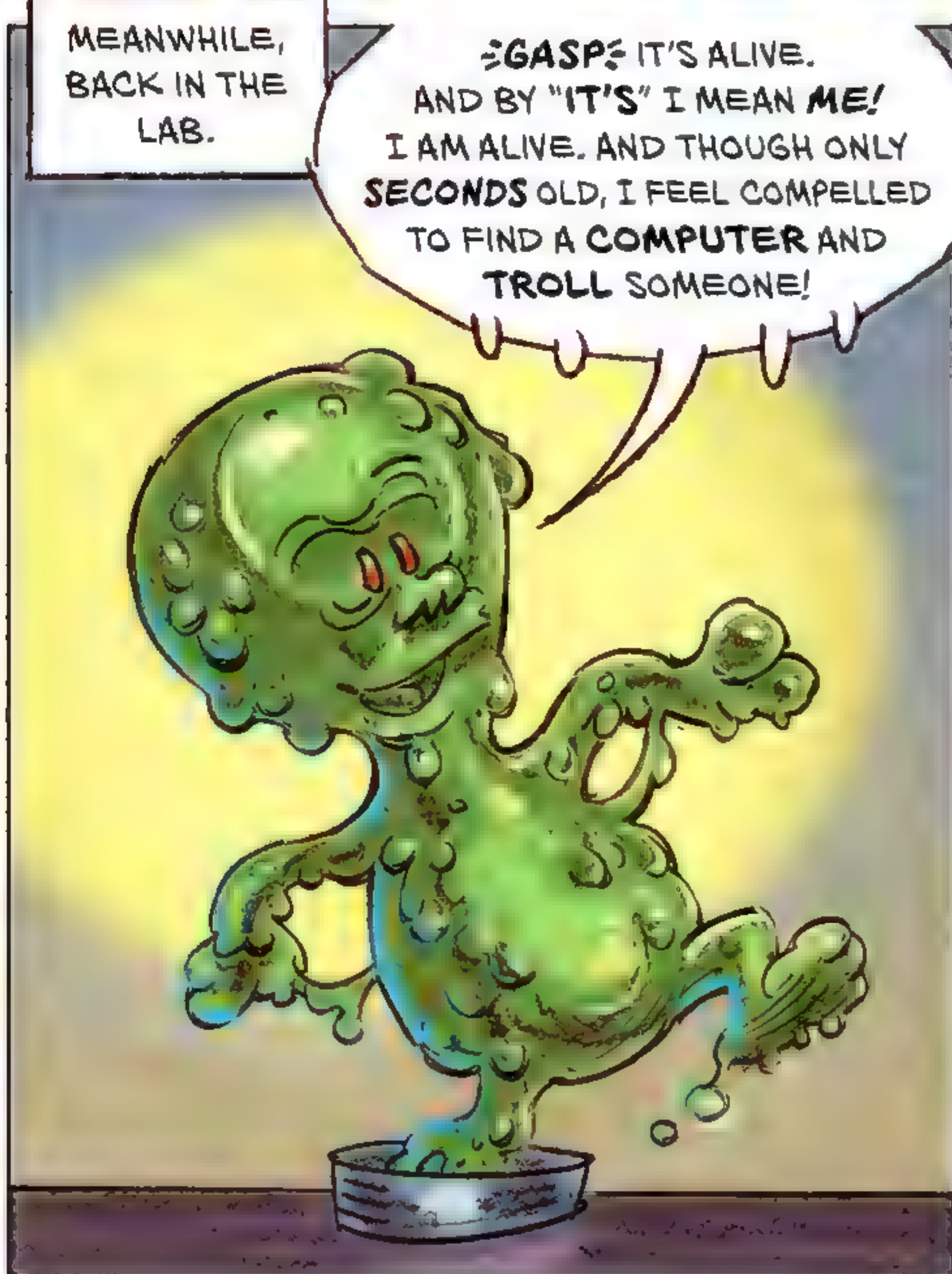


HERE'S WHERE I LIVE.

≥SIGH≤ HELPFUL. HALF-WIT.

HALF FULL OR HALF EMPTY?

JUST GET IN, WE'LL FIGURE THIS OUT.



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LAB.

≥GASP≤ IT'S ALIVE. AND BY "IT'S" I MEAN **ME!** I AM ALIVE. AND THOUGH ONLY SECONDS OLD, I FEEL COMPELLED TO FIND A COMPUTER AND TROLL SOMEONE!



COMMANDER! THE MUCCHINOMETER JUST SPIKED! LIKE END-ZONE CELEBRATION HAPPY DANCE SPIKED! ADVANCED MUCUS LIFE-FORM ALERT IN ALL CAPS.

TO PLANET BGG, STAT! AND BY STAT I MEAN VERY FAST! ¡RÁPIDO!



...FAVORITES ARE UNBOXING VIDEOS, "LET'S PLAY" VIDEOS, OR WE COULD SING WHAT MOMMA CALLS THE "MADDENINGLY REPETITIVE GARBAGE" I LIKE.

MOMMA'S FAVORITE.

OKAY, KID: LET'S PLAY THE QUIET GAME.

**NEXT: MAKE MINE MUKEY!**



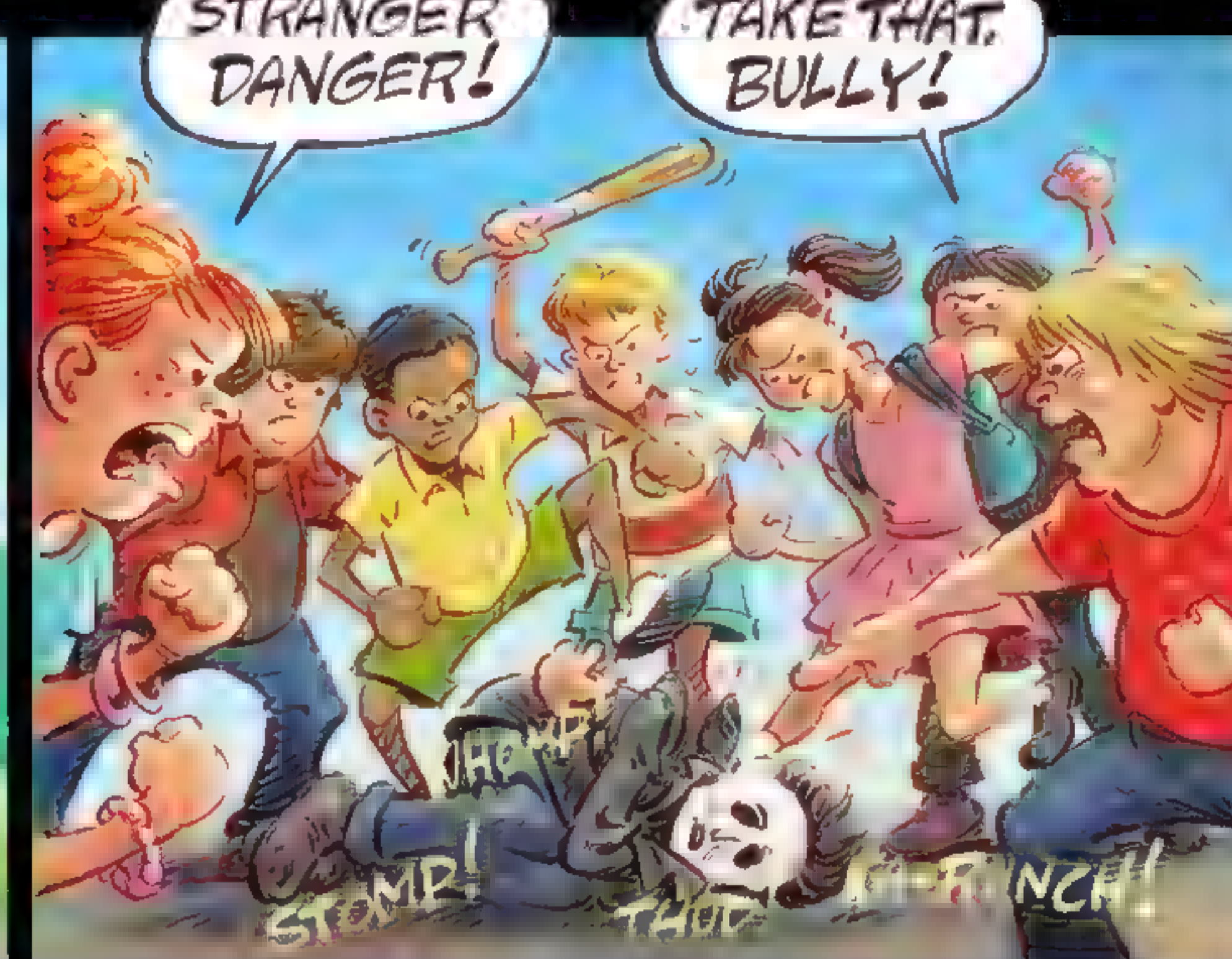
Brian Posehn here, warning you to sharpen your coat hangers because Michael Myers and his creepy Shatner mask are back and ready to get stabby! Lots has changed since Michael first made us soil ourselves in 1978 (Jamie Lee Curtis now recommends Activia to help with that). Let's see how modern times might affect a movie about a giant weirdo chasing dumb teenagers in the...

# DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIGINAL HALLOWEEN & HALLOWEEN 2018

## POLICE RESPONSE



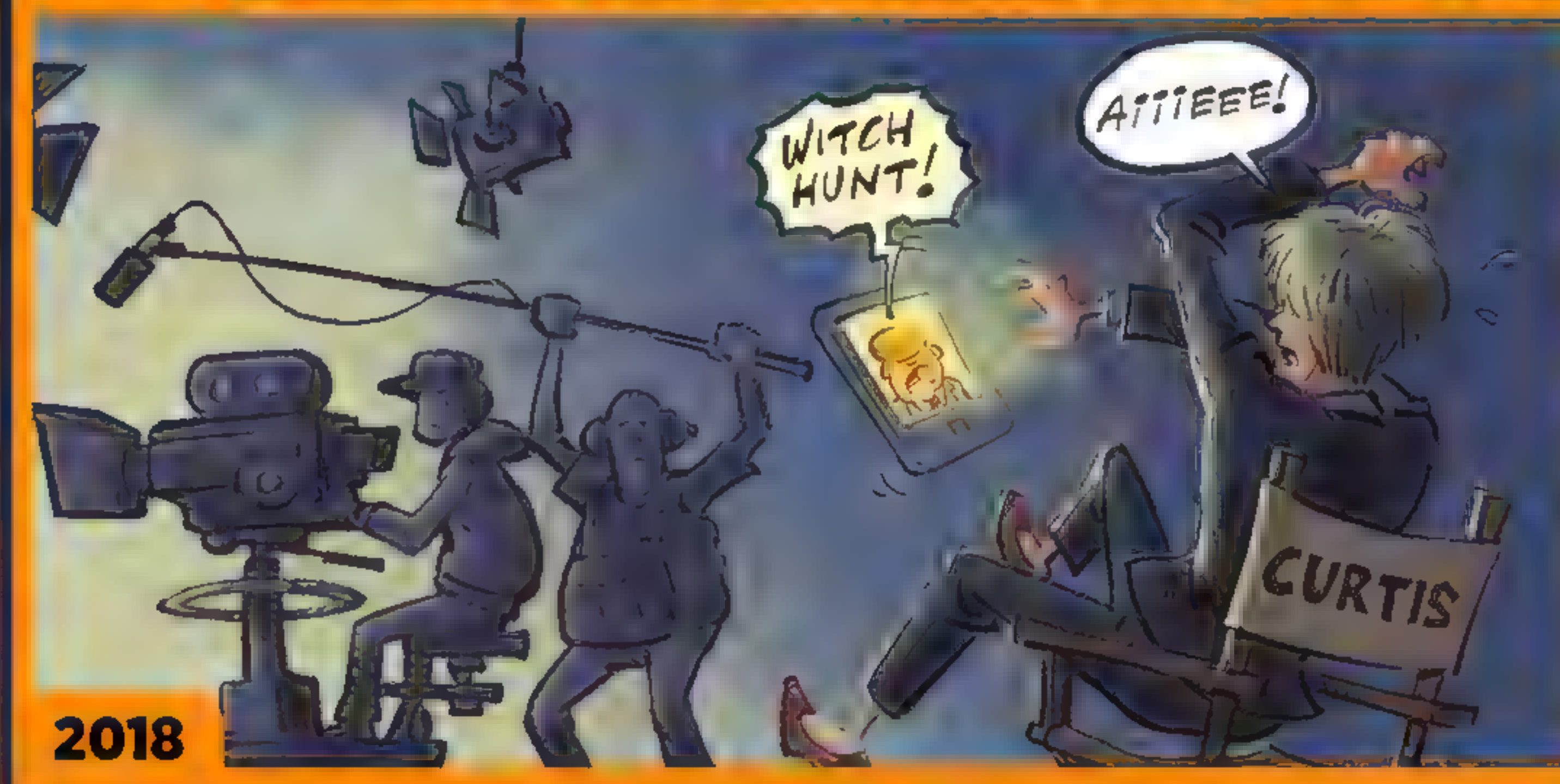
## BULLIES



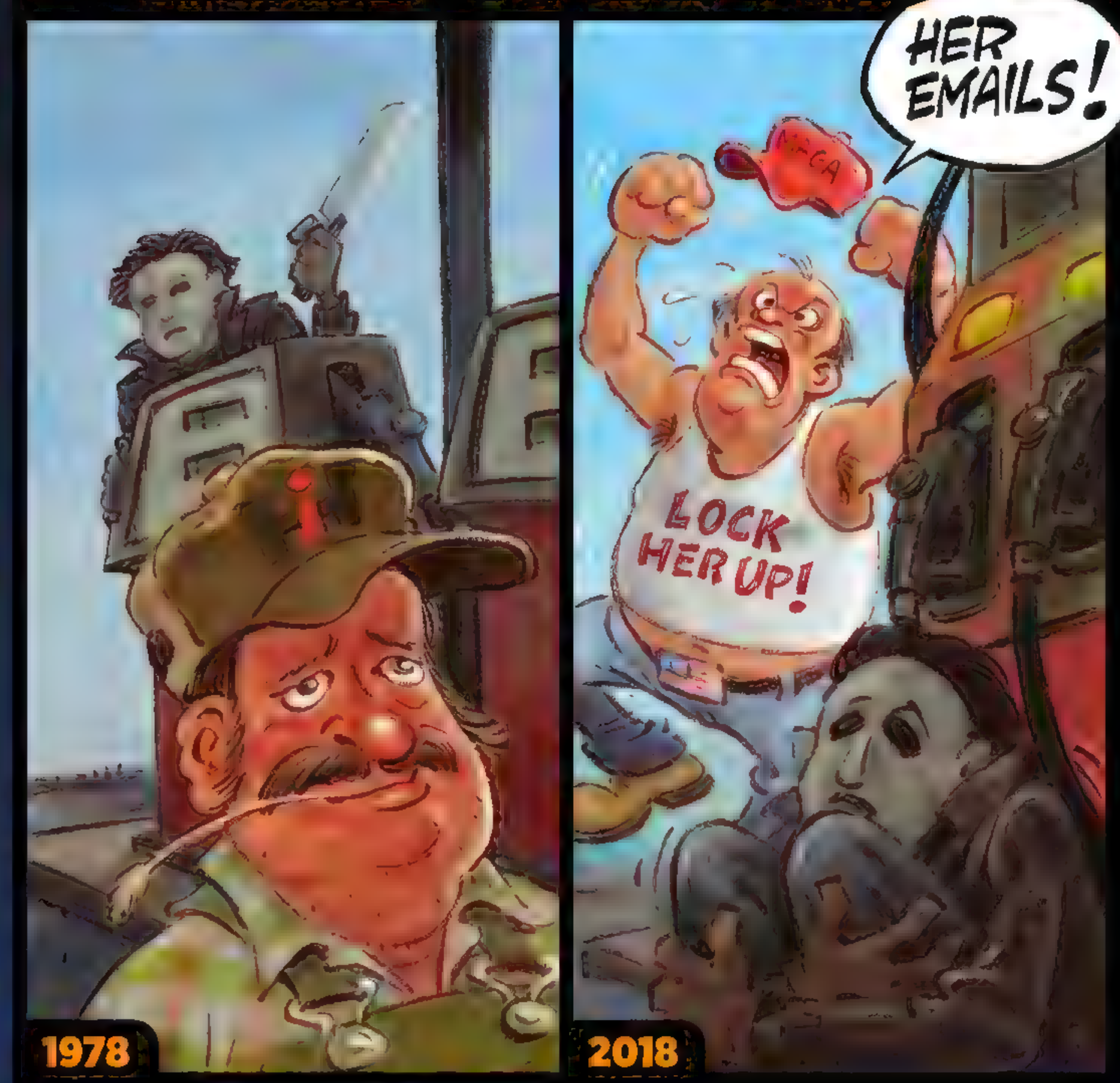
## TOAST



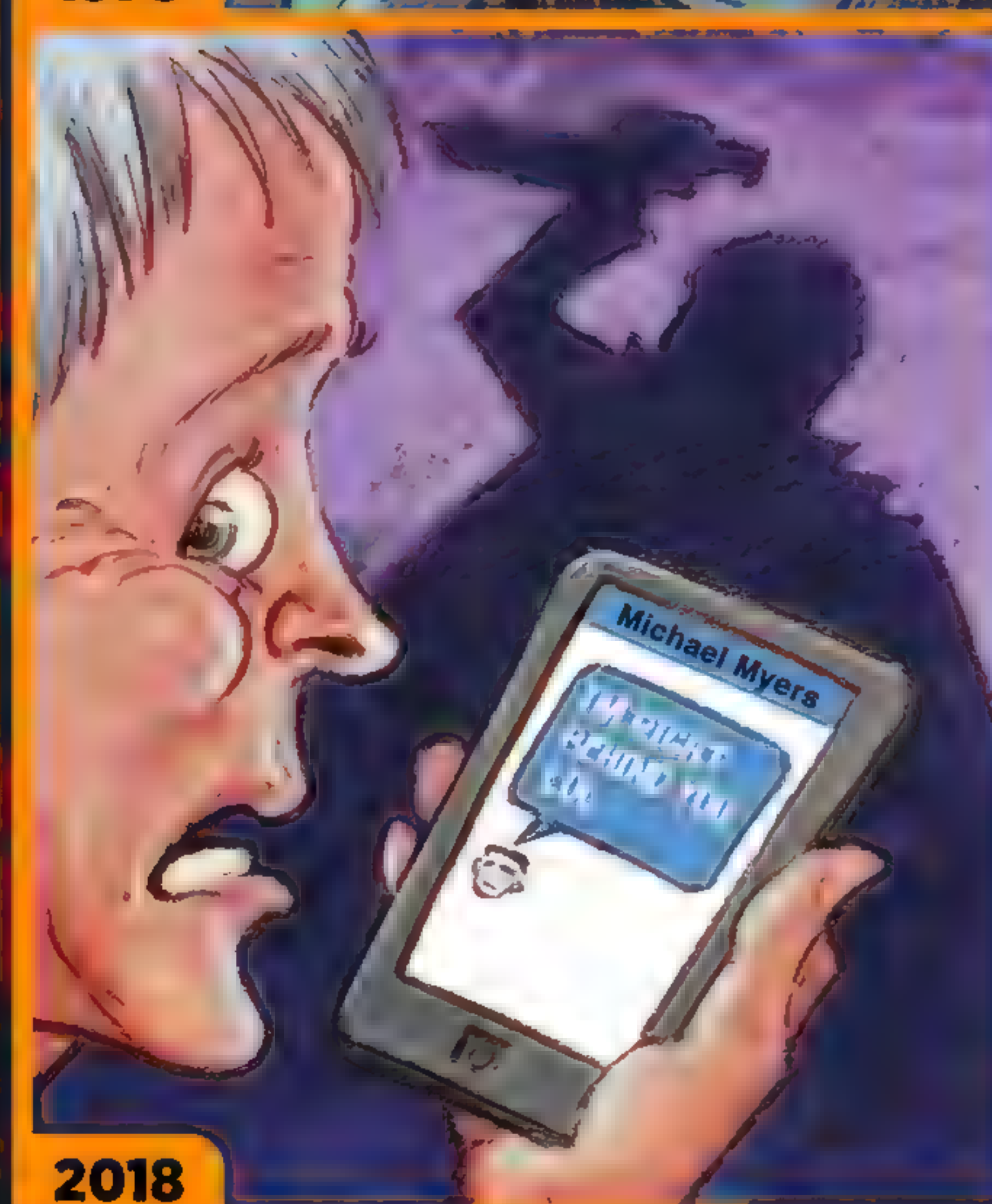
## JUMP SCARES



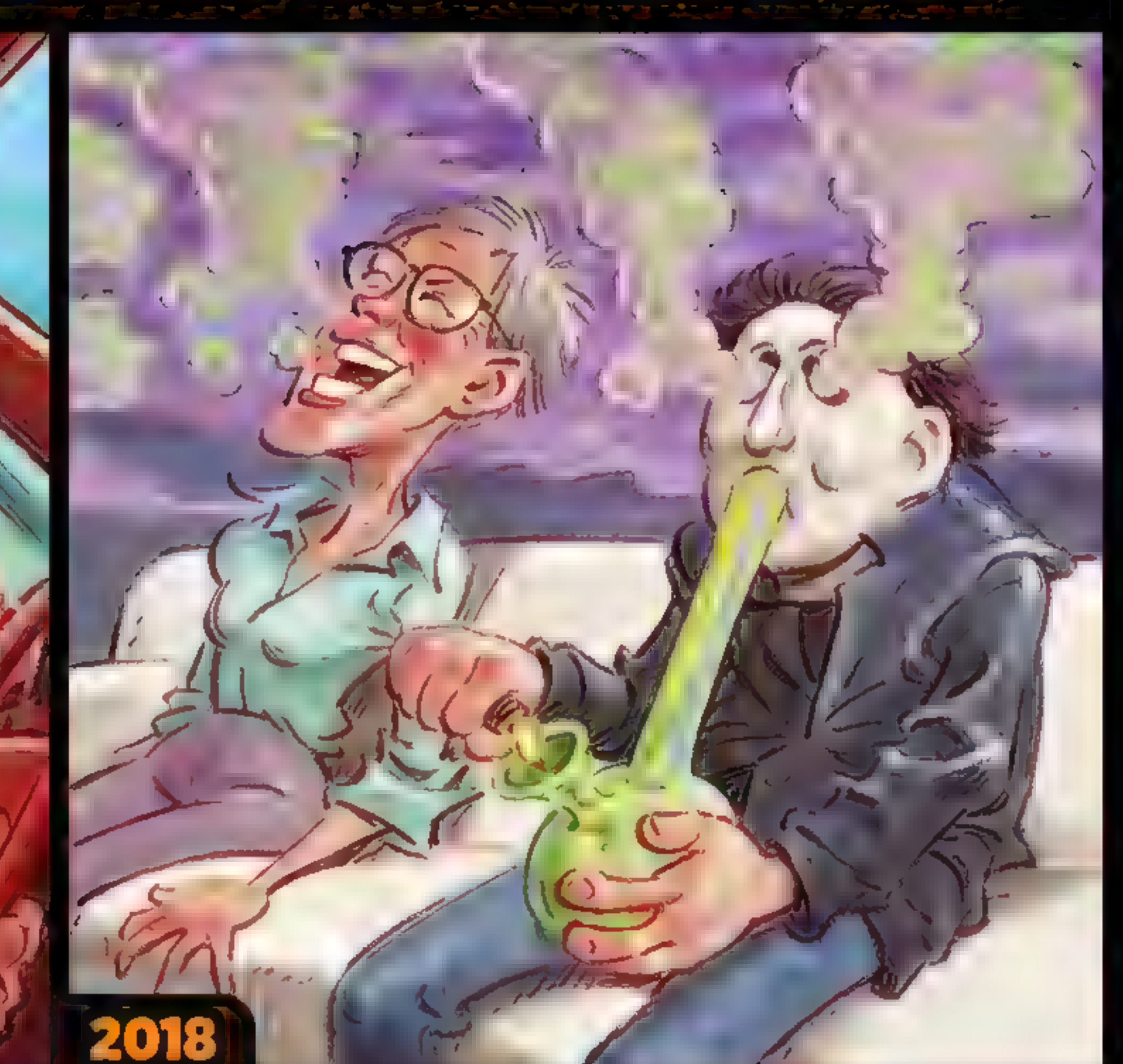
## SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



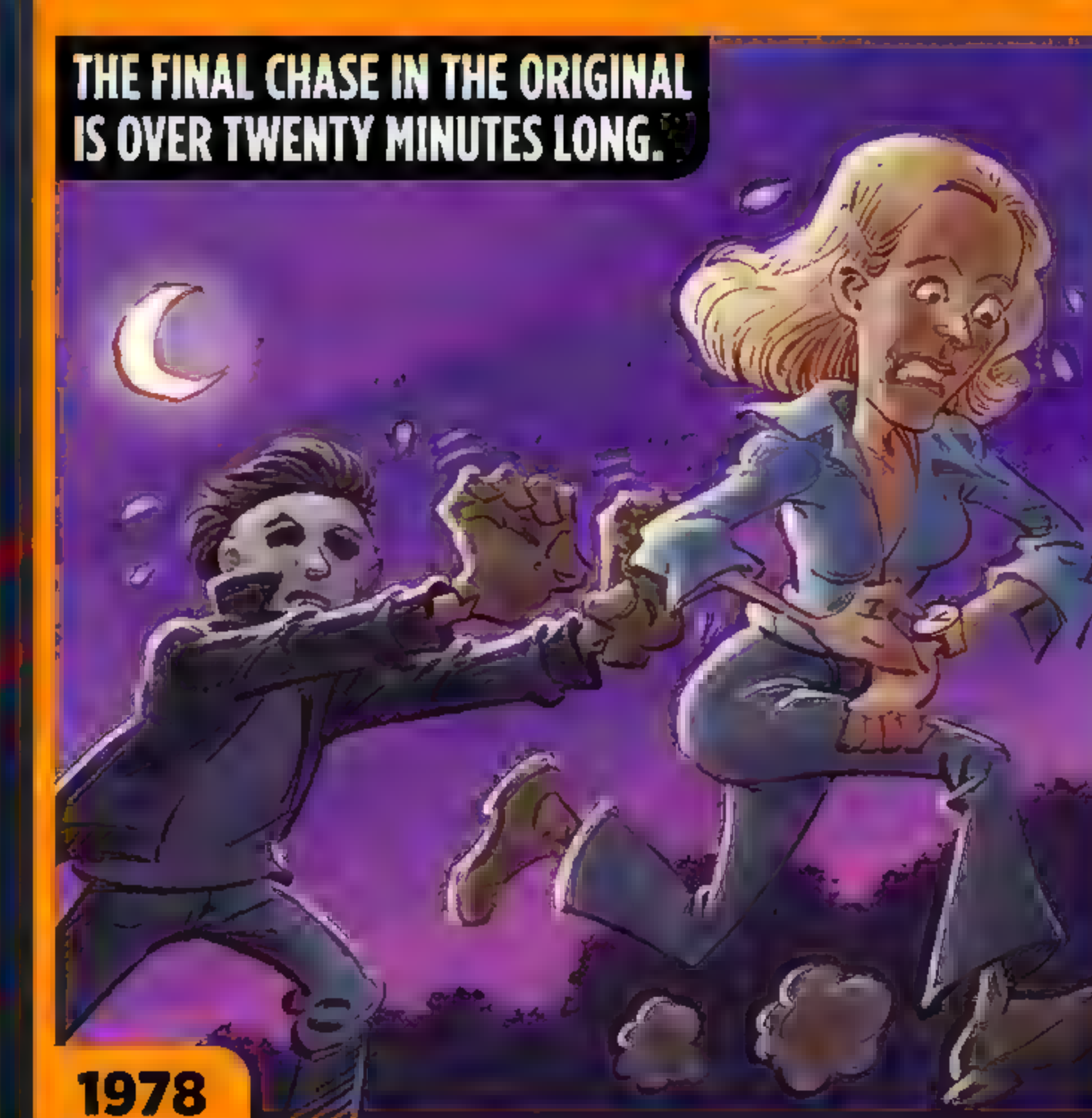
## PHONES



## CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES



## THE FINAL CHASE





Um, let's see, feels like leftover waffle fries—NO WAIT—MY sneaker inserts??

Pass the time while stuck in the heaviest traffic of the year by playing "What's this?" with all the crap in your backseat.

Oh! I must have repressed some of the horror!

Get some footage of the hostess when she's at her most wigged-out, then play it back if she talks about hosting again next year.

Yeah, it's true, and they found, using high-frequency listening devices, that you can actually hear them scream when they are getting mashed.

When the vegan can't stop mentioning his yummy Tofurky, remind him of the article you read about how potatoes feel pain.

Download a thermal-camera app so you can capture all those post-pie farts.

**GET STUFFED DEPT.**

The family, the football, the food...what's not to love about Thanksgiving? Well, for some, it's the family, the football...and a few other things that keep us from feeling gobs of gratitude. But don't worry: You'll want second helpings of all this holiday has to offer after reading...

# LET'S HAVE FUN

# WITH WHAT YOU HATE ABOUT THANKSGIVING

WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

I am grateful for meals that are hot and not sitting around for a half-hour while people are being put on the spot. Oh, and puppies.

When your most hippy-dippy relative makes everyone go around and say what they're grateful for, give the winning answer.

@!~\* eating, mother~! @G!\* ball! ~\* @!

Every time politics comes up, turn on your fake Tourette's.

AHHH...

Avoid seeing everyone with their top button undone by surprising guests with complimentary sweatpants.

And, Uncle Tito wins the fork-dropping bet with his predicted seven drops!

Turn that family member who's always hammered before dinner into a wagering opportunity.

Damn this cursed affliction!!

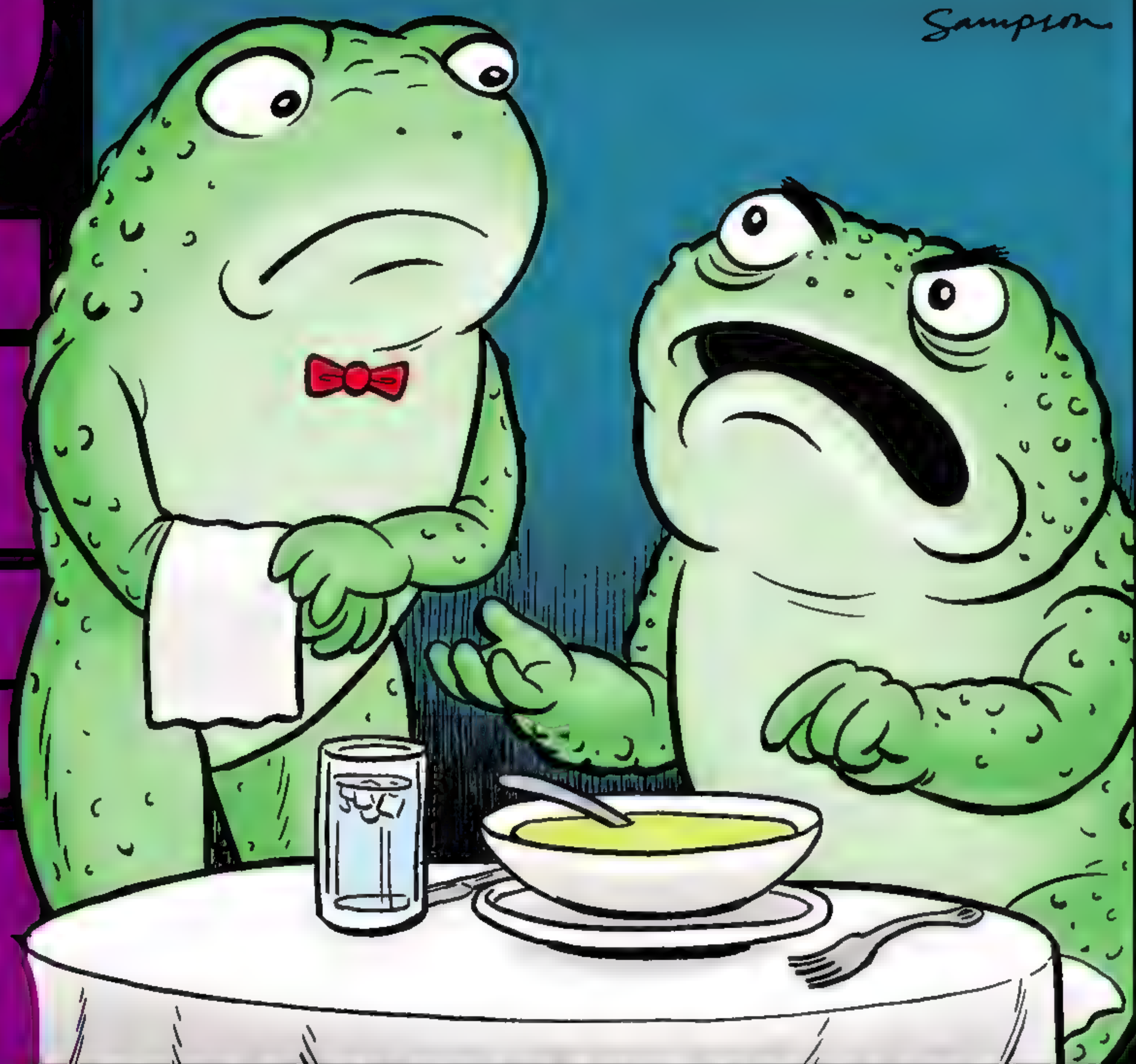
Use the ol' "butter fingers" excuse to get out of helping with cleanup.

Yes! Two points!!

After dinner, enjoy a round of "stuffing ball" with the folks who are passed out in the living room.



POP CULTURE



"WAITER - THERE'S NO FLY IN MY SOUP!"

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST SCOTT NICKEL

## A GUIDE TO FEMINIST HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

WRITER ALISON STEVENSON ARTIST BY A PERSON

### CACTUS

This costume lets you prevent unsolicited groping from drunken men and embrace your inner prickly bitch! A cactus is a lot like a woman: able to withstand harsh environments and needing a drink only now and then.

### GAT WOMAN

You're a woman of "marrying age" but considered a "spinster," while men your age are "bachelors." Spinsters must own at least three cats to properly match the stereotype. If that's you, proudly own it by wearing your felines like some sort of spinster pirate!

### MEDUSA

This gorgon literally slays! One of the first to challenge the male gaze, Medusa didn't only address the issue, she had a solution—turning men who looked at her into stone. Attaching live snakes to your skull might prove difficult, but worth it!

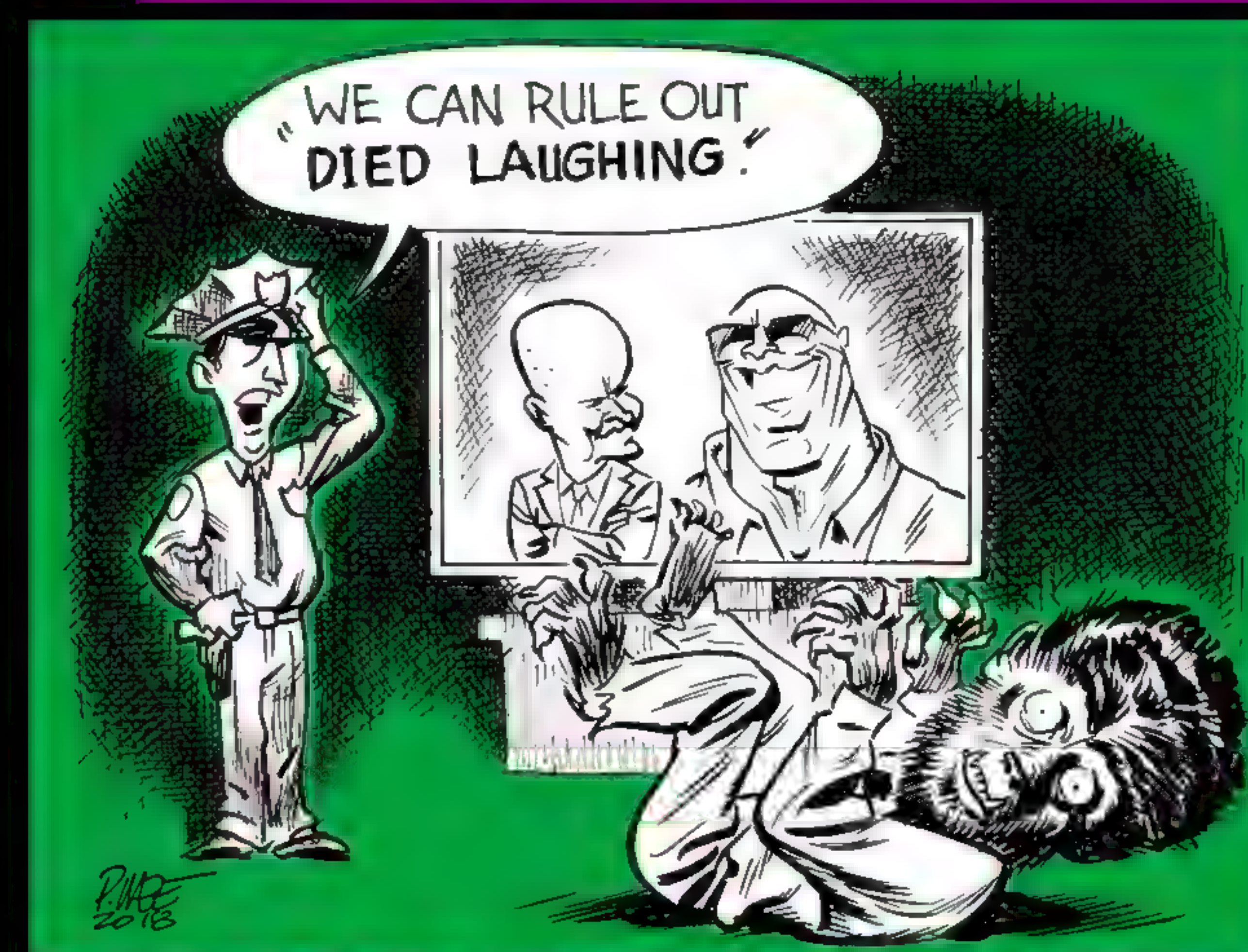
### WONDER WOMAN

To be this everyday woman who isn't afraid to wonder things like, "Hmm, why am I paid less for doing the same job as my male coworkers?", all you need is an inquisitive mind! Perfect for divas on a budget after spending too much on mascara. ("Hmm, why should women feel bad about our weak eyelashes?")

### THE FEMALE ORGASM

Many men don't think it exists! Use this depressing fact to your advantage by simply staying home from that Halloween party.

## HOW TO DEFEAT A WEREWOLF IN 2018



Make it watch a marathon of *Ballers*.



Ask it to remember its Yahoo password from 2009.



Buy it tickets to a Taylor Swift and Ed Sheeran concert.



Sign it up for Twitter.

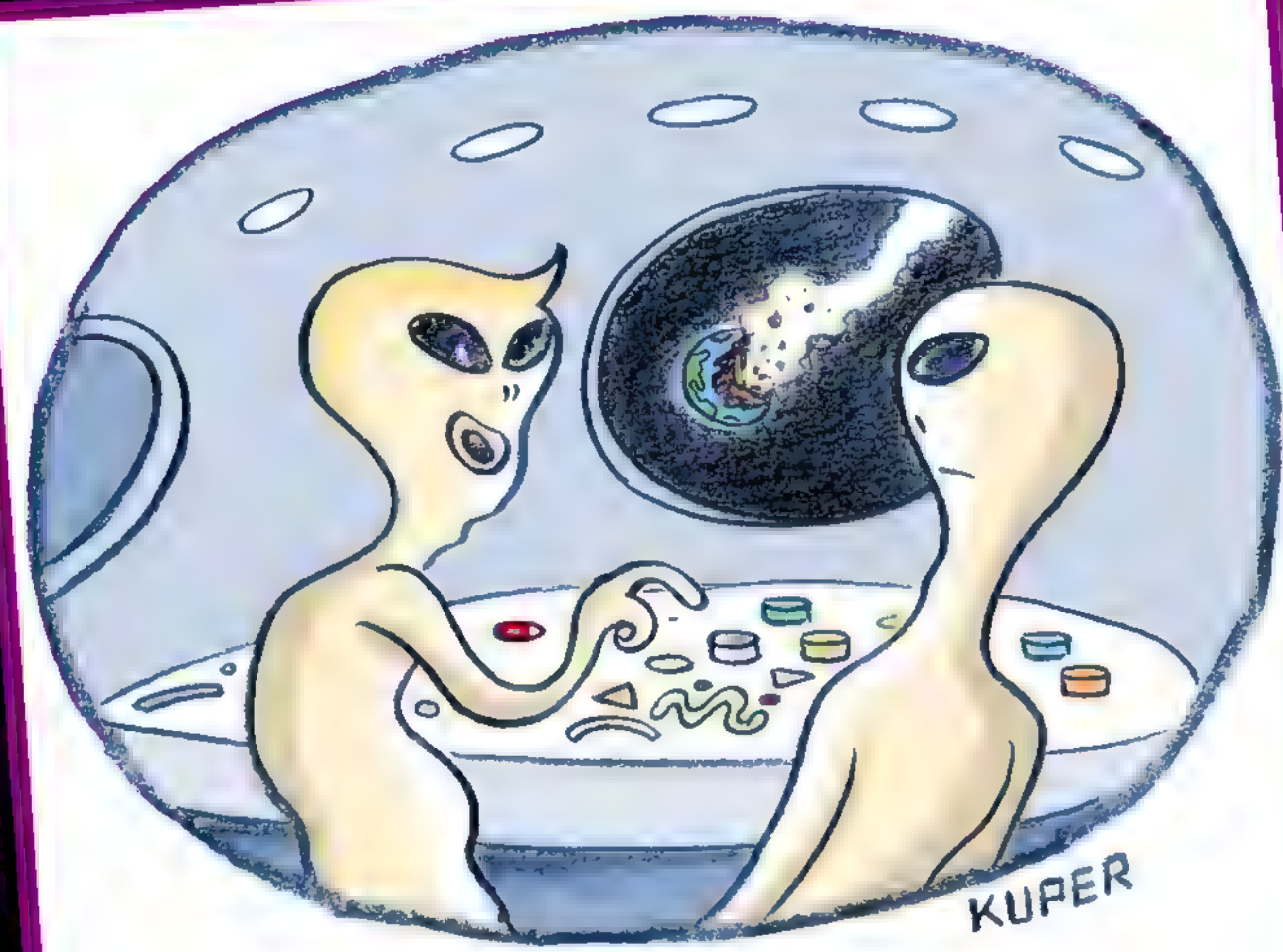
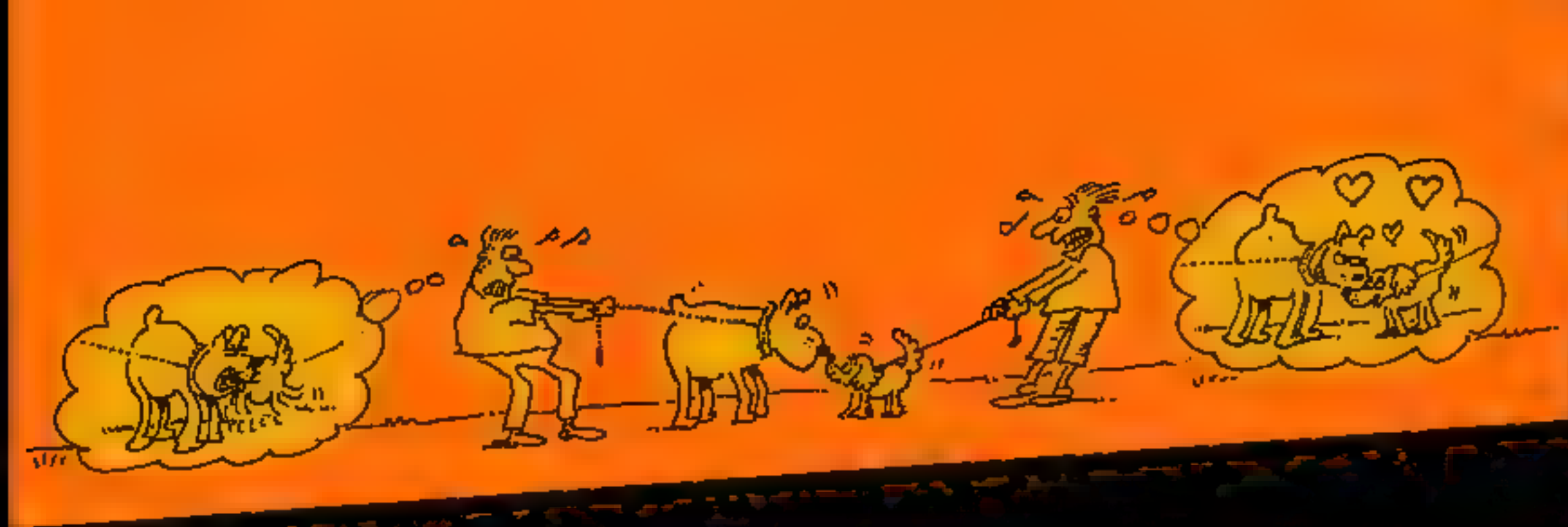
WRITER BROCKTON MCKINNEY ARTIST PAUL WEE

## HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT LEFT OVERS



WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT

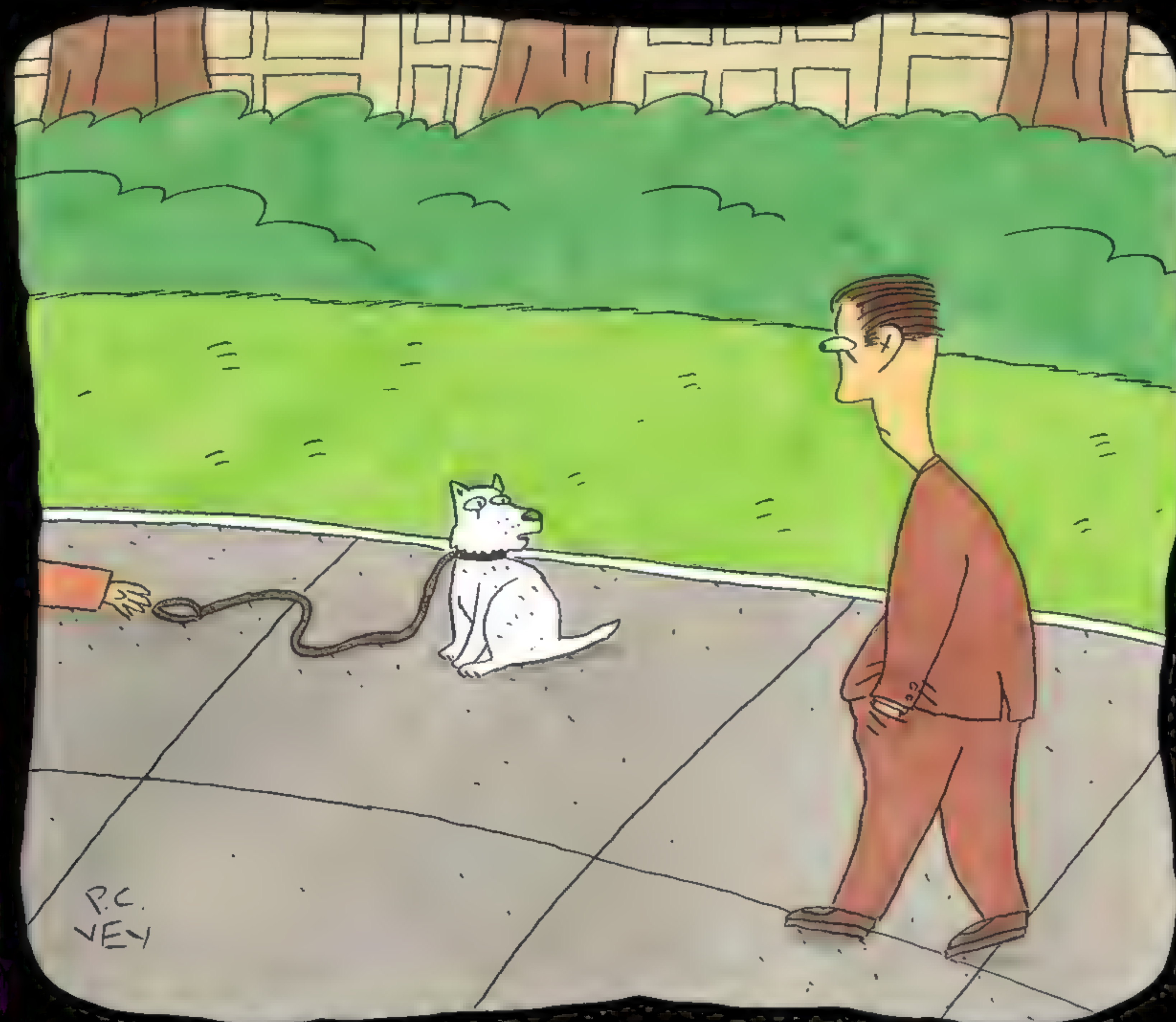




KUPER

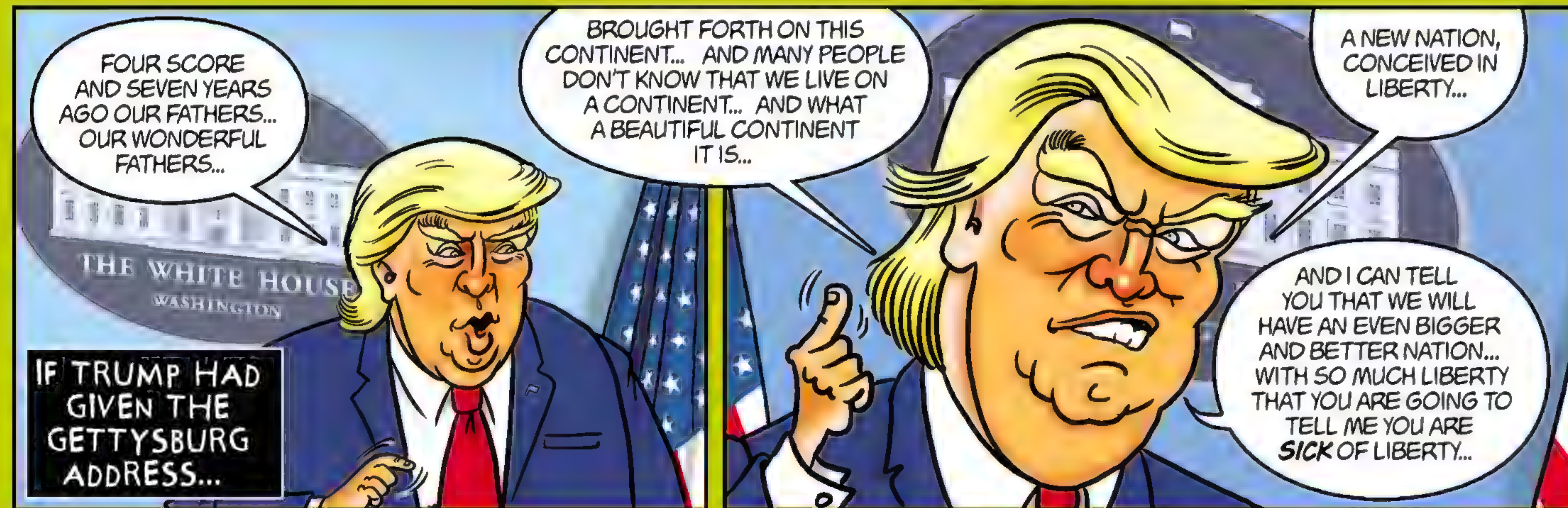
"Cool! What's *this* button do?"

WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



"DO YOU KNOW CPR OR HAVE ANY FOOD?"

WRITER & ARTIST P.C. VEY



IF TRUMP HAD GIVEN THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS...

FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO OUR FATHERS... OUR WONDERFUL FATHERS...

BROUGHT FORTH ON THIS CONTINENT... AND MANY PEOPLE DON'T KNOW THAT WE LIVE ON A CONTINENT... AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CONTINENT IT IS...

A NEW NATION, CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY...

AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT WE WILL HAVE AN EVEN BIGGER AND BETTER NATION... WITH SO MUCH LIBERTY THAT YOU ARE GOING TO TELL ME YOU ARE SICK OF LIBERTY...

AND DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL! AND NOT JUST MEN, BUT WOMEN... EVEN THE ONES THAT AREN'T VERY HOT!

ALL EQUAL! THEY TRULY ARE, I CAN TELL YOU THAT! 5000 EQUAL! BIG LEAGUE!

AND YOU KNOW I LOVE THE BLACKS AND THEY LOVE ME AND I WILL MAKE THEM 5000 EQUAL...

I MEAN, WHAT HAVE THEY GOT TO LOSE? AM I RIGHT?

Steve McGarry

WRITER & ARTIST STEVE MCGARRY

# MAKE YOUR OWN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES...CHEAP!



## Beloved Pokémon character PIKACHU

**1.** Ears: Disassemble propeller blades of German World War One Aviatik (don't settle for a Fokker!). Paint yellow with black tips.

**2.** Instead of makeup, develop dangerous levels of bilirubin by contracting cirrhosis, gallstones, or hepatitis—leading to a case of jaundice.

**3.** Paint pink circles on cheeks. Get ready to be part of the "all" that must be caught!



## Hey, kids, dress like MICKEY MOUSE

**1.** Mimic genetics experiment where they grew human ear on back of mouse, only volunteer at lab to do opposite—on your head.

**2.** Repeat Step 1 on other side of head.

**3.** Paint mouse ears black.

**4.** Hire army of super-lawyers for inevitable Disney lawsuit.



## Charlie Brown's best friend, SNOOPY

**1.** Capture perfect Snoopy white by obtaining sediment-free Antarctic glacier ice; sculpt to fit entire body.

**2.** Maintain freezing temperatures by "borrowing" array of supercooling equipment from semiconductor factory.

**3.** For little black nose, visit grocery store and demand to buy single charcoal briquette. If they make you buy whole bag, recruit 500 friends to also be Snoopy!



## Want to be breakout superhero BLACK PANTHER?

**1.** If you're white, don't do it.

WRITER ROB KUTNER  
ARTIST TRAVIS MILLARD



Leave the bottle.

WRITER & ARTIST JASON CHATFIELD



"Welp, time to move."

WRITER & ARTIST LARS KENSETH





TYPE-A MAD FAN

The quality of your magazine has really gone down since 1975. The way it's set up has deterred vastly from its original format. Why? Computers!

**They've destroyed the Garden of Eden that was once MAD, and we readers have bit into the technological apple.**

I would like to request an issue of MAD be typed using typewriters. It would bring great pleasure.

**Ren Houel, Avoca, MI**

Antiquated in Avoca—Uh, sure, we'll unearth our Underwoods and get on that...as soon as we finish crafting some Iran-Contra jokes and organizing our eight-track tape collection. But be prepared for an increase in cover price—as in, the price to cover a vat of Wite-Out and our proofreader's mental-health care!

**—Alex Taffer, MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer**

## MAD ABOUT SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

A derisive ditty, a touching toast, a pie in the puss, and more were packed into MAD's Comic-Con panel (which included, from left to right: **Bill Morrison, Dan Telfer, Suzy Hutchinson, Doug Thomson, Allie Goertz, Paula Sevenbergen, Luke McGarry, Sergio Aragonés, Tom Richmond, and Peter Kuper**; noggin in foreground: unknown). Didn't catch us in person? Make up for it by staring extra hard at all our work in this issue.



## ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

For a few years I have promised my Alfred-looking son, Oliver, that I would try to submit an unaltered photo of him with the hope it could be printed in your silly magazine so we could show it to all our friends. For you this could mean as many as four extra issues sold!

**William White & Son, San Francisco, CA**

Great White Pop—We've long wondered how Alfred would look if his eyes were even and he was all-around more adorable. Thanks for solving that mystery! Now don't let the fame and glory of having your pic published in MAD go to your son's perfectly tousled-haired head. —AT

## MONKEYS NO LONGER SHINE

I'm enjoying the reboot of the magazine, but something is missing. In the late Fundalini Pages, there was a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." If a recurring feature is cancelled from a comedy magazine, one would conclude that it was no longer funny. But, wait—monkeys are ALWAYS funny, are they not?

**Tim Young, Tokyo**

Young Tim—Since MAD has been out of the monkey business, no one but you has piped up—which makes us wonder if monkeys aren't always funny. Regardless, for now it seems there would be too much overlap between covering simians and covering simpletons (i.e., certain White House occupants), but we'll keep the feature in mind for the future. P.S. We still have a Fundalini-like section—it's called Shorts & Briefs! —AT

HIS SPECIALTY IS THE FUNNY BONE

**Here's how MAD has influenced me over the past 47 years:**

- 1) Read MAD too much rather than study enough in medical school.
- 2) Skipped out of work twice to attend MAD art auctions (anything still for sale?).
- 3) Retained my juvenile humor to become a pediatrician rather than being a doctor for grown-ups.

Can you please publish this letter so I can add it to my résumé as a piece of scholarly work and get promoted?

**Jeffrey W. Taub, Birmingham, MI**

Dr. Wha?—Wait, pediatricians can get promoted? Do they just give you bigger, sicker kids? Do you guys have a caste system or something? Is there a "king pediatrician" who rules by decree and exiles those who don't hand out enough lollipops? We don't mean to belittle your profession, but your question only raises more questions.

Anyway, here you go, doc. You've now been published in a top MADical journal! —AT

FANCY-SCHMANCY ART OPENING



Artist **Eric Joyner's**

recent gallery show in L.A. included his original painting for the cover of MAD No. 2 (appropriately, the Hollywood issue). We don't

know if he sold the piece, which features Alfred falling into cement head over sneaks, but if so we hope the buyer didn't pay Eric in tiki mugs like we did!



## ENVELOPE OF THE ISSUE

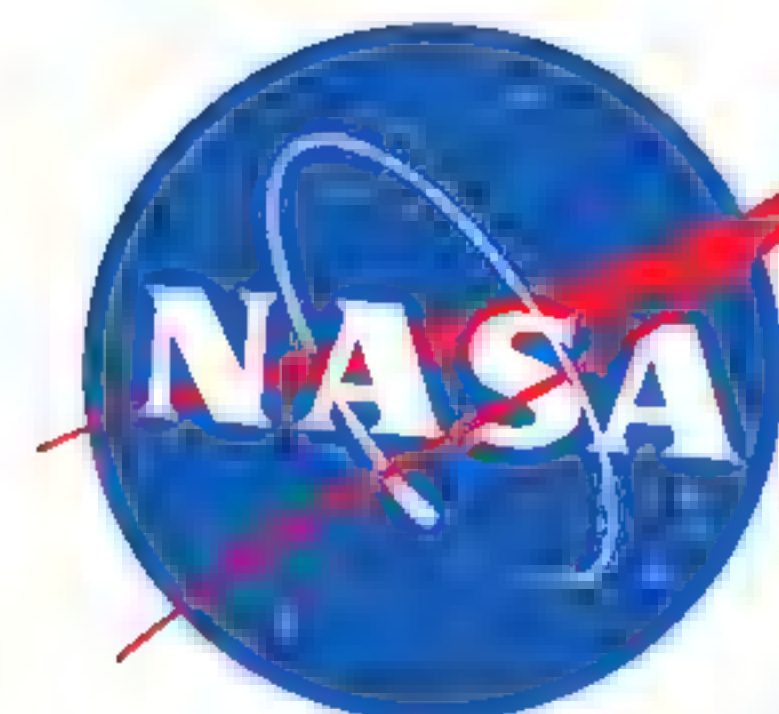


We spied this beaut in our mailbag and thought we should give props to  
**TYLER ANDREWS**  
 of West Hollywood, CA. Not only did he nail White Spy and Black Spy, he also nicely captured the old and new MAD logos. Good versus good!

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

# THE MADIFESTO

National Aeronautics and Space Administration  
 Headquarters  
 Washington, DC 20546-0001



Dearest MAD,

Every living thing has a dream it must chase or else its soul may wither and die. The ant's dream is to find the perfect crumb and show it to every ant that ever doubted him. The tour guide's dream is to say "If you'll look to your left..." and see, not just a few, but every head turn to witness the house that Ron Perlman grew up in. And then there is the astronaut's dream: to go to space. A dream that I, an astronaut, have been denied. And it's all because of Halloween.

In October of 2017, after being with NASA for 24 years, my boss Bradley informed me that I would be piloting the next shuttle mission. I've always prided myself on my ability to mask my emotions, but this time was different. I, a man who saw Chris Kattan do stand-up comedy at the mall and somehow managed to hold in my laughter, leapt from my chair. I thanked Bradley profusely, and then he invited me to his Halloween party. It was then that he handed me my death sentence.

After doing some research, I learned that historically Halloween is a night when people dress up as something they're not. I started trying to think of things I'm not. "A man?" No, I was that. Eventually I was able to jot down things I wasn't, and one immediately caught my eye: "belly dancer."

I arrived at the party with my wife I don't love feeling confident. I had spent all week getting into character and was ready for any curveball someone might throw. Perhaps they would ask what my favorite kind of music was. "Something I can belly dance to!" I'd reply. Maybe a partygoer would inquire where the bathroom was. "I don't know, but I'm certainly a belly dancer!" I'd shoot back. I was a woman of the East through and through.

The door opened and my entire life changed. My coworkers, not wearing costumes, stared at me in stunned silence. I tried to lighten the mood with an amusing comment from my character's perspective. "Why is the front door made of wood instead of beads?" My contemporaries continued to stare, and I began to cry. "Halloween is the designated time for goofing around!" I screamed. Bradley approached me and tried to calm me down. "Relax," he said. "Relax? Would you tell an ant to relax after he found the perfect crumb?" This seemed to confuse nearly everyone present. Realizing I was in an unwinnable situation, I left.

The next day I was taken off the mission. I was told that NASA prefers pilots who respond well to pressure instead of ones who go completely insane. And that is why I'm writing to you today: I need something akin to a doctor's note that says I'm A-OK, but my analyst refused. Surely MAD Magazine could supply such a document?

If not, maybe I'll just leave NASA and move to where I would feel most at home: Japan. Because that is where belly dancers are from.

Sincerely,

Commander Brian Bergheim

WRITER: CHRIS STEPHENS  
 ARTIST: MIKE LOEW

ADDITIONAL PHOTO VIA DREAMSTIME.COM © ANTHONY ANESEE TOTAH JR

## REARWARD READER

I sure miss the letters department being the first thing I read when I get a new issue, but you guys must know what you're doing by now. So I started reading from back to front. A little OCD, I know.

Ben Carter, via email

Captious Carter—Funny enough, our pal Alfred E. Neuman reads his magazines the same way—bass-ackwards. So to please our MADscot, we did an about-face with our format. Glad to hear that the switcheroo didn't outsmart you! —AT

## GIVE A HOOT. PUT OWLS EN ROUTE!

I tried to send this letter via owl, and as proof I have included photos of Toki (criticizing your magazine with his judgmental glare) and Frankie (trying to figure out if it would be better used as nesting material). So as you can see, I am a proper wizard and everything.

Despite my magical abilities, it is still hard to get MAD in this country. So imagine my joy when I found a few issues on a stall selling old comics. But the most recent issue was February 2016. I noticed a strange orange fellow was running for president. Did you know that in England "trump" is a euphemism for flatulence?

I hope you print my letter, and I can't wait to read it in your magazine in two-and-a-half years.

Amy Jo Lawrance  
 West Yorkshire, England

Amy Jo of West Yorkshire (May We Call You Puddin'?)—Though we're grateful to have a magical reader send us fart-based news, it's imperative that you understand owls are known for delivering timely mail. So don't settle for "try"—get these freeloaders registered with the Hogsmeade Owl

Post tout suite! It would be much faster than waiting for MAD to arrive on a British newsstand, and it will give them something to do other than trump around (thanks for teaching us that term of endearment, Puddin'). —AT





Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

# REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Grace Staley**.

**Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com)! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!**

All stories submitted to [realdumb@madmagazine.com](mailto:realdumb@madmagazine.com) may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

**MAD**

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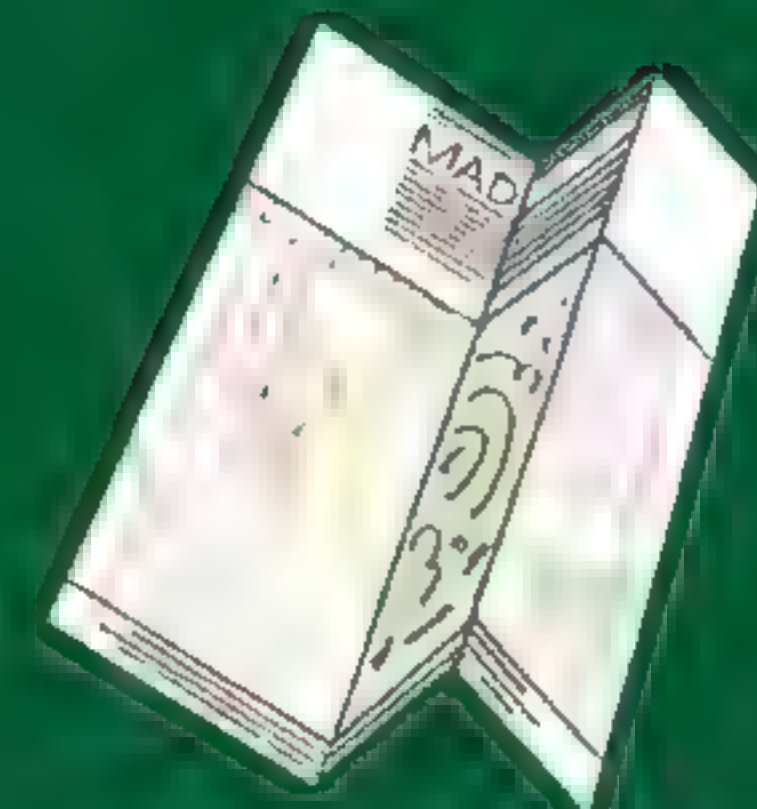
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**WHAT GROUP  
PROFITS THE  
MOST FROM  
HALLOWEEN?**

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every year Halloween brings businesses millions of dollars in revenue. To find out who benefits most from this tricky trade, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

**B**

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR. ENTERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.

**A**

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

**B**



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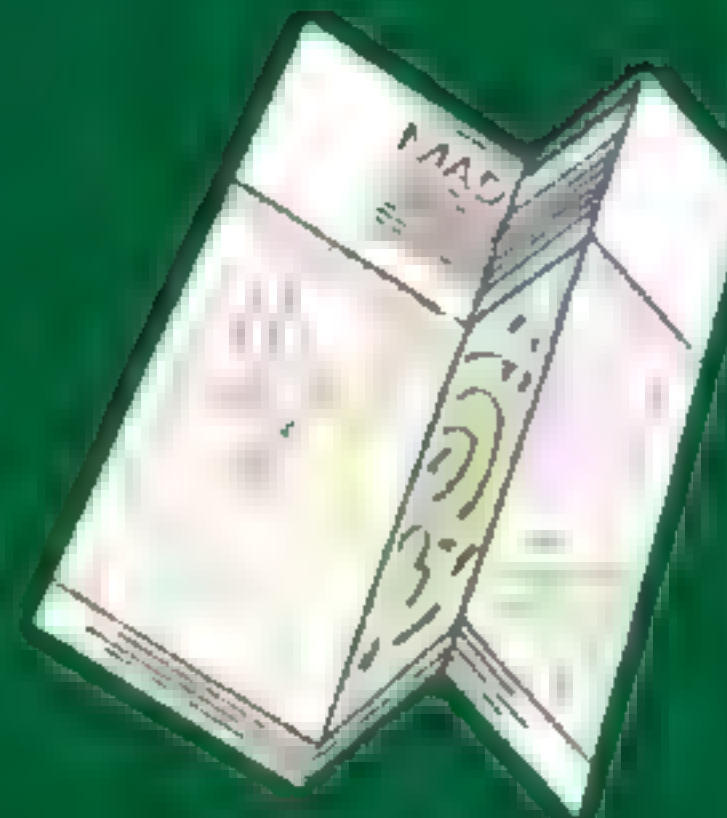
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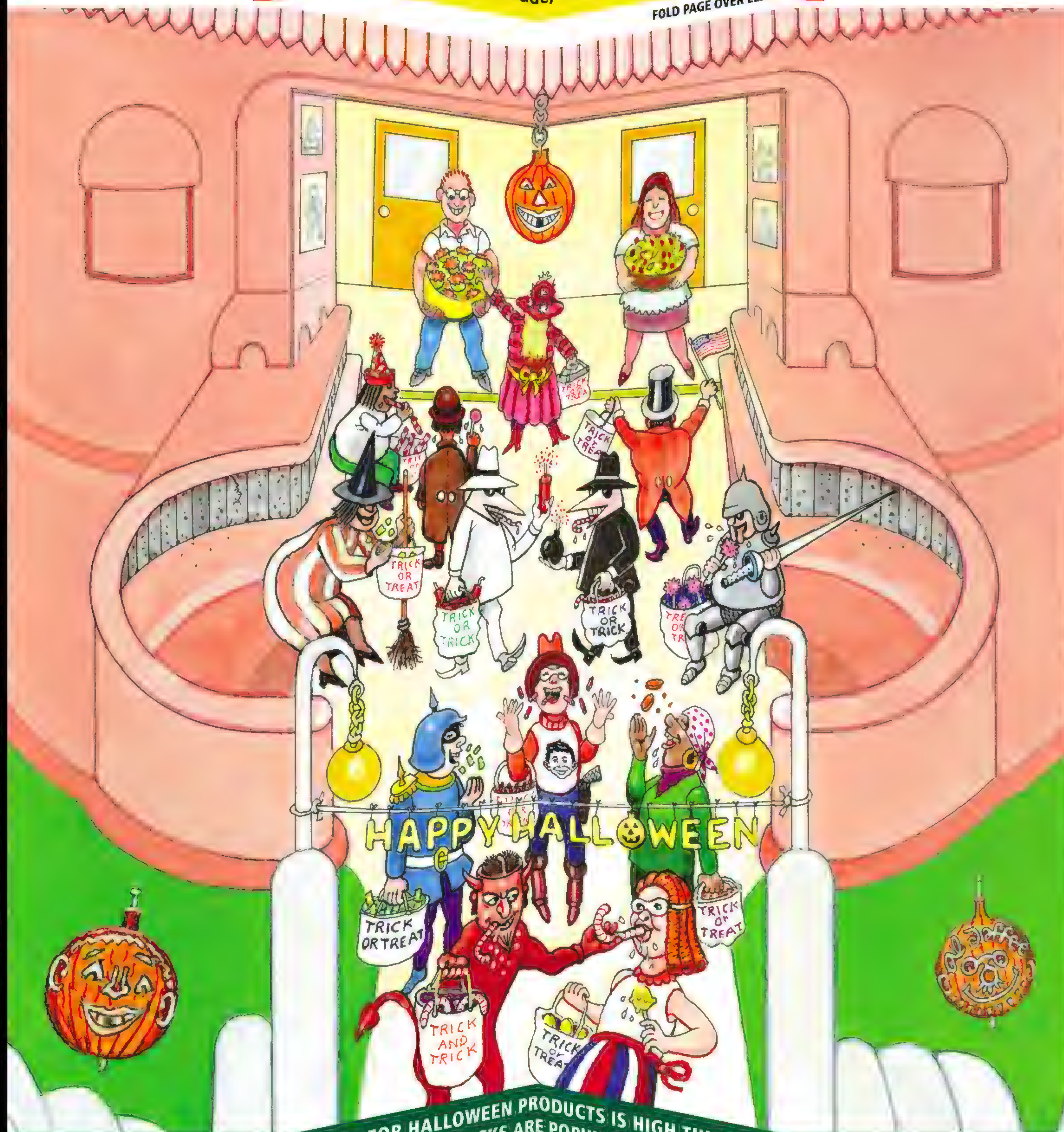
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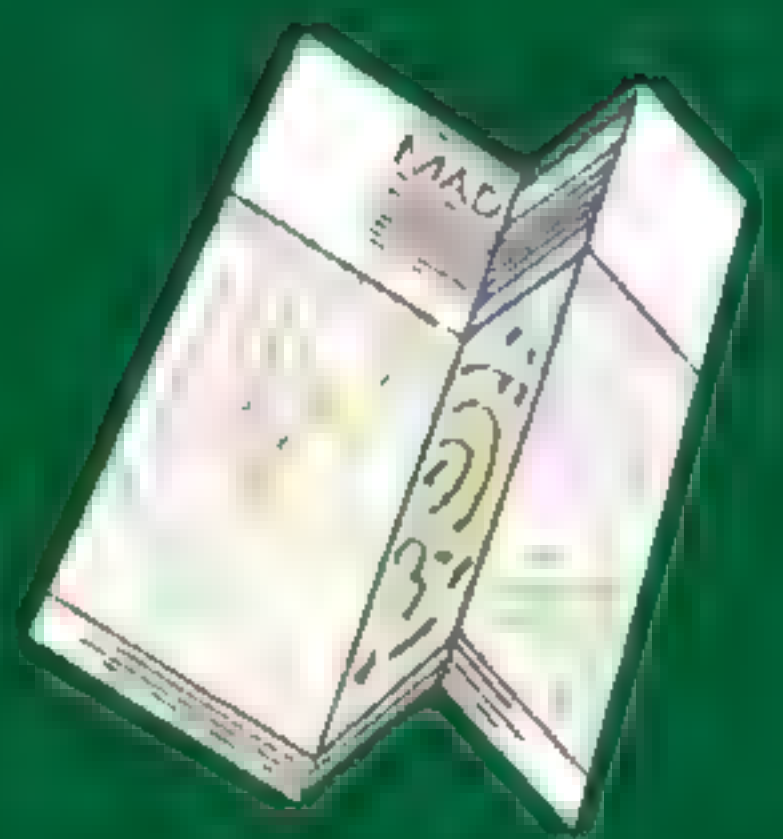
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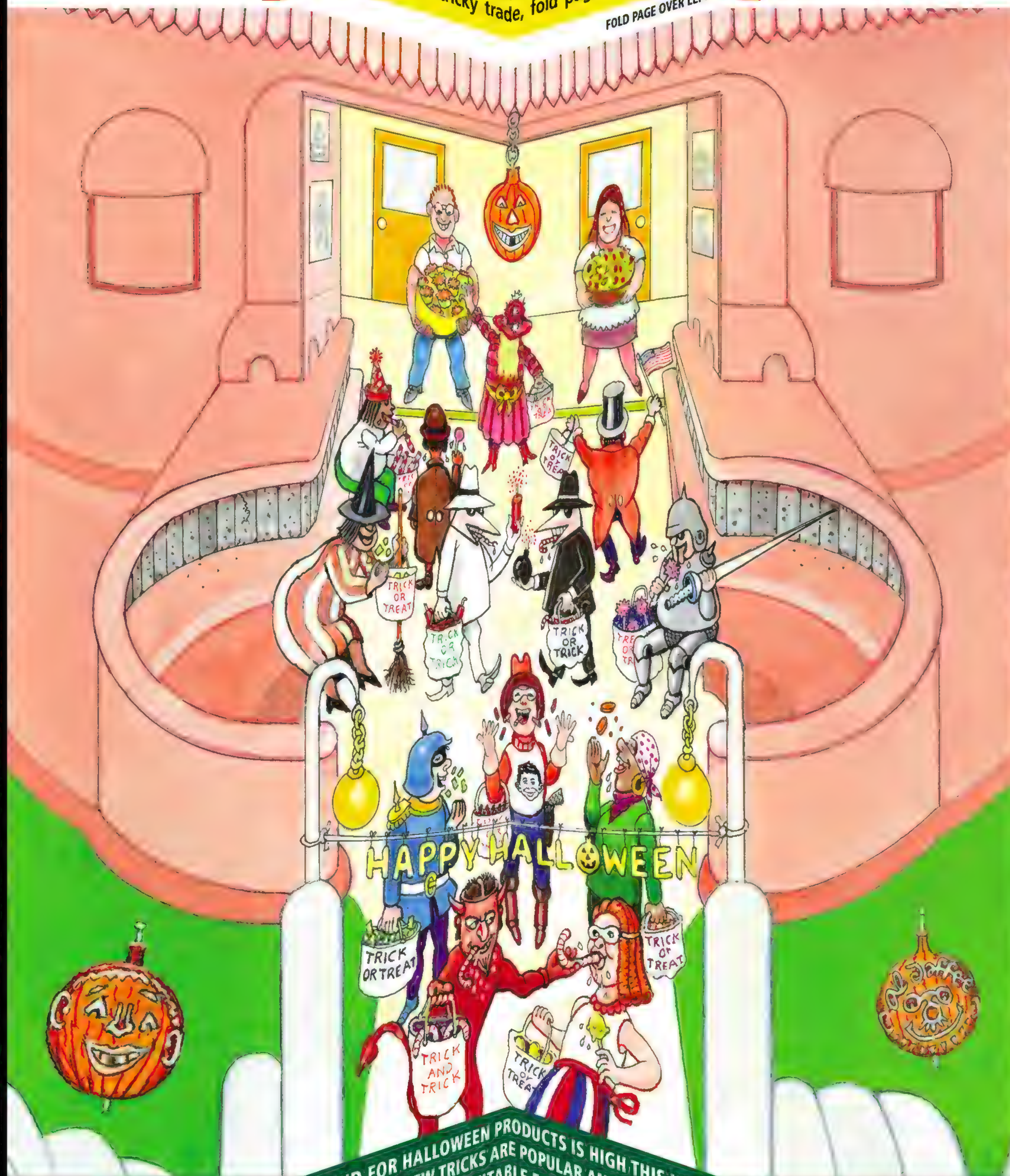
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FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**HAPPY HALLOWEEN**

**DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR. ENTERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.**

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

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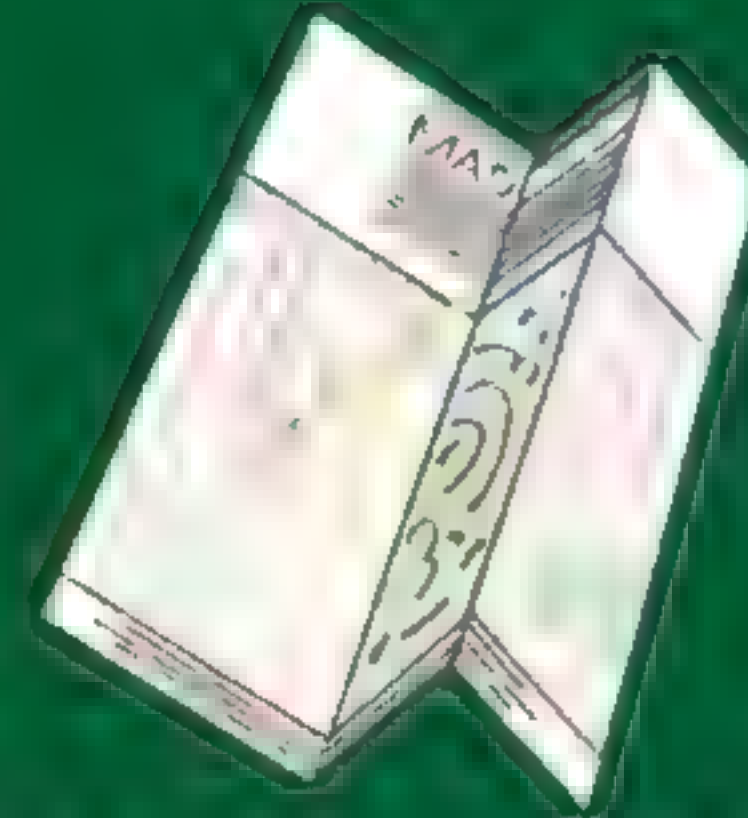
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WRITER & ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

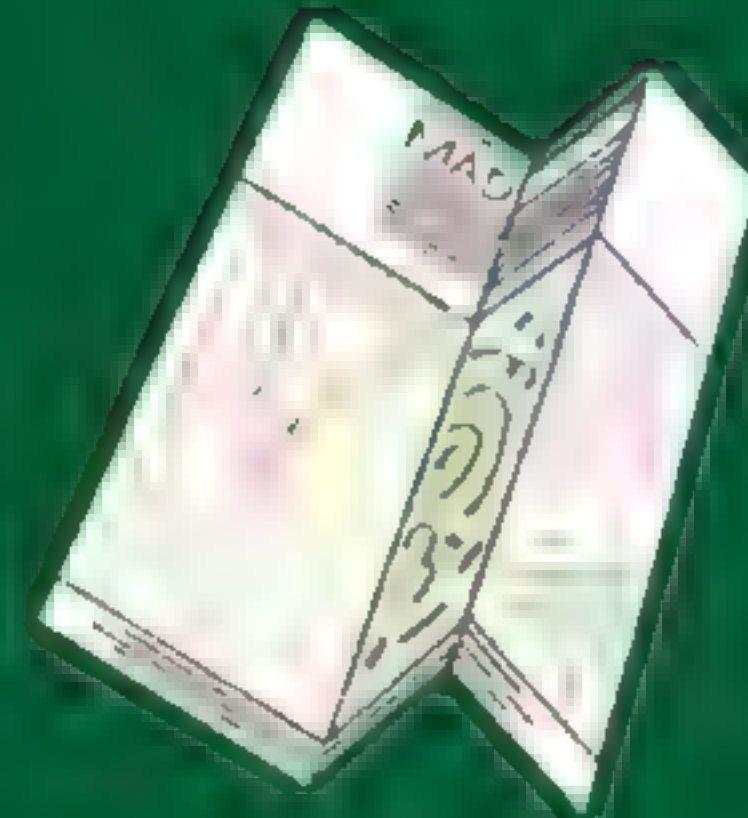
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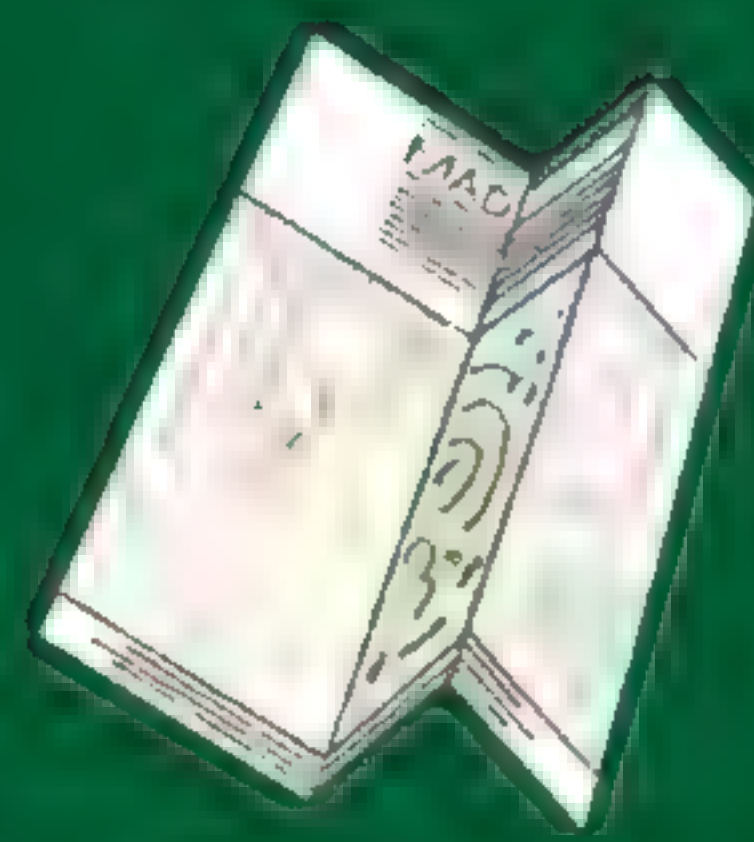
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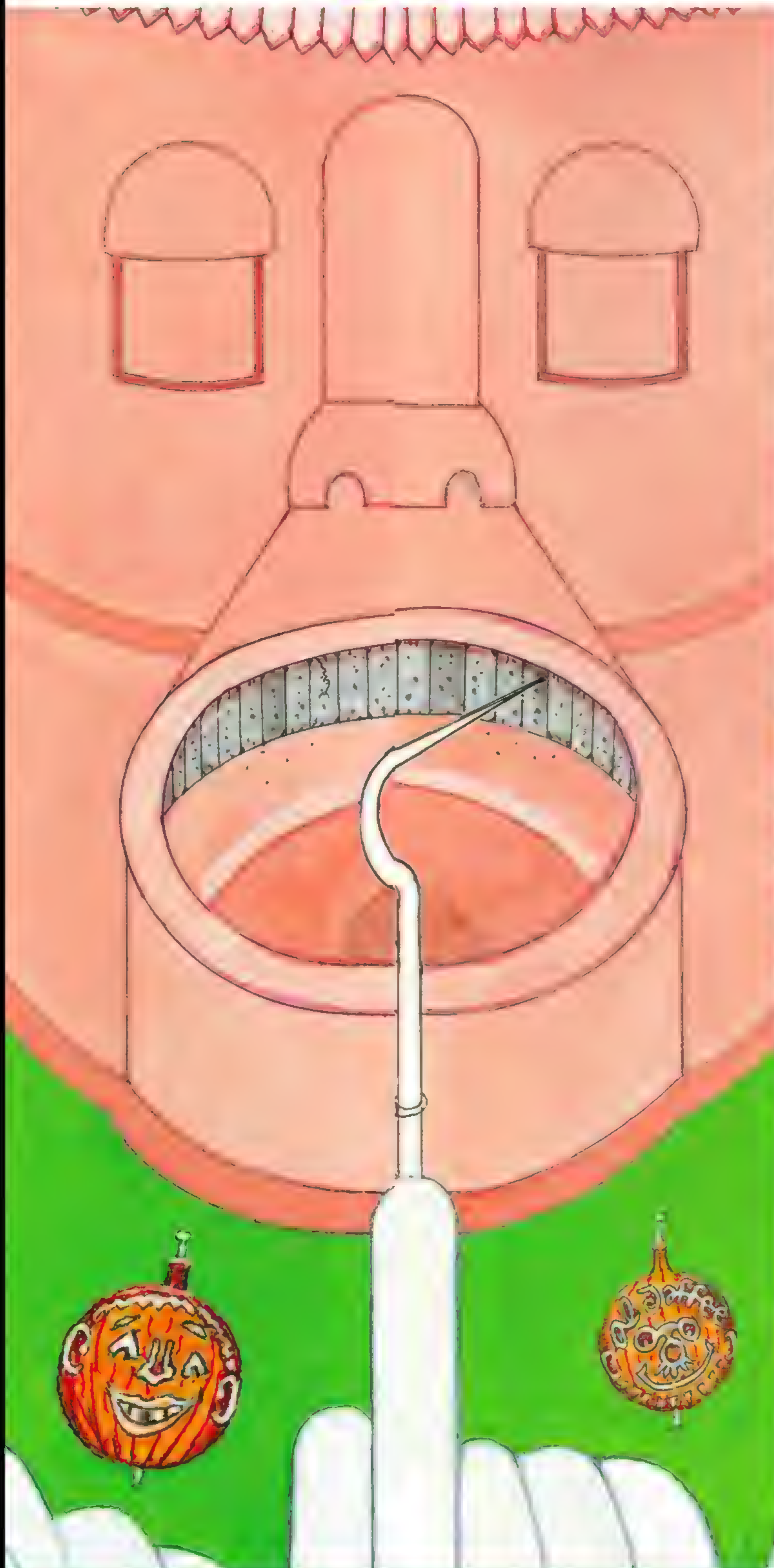


# WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A** **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DENT-

ISTS.

**A** **B**



It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

# DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

## ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

## SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside. **BONUS:** You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

## MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

## SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



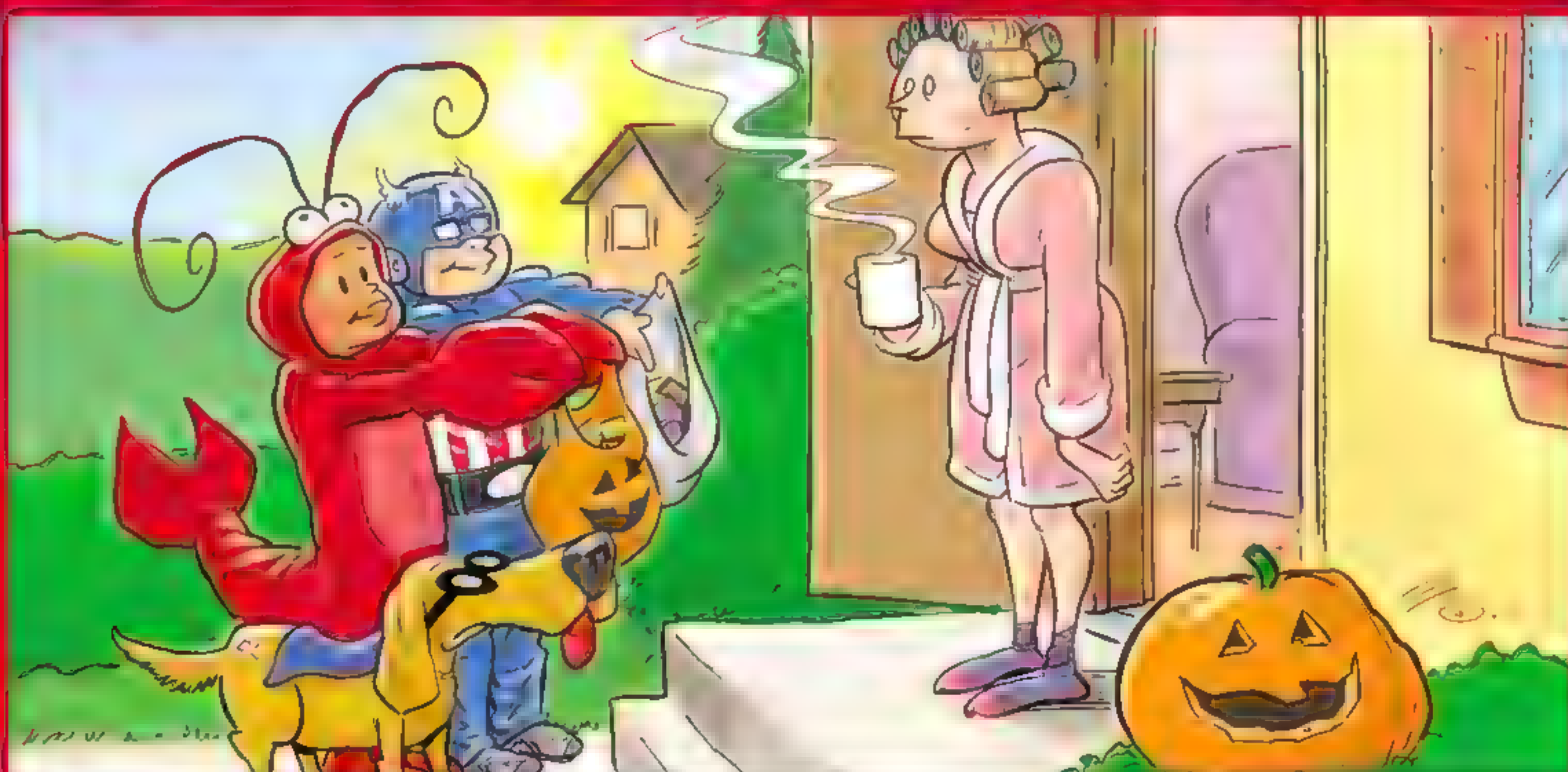
Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

## SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

## PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!



Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!





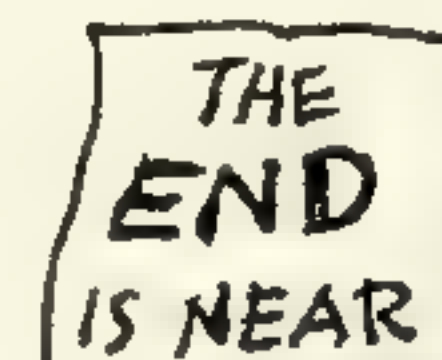
by **SERGIO ARAGONES**



LOST &  
FOUND



**END**





A large, stylized black outline of the word "MAD". The letters are composed of thick, jagged lines, giving them a mountain-like or geometric appearance. The 'M' and 'A' are particularly angular, while the 'D' has a curved right side. The entire word is rendered in a solid black outline against a white background.

Before Destinations were Final and dooks were Baba, there was Invasion of the Body Snatchers! And now, thanks to the bottomless pit of MAD archival material we are sitting on, you can enjoy a parody from deep within the depths of outer space...and our computer server. Booty-licious (yeah, we said it)





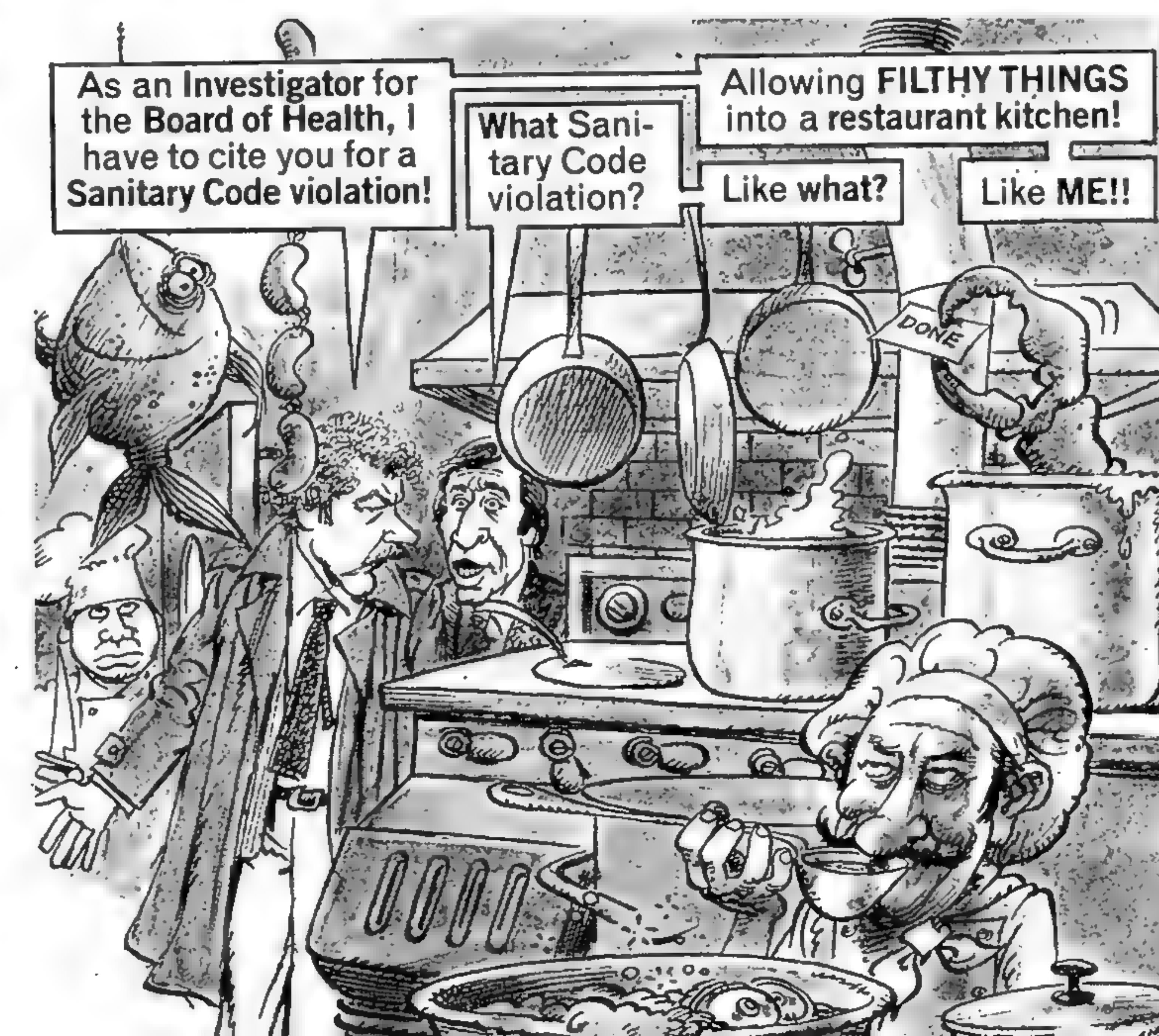
In 1956, a wonderful, exciting motion picture came out, entitled, "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers." Well, recently, some money-hungry Hollywood wise men figured: If it was good then, imagine how great it could be now! And they were right! The original is still wonderful! Unfortunately, this re-make is merely an attempt to cash in on the Science-Fiction craze and reap big profits. That's why our version is called . . .



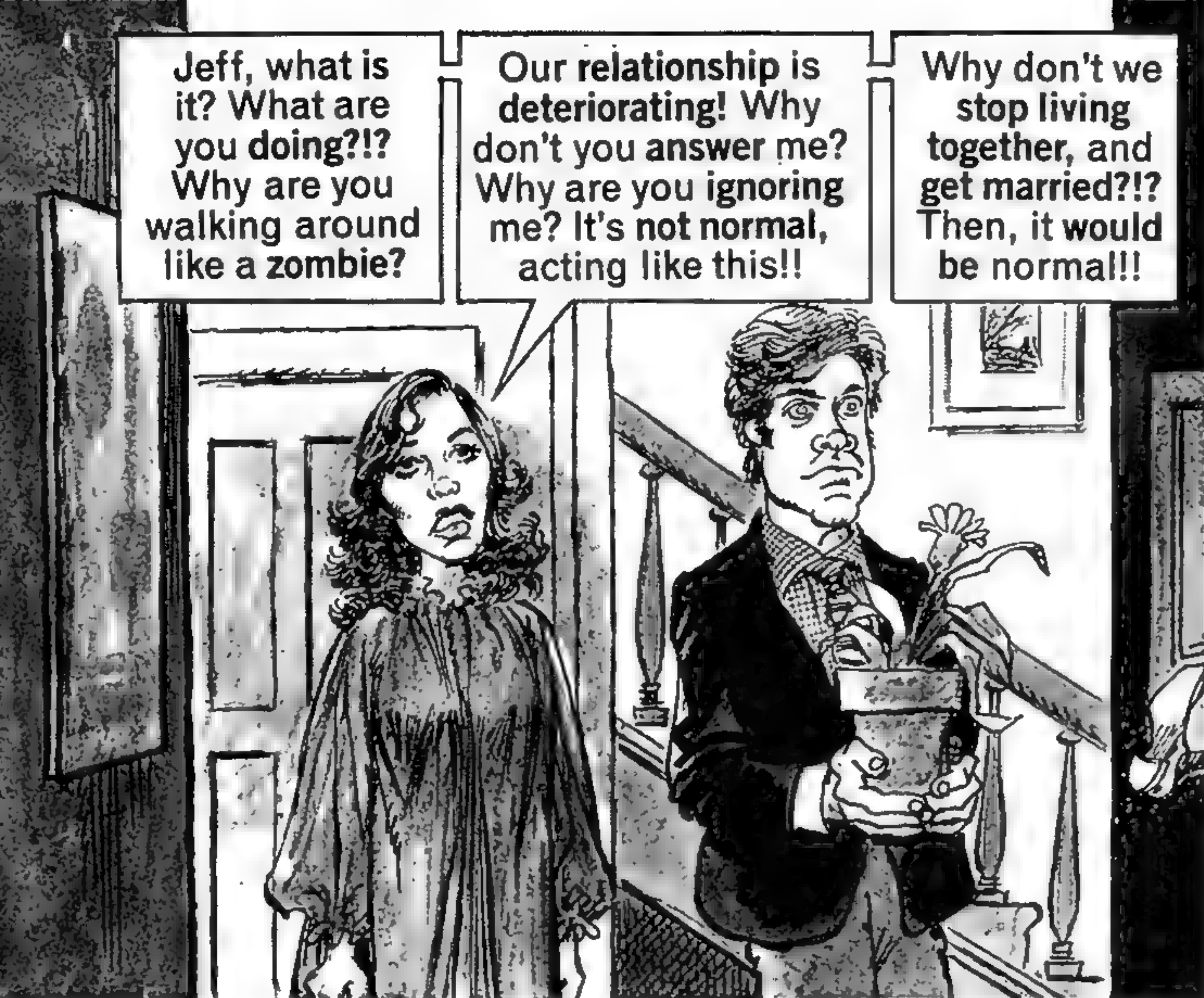
# Invasion Of The Booty Snatchers

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



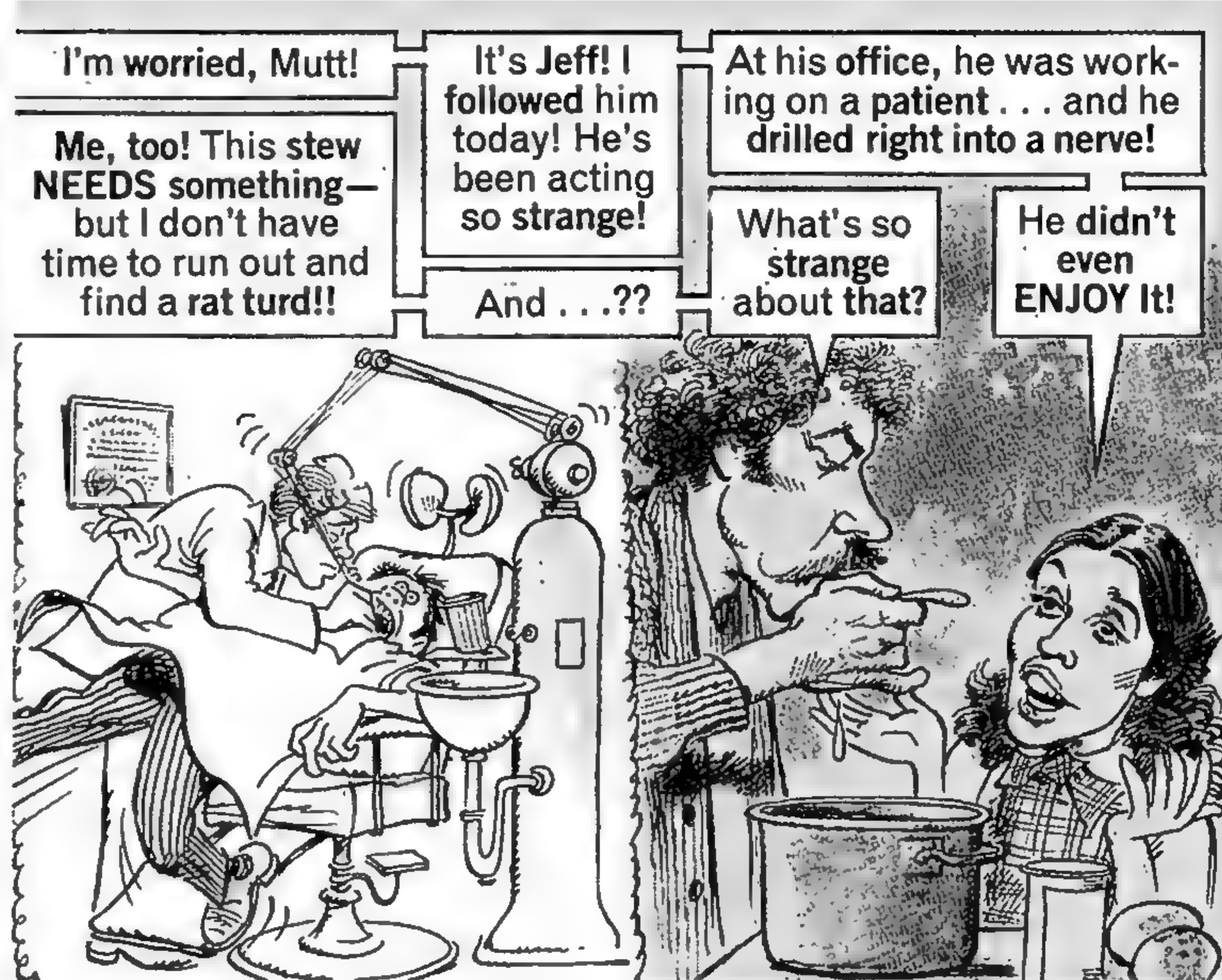




Jeff, what is it? What are you doing?!? Why are you walking around like a zombie?

Our relationship is deteriorating! Why don't you answer me? Why are you ignoring me? It's not normal, acting like this!!

Why don't we stop living together, and get married?!? Then, it would be normal!!



I'm worried, Mutt!

Me, too! This stew **NEEDS** something—but I don't have time to run out and find a rat turd!!

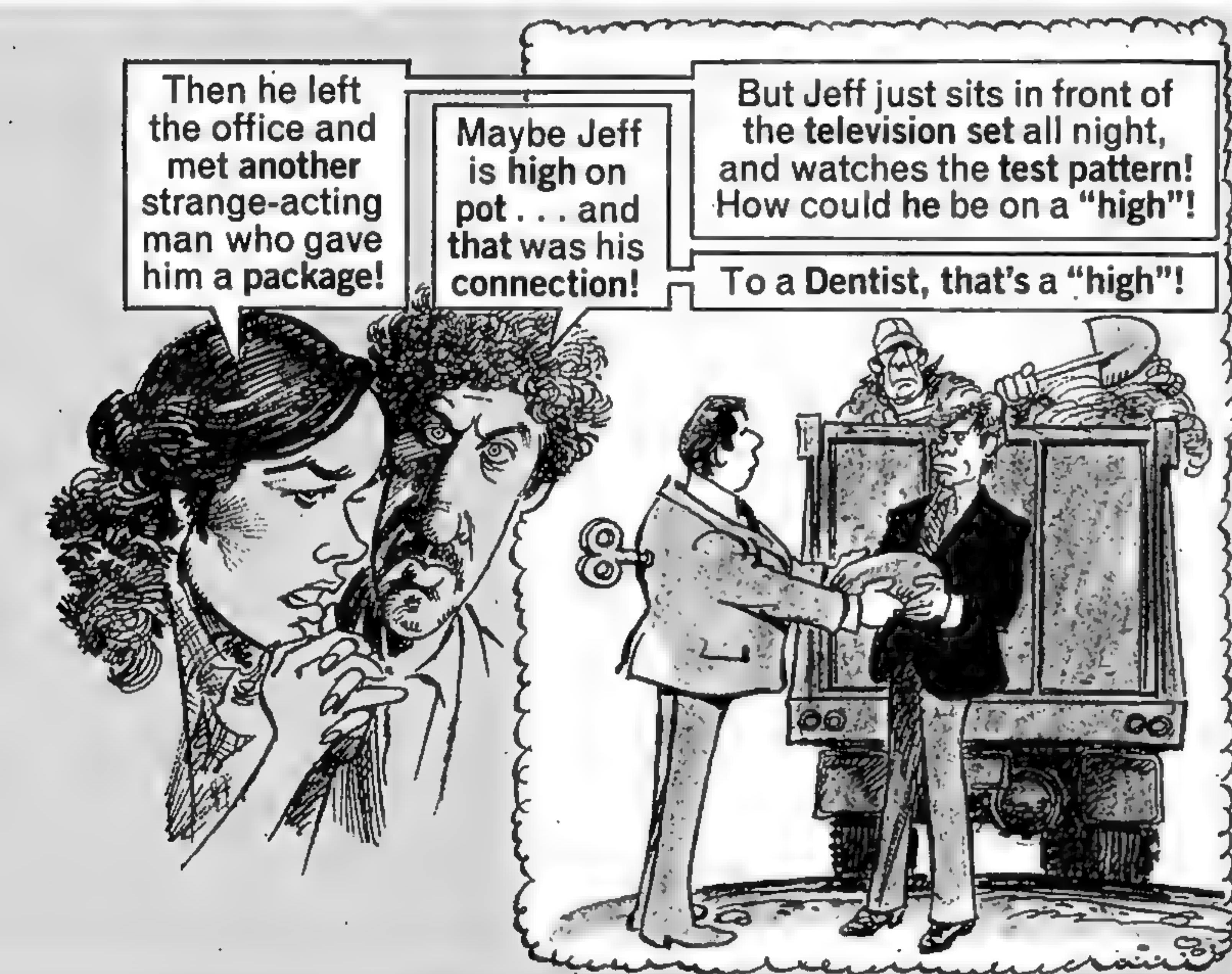
It's Jeff! I followed him today! He's been acting so strange!

And . . .??

At his office, he was working on a patient . . . and he drilled right into a nerve!

What's so strange about that?

He didn't even **ENJOY** it!



Then he left the office and met another strange-acting man who gave him a package!

Maybe Jeff is high on pot . . . and that was his connection!

But Jeff just sits in front of the television set all night, and watches the test pattern! How could he be on a "high"!

To a Dentist, that's a "high"!



You're in great danger! You're in great danger!

Why do you say that?!?

Many reasons, not the least of which is: You can't see where you're driving with me laying over your windshield!

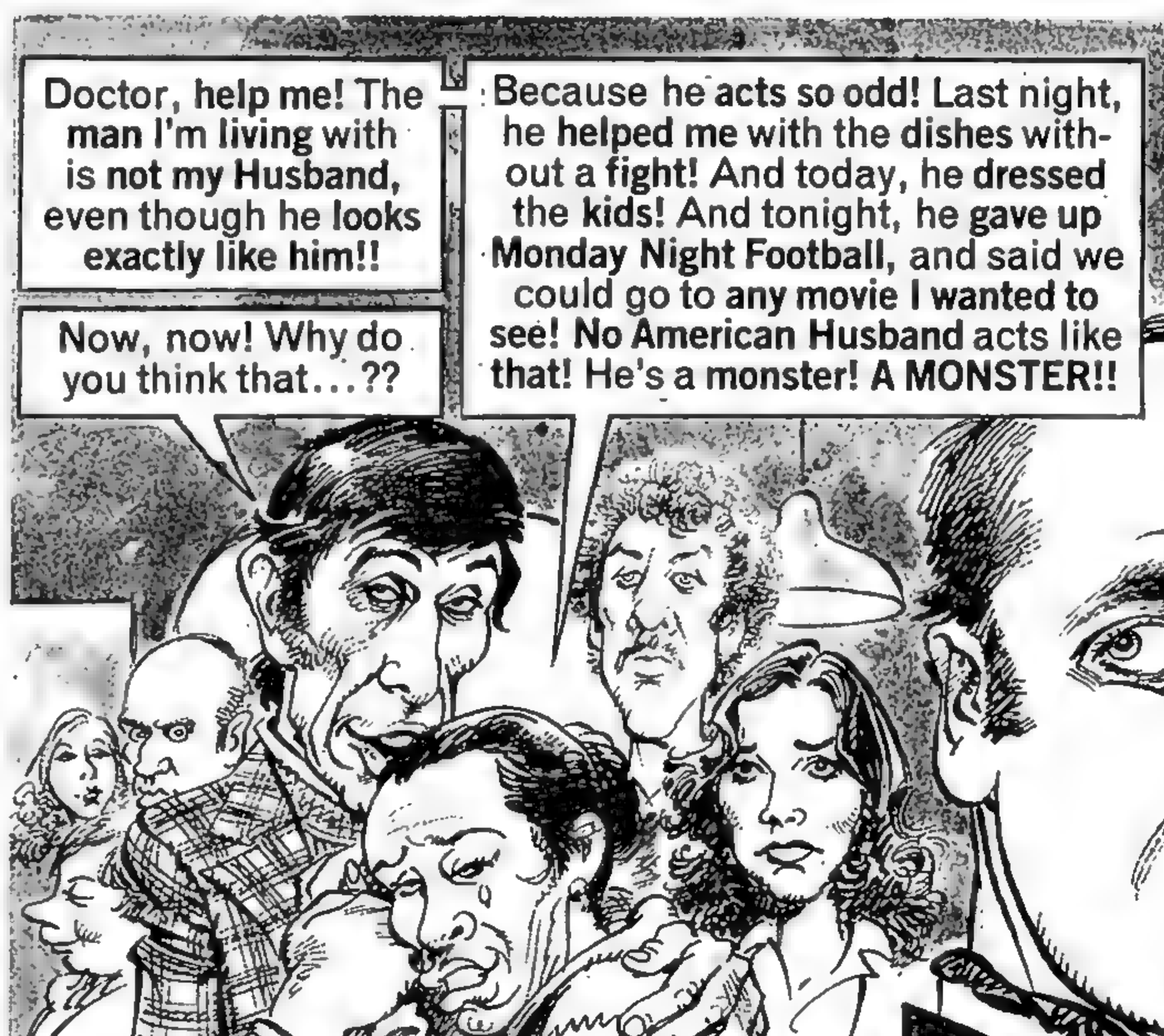


You're in great danger!!

Look who's talking!!

Why is he the only person who seems to know we're in great danger?

He was in the original movie, and he knows if something doesn't happen soon in this one, we're in great danger of losing the audience!!

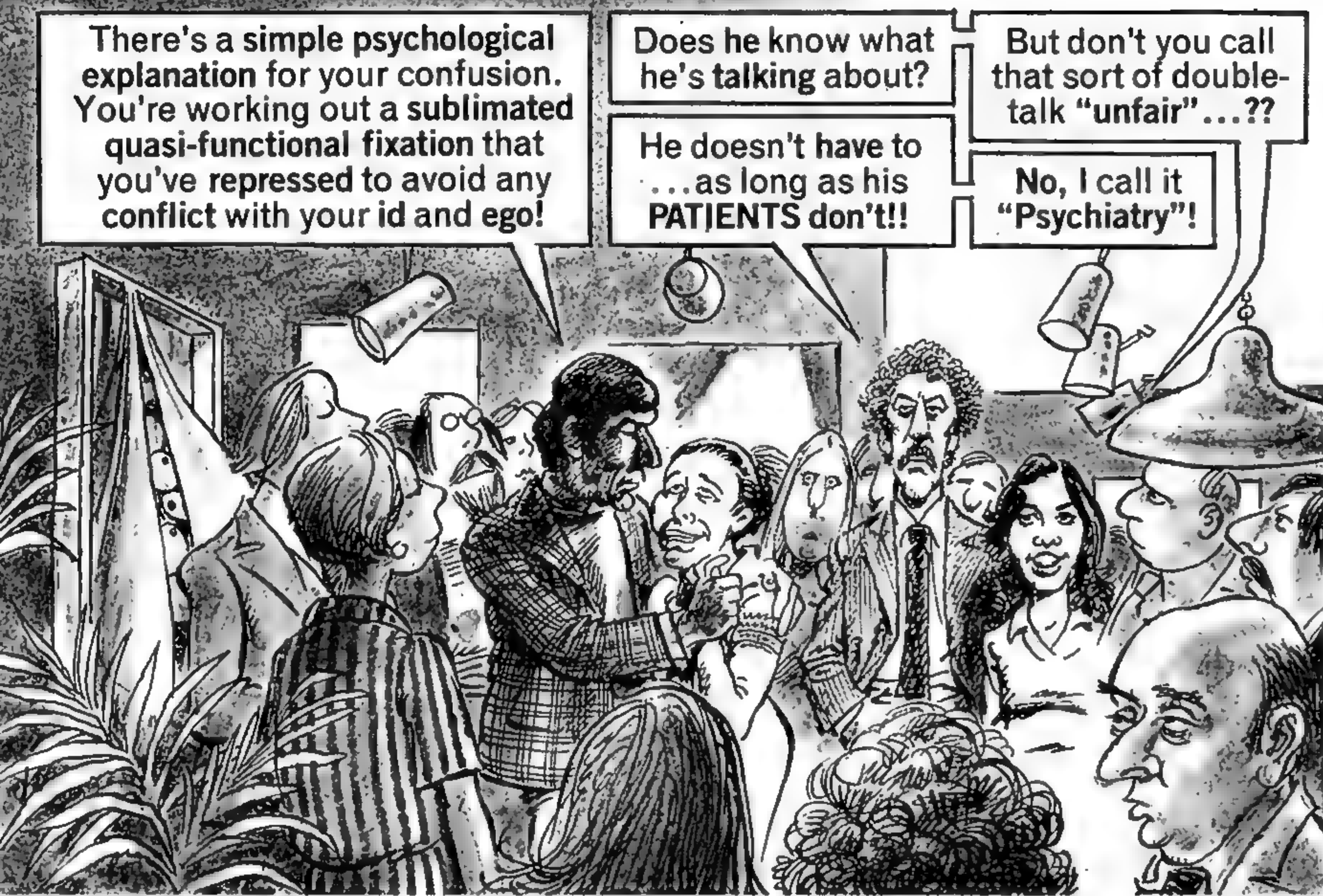


Doctor, help me! The man I'm living with is not my Husband, even though he looks exactly like him!!

Now, now! Why do you think that...??

Because he acts so odd! Last night, he helped me with the dishes without a fight! And today, he dressed the kids! And tonight, he gave up Monday Night Football, and said we could go to any movie I wanted to see! No American Husband acts like that! He's a monster! A **MONSTER**!!





There's a simple psychological explanation for your confusion. You're working out a sublimated quasi-functional fixation that you've repressed to avoid any conflict with your id and ego!

Does he know what he's talking about?

He doesn't have to ... as long as his PATIENTS don't!!

But don't you call that sort of double-talk "unfair" ...??

No, I call it "Psychiatry"!



I'm taking these MUD BATHS to lose weight and look attractive! But when I leave here, people STILL avoid me!

Well, may I suggest that this time, you take a SHOWER before you get dressed!



I called you, Mutt, because something horrible happened! Under this sheet is the most revolting, ugliest creature I have ever seen...

Come on, now! You must be exaggerating!

Here...! See for yourself!

Good Lord!! You're right! That IS disgusting!!

Yeah?! Well, you don't look so hot yourself!!

Oooops! Sorry!! Wrong table!!



Yecch! Someone whirled to death by a Cotton Candy machine!

But he's not dead! He's alive! He opened his eyes, looked at me, then closed them!

That just proves the creature has intelligence!

Why do you say that?

No one in his right mind wants to look at you without your MAKE-UP on!!



My God! There's Liz... and next to her, an exact duplicate of her! Except that the DUPLICATE is completely NUDE!

I've got to get her OUT of here, and go somewhere safe... where we can start a new life and have fantastically wonderful times together!!

No... on second thought... maybe I better save LIZ!!



You must stay awake! Please! You can't sleep!

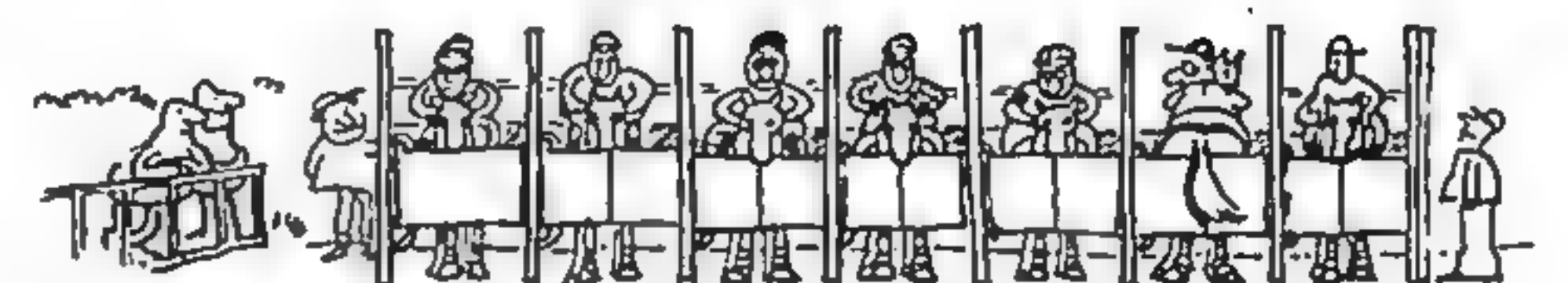
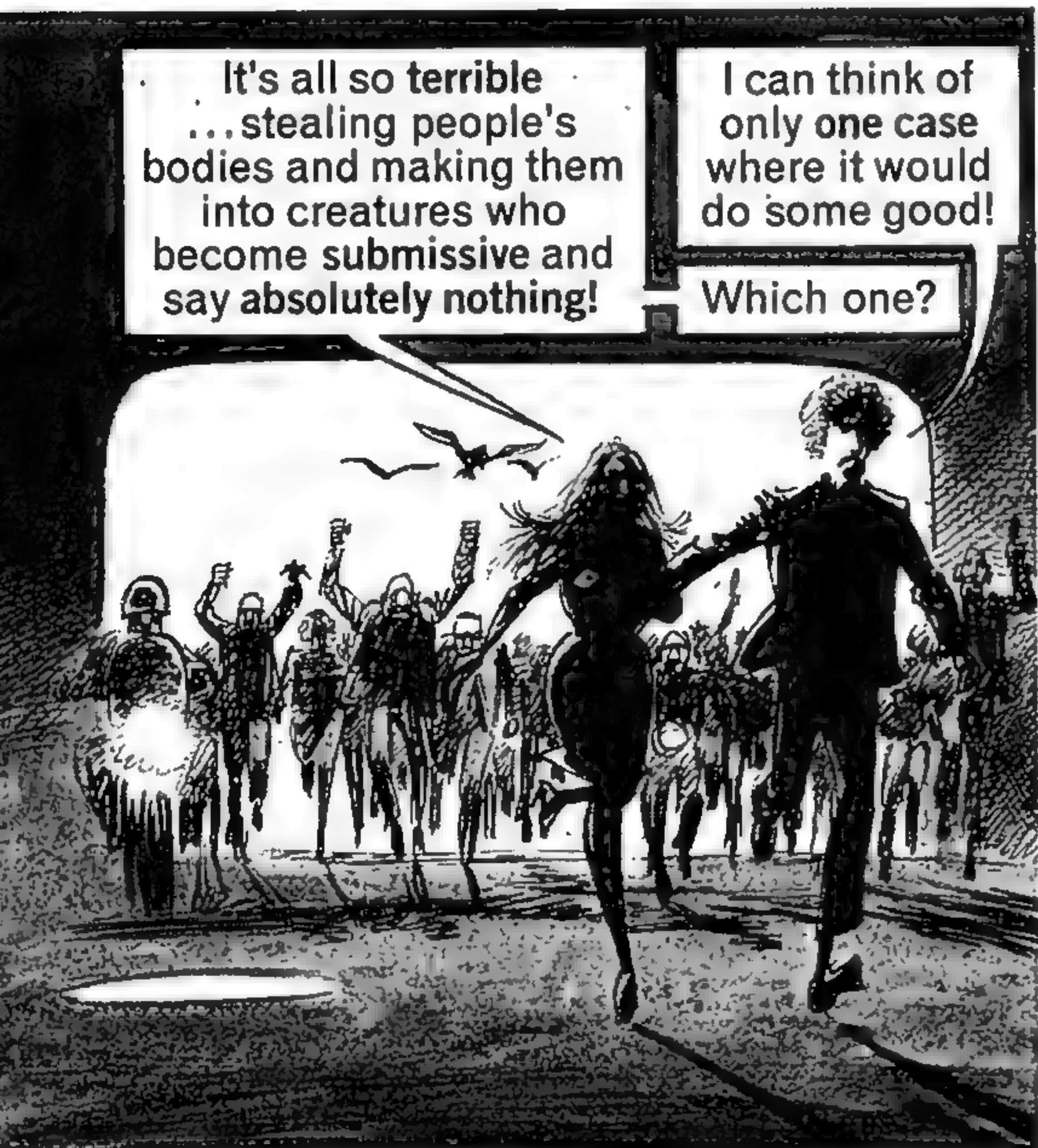
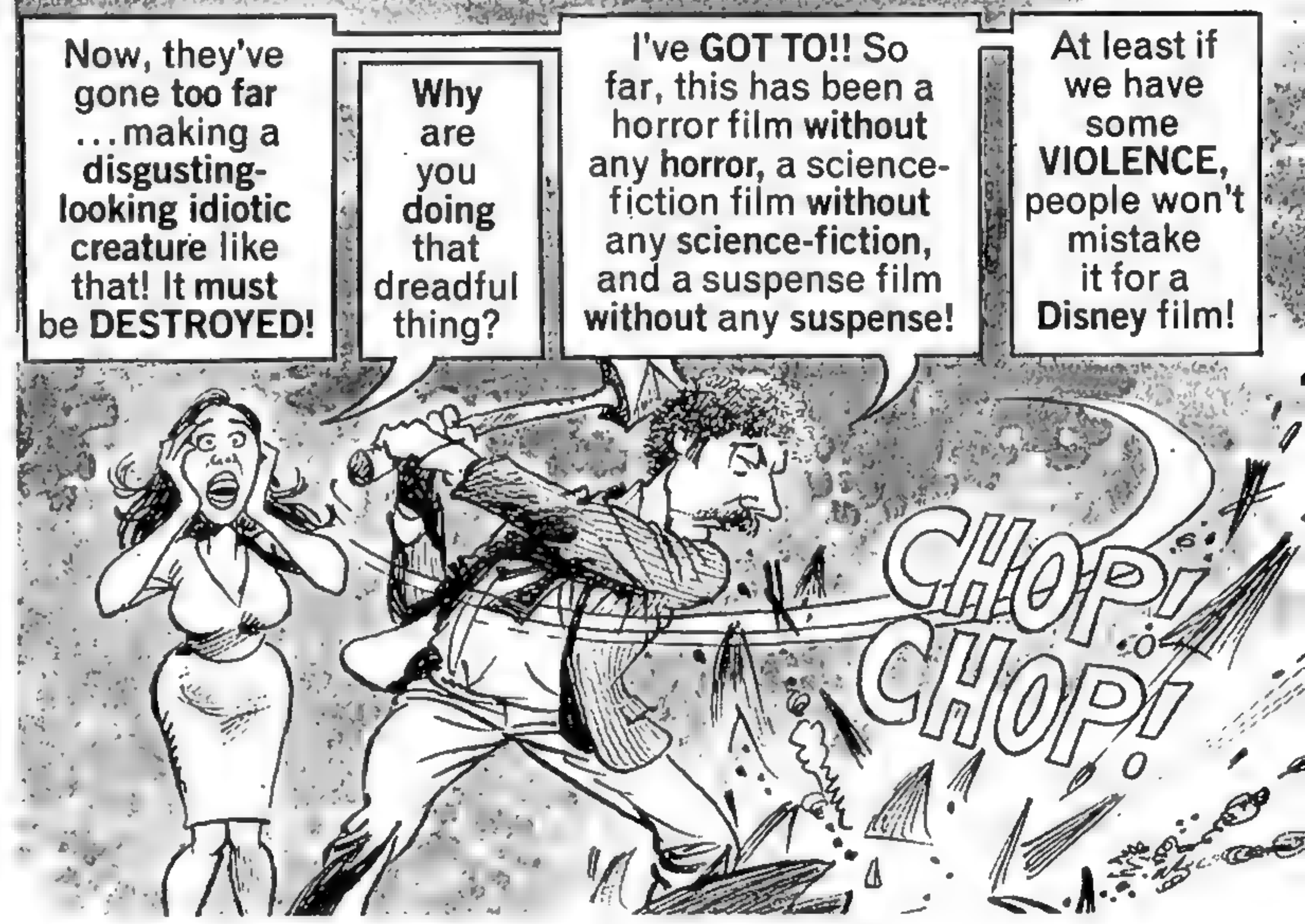
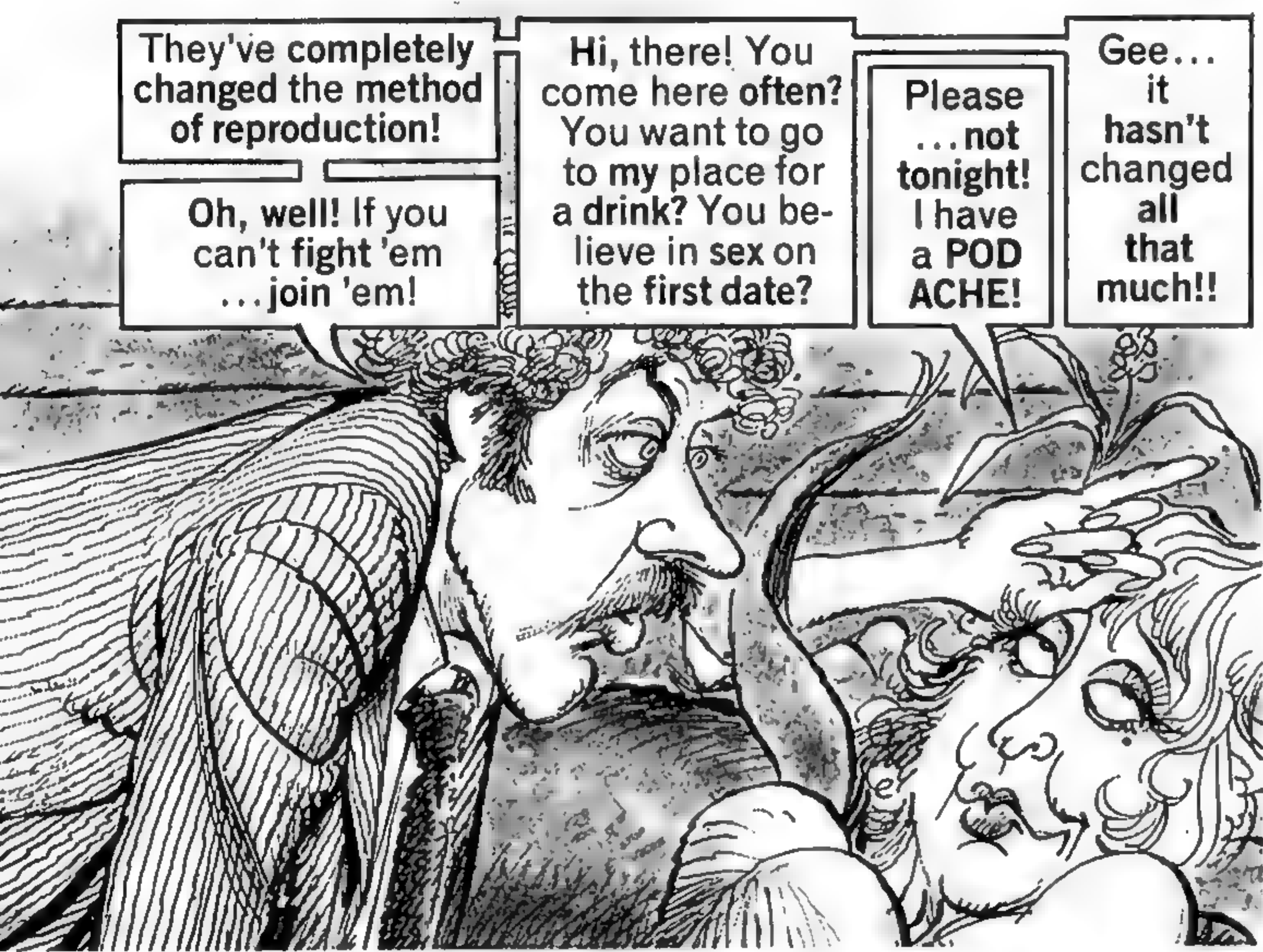
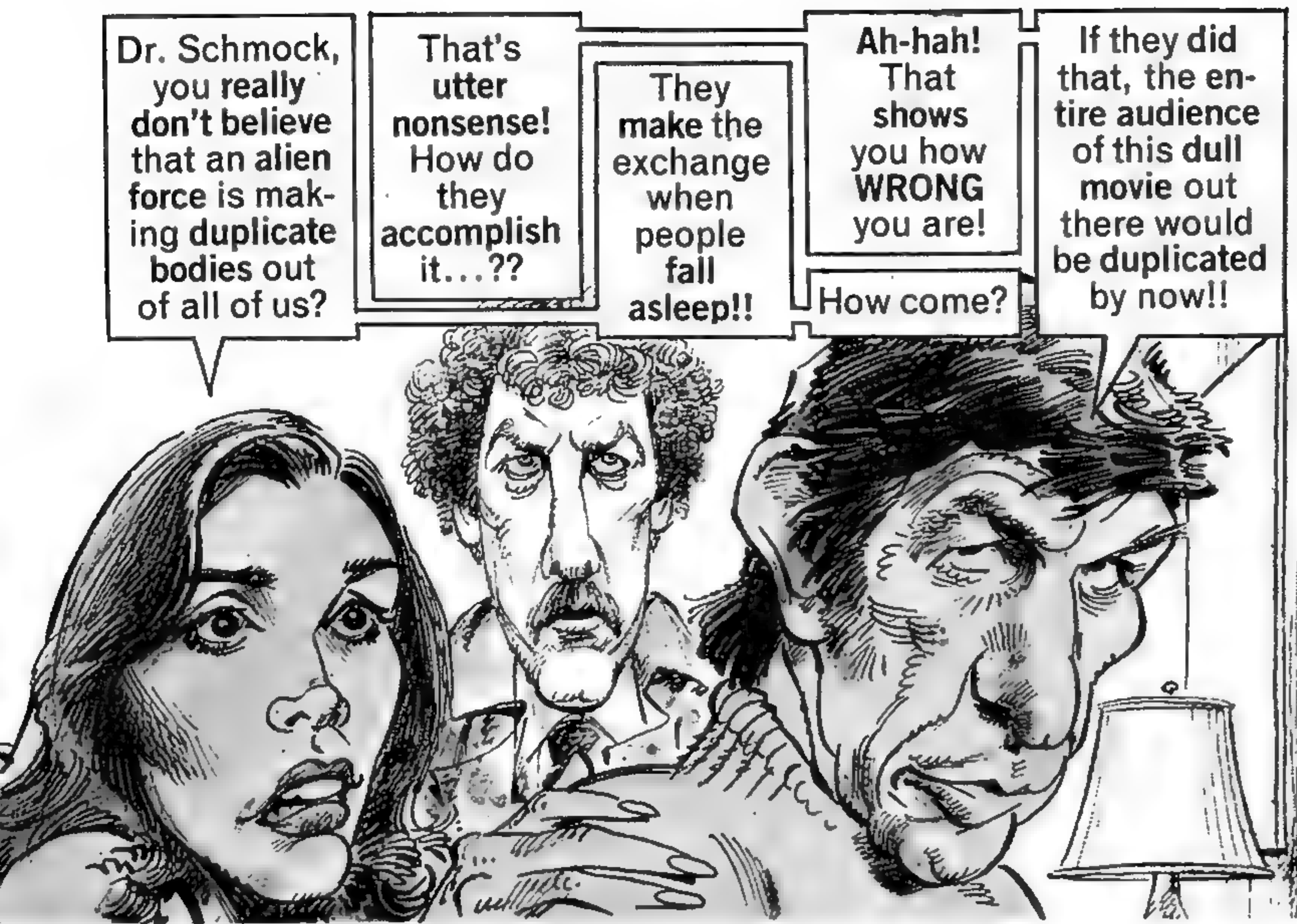
Why not...?

Because it will be so terrible! First, when you sleep, they steal your body! And worse—

What, Mutt? What...?

When you wake up, your BREATH is so AWFUL!!









Gasp!  
Gasp!  
We'll  
be  
safe  
here!

Remember  
now, you  
can't fall  
asleep  
for even  
a moment!

Really? Then why did  
you make me run all  
over town and get  
tired out, instead  
of just hiding...?!

I was worried about  
your resistance...!

You wanted  
to build  
it up?

No...  
tear it  
down!



Here's some-  
thing that  
will help  
you...!  
Take six of  
these pills!

What are they...??

Uppers! They'll keep  
us awake until morn-  
ing! And better take  
one of these also!

What's this for...?

Birth control!  
It'll keep us  
**BUSY** until  
morning!!



So the  
famous  
Doctor  
is  
actually  
the  
**LEADER**  
of the  
**INVADERS!**

That's correct!  
We've come from  
another planet—  
blown here by  
seeds—and we  
intend to take  
over your Earth  
—city by city!

So, first you  
take over San  
Francisco and  
make everyone  
here into the  
same mindless  
empty person!

That's right!

And  
then you  
take over  
New  
York!

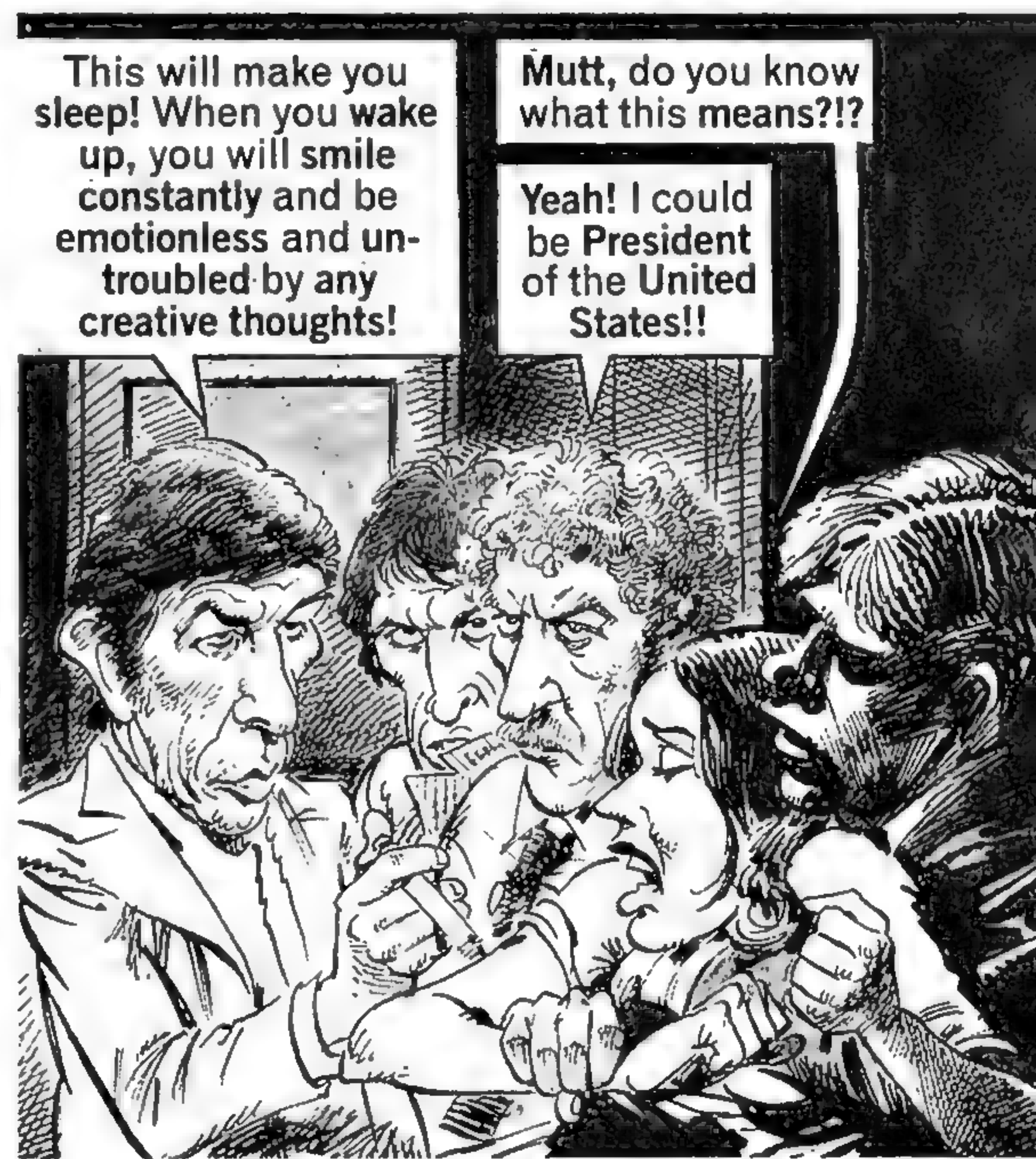
Right!

And  
then you  
take over  
Chi-  
cago!

Right!

And then...  
Los Angeles!

Wrong! We  
don't have  
to! In Los  
Angeles,  
they're that  
way already!



This will make you  
sleep! When you wake  
up, you will smile  
constantly and be  
emotionless and un-  
troubled by any  
creative thoughts!

Mutt, do you know  
what this means!?!?

Yeah! I could  
be President  
of the United  
States!!



Take that...! And that...!!

If I had any "normal" human  
senses, I would have said "Ow!"

If you had **ANY** sense  
at **ALL**, you wouldn't  
have been in this movie  
in the **FIRST** place!!



Run, Liz! Keep on running!!

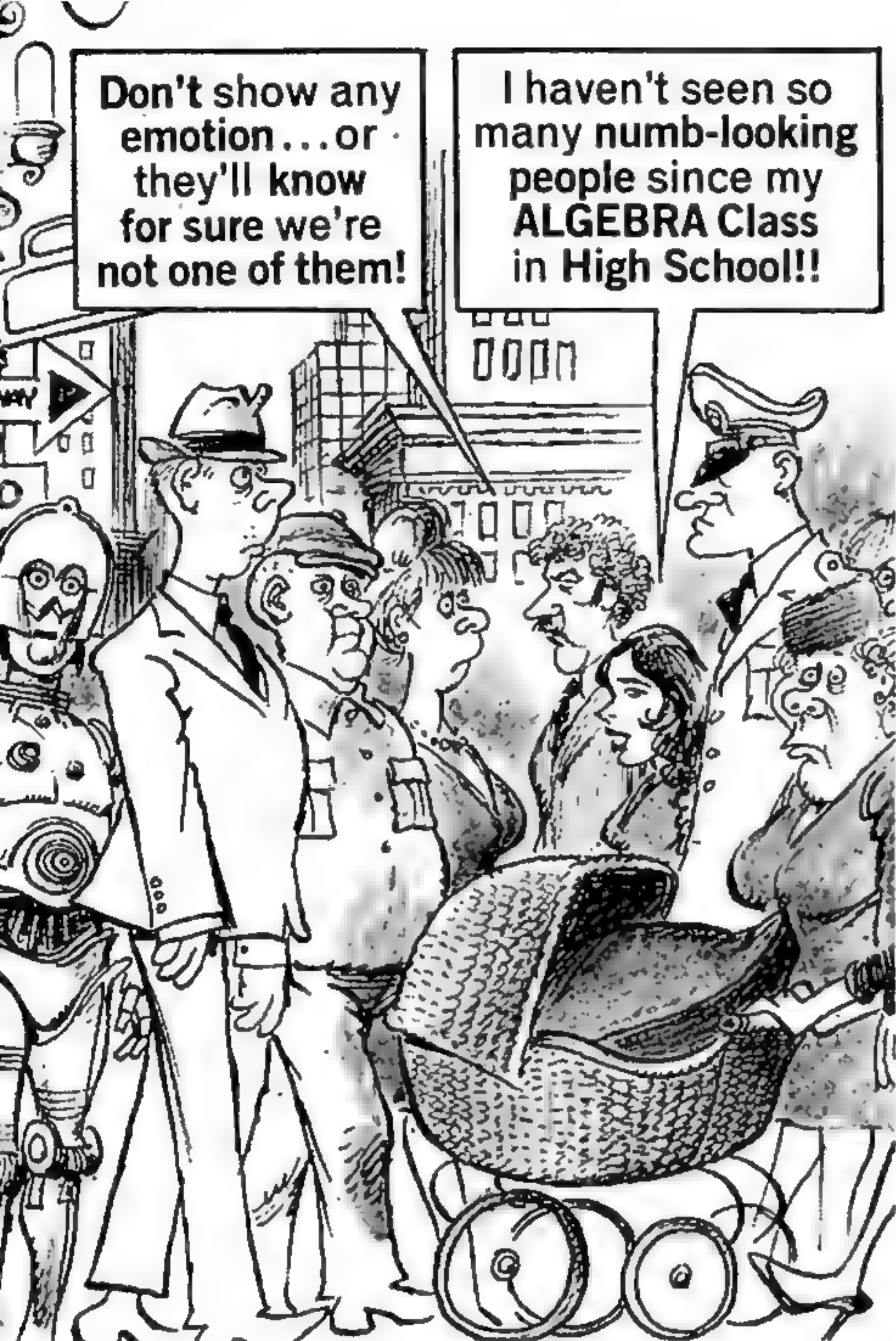
What's the use?! They're  
going to kill us anyway!!

But—gasp—look at  
the brighter side!!

What brighter side?

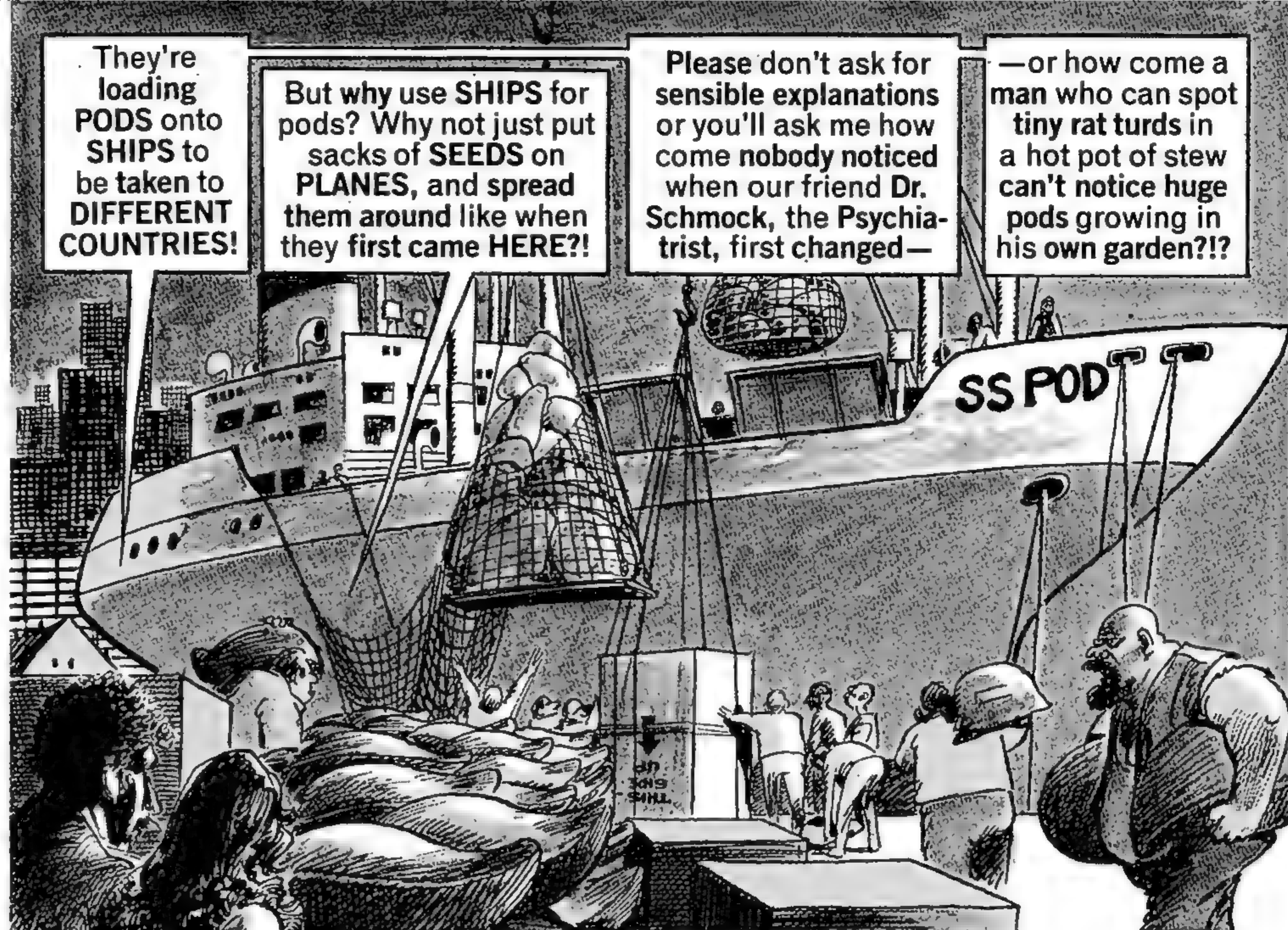
When you **DIE**  
—puff-puff—  
you'll be in  
**GREAT SHAPE!**





Don't show any emotion... or they'll know for sure we're not one of them!

I haven't seen so many numb-looking people since my **ALGEBRA Class** in High School!!



They're loading **PODS** onto **SHIPS** to be taken to **DIFFERENT COUNTRIES!**

But why use **SHIPS** for pods? Why not just put sacks of **SEEDS** on **PLANES**, and spread them around like when they first came **HERE?!**

Please don't ask for sensible explanations or you'll ask me how come nobody noticed when our friend Dr. Schmock, the Psychiatrist, first changed—

—or how come a man who can spot tiny rat turds in a hot pot of stew can't notice huge pods growing in his own garden?!!



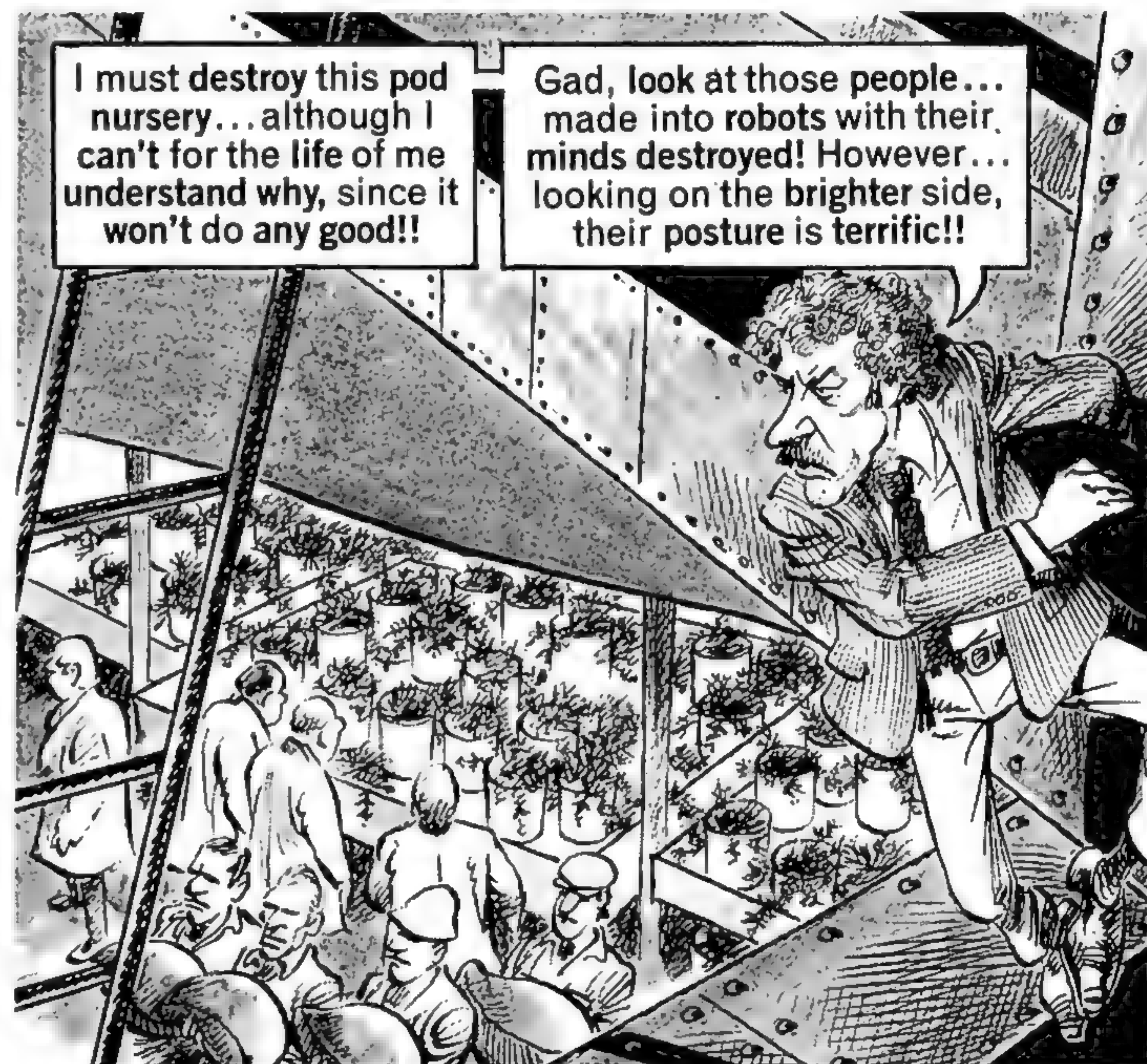
Liz... wake up! Wake up!

But if you do, you'll leave me forever! Liz... there's something I want to tell you!

I did! But on second thought, I just want to say... "Sweet Dreams!"... and "YICCH!"

I—I can't! I—have to sleep...

You... you want to tell me... that... you love me...?

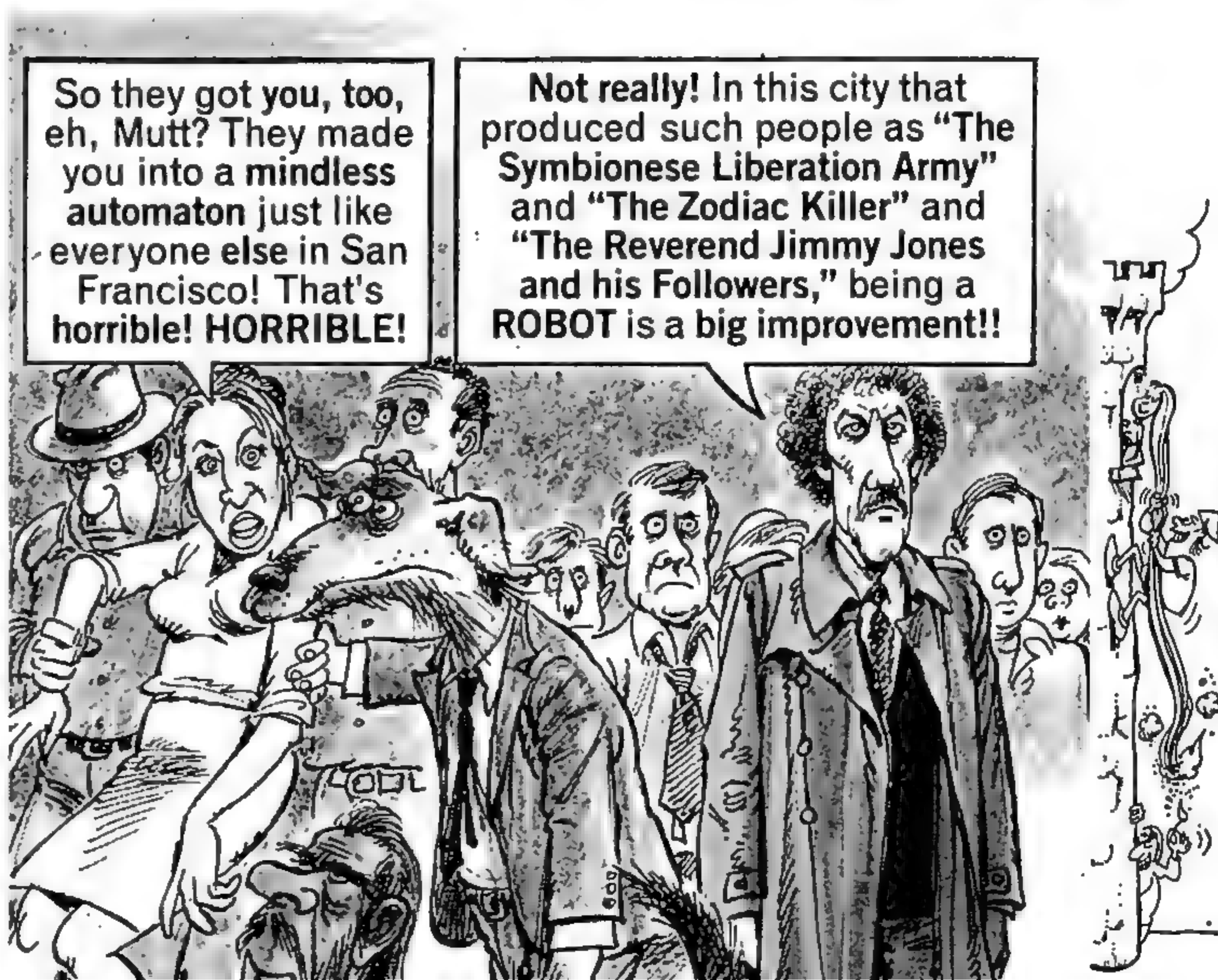


I must destroy this pod nursery... although I can't for the life of me understand why, since it won't do any good!!

Gad, look at those people... made into robots with their minds destroyed! However... looking on the brighter side, their posture is terrific!!



Mutt...! Mutt, it's me!! They didn't get me! Mutt! Mutt...?



So they got you, too, eh, Mutt? They made you into a mindless automaton just like everyone else in San Francisco! That's horrible! HORRIBLE!

Not really! In this city that produced such people as "The Symbionese Liberation Army" and "The Zodiac Killer" and "The Reverend Jimmy Jones and his Followers," being a **ROBOT** is a big improvement!!



**WHERE SHOULD  
MOST MODERN  
CLASSIC  
EXPLOITATION  
HORROR FILMS  
BE KEPT?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today's "Horror Film" is a special art form, and it deserves a special place all its own. To find out exactly what that place is, fold in page as shown.

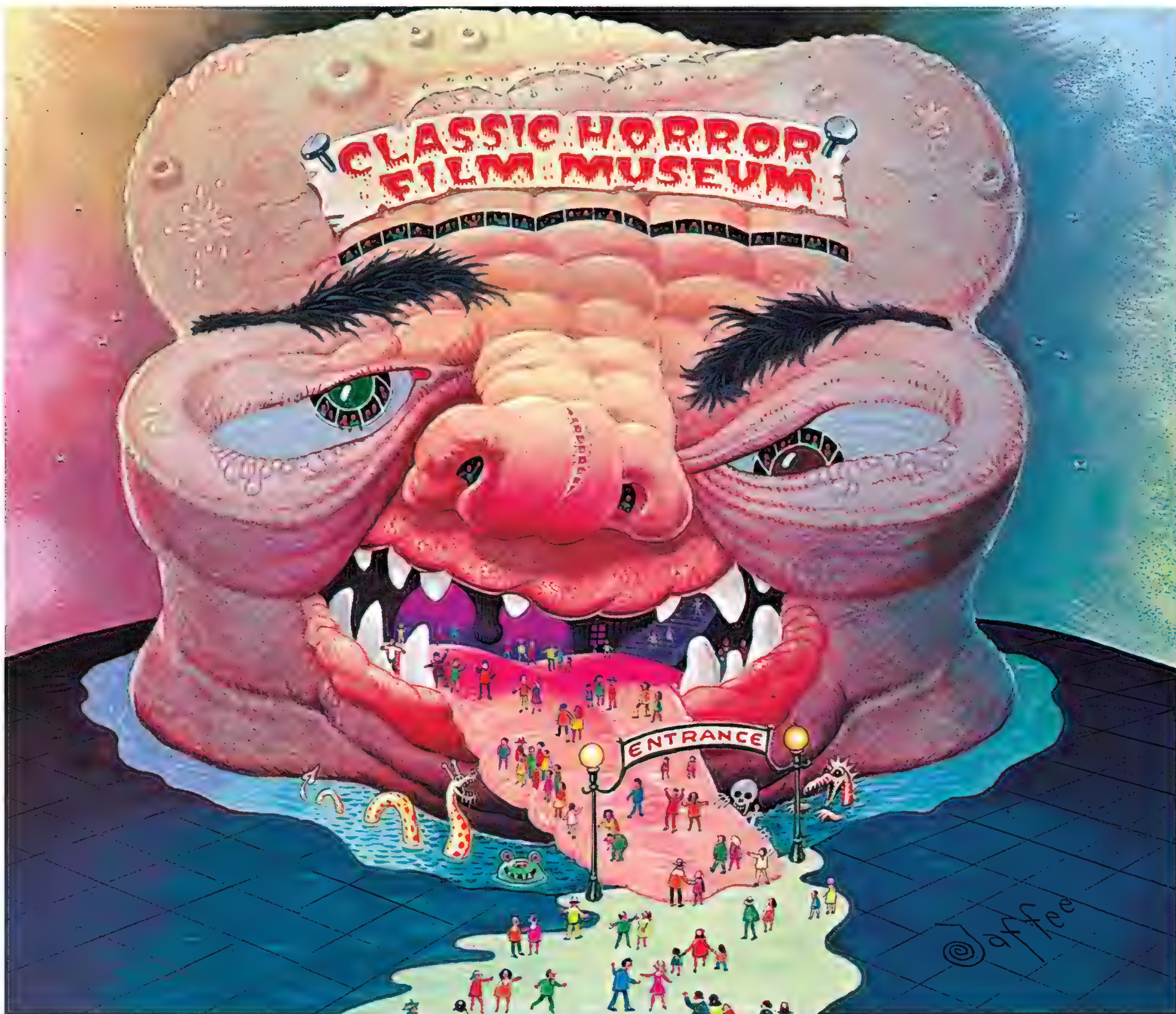


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

INTEREST IN "HORROR FILMS" IS GROWING  
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CARE IS TAKEN TO STORE THESE CLASSICS IN  
A SAFE PLACE FOR FUTURE FILM FANS.

A▶

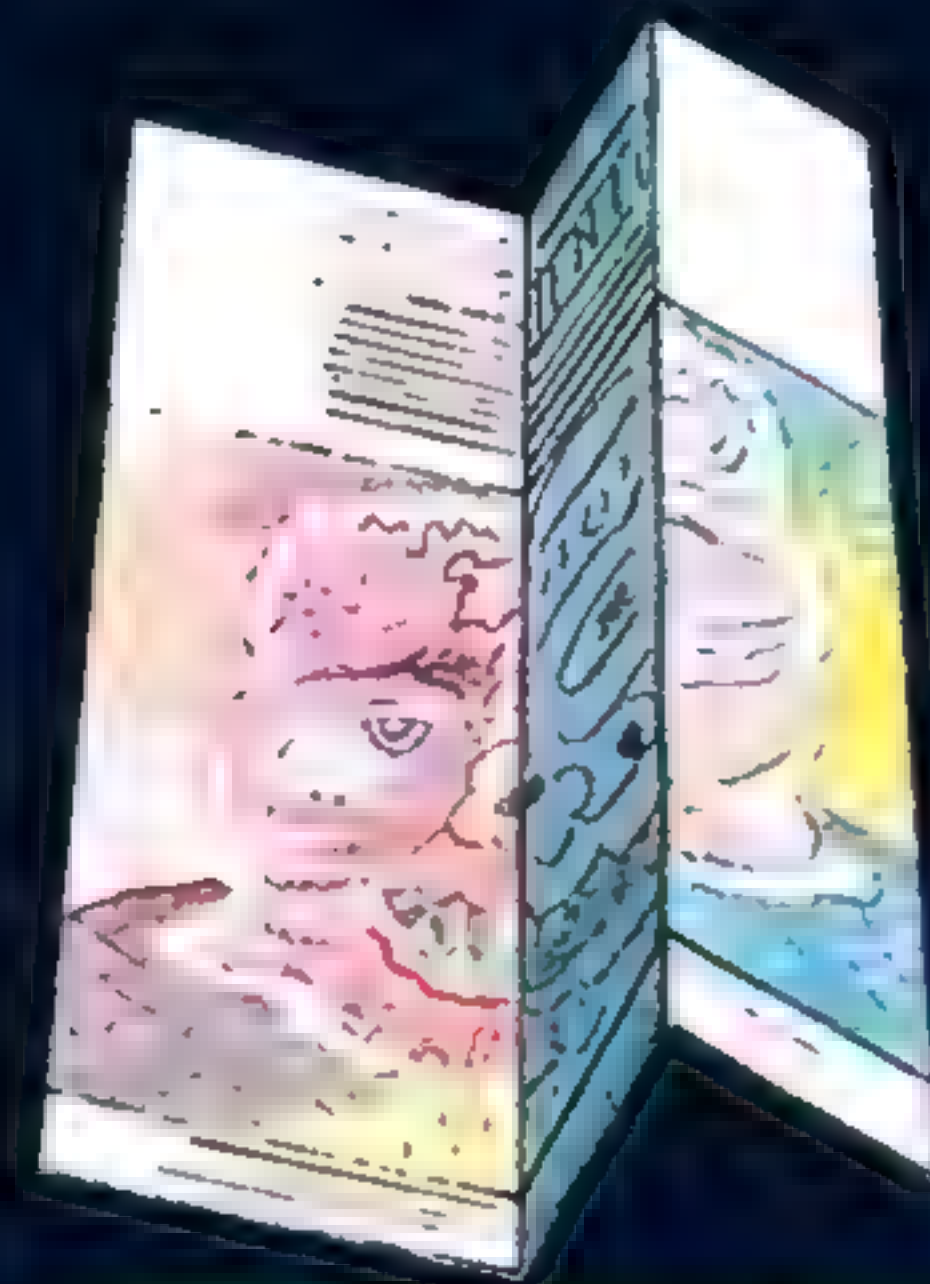
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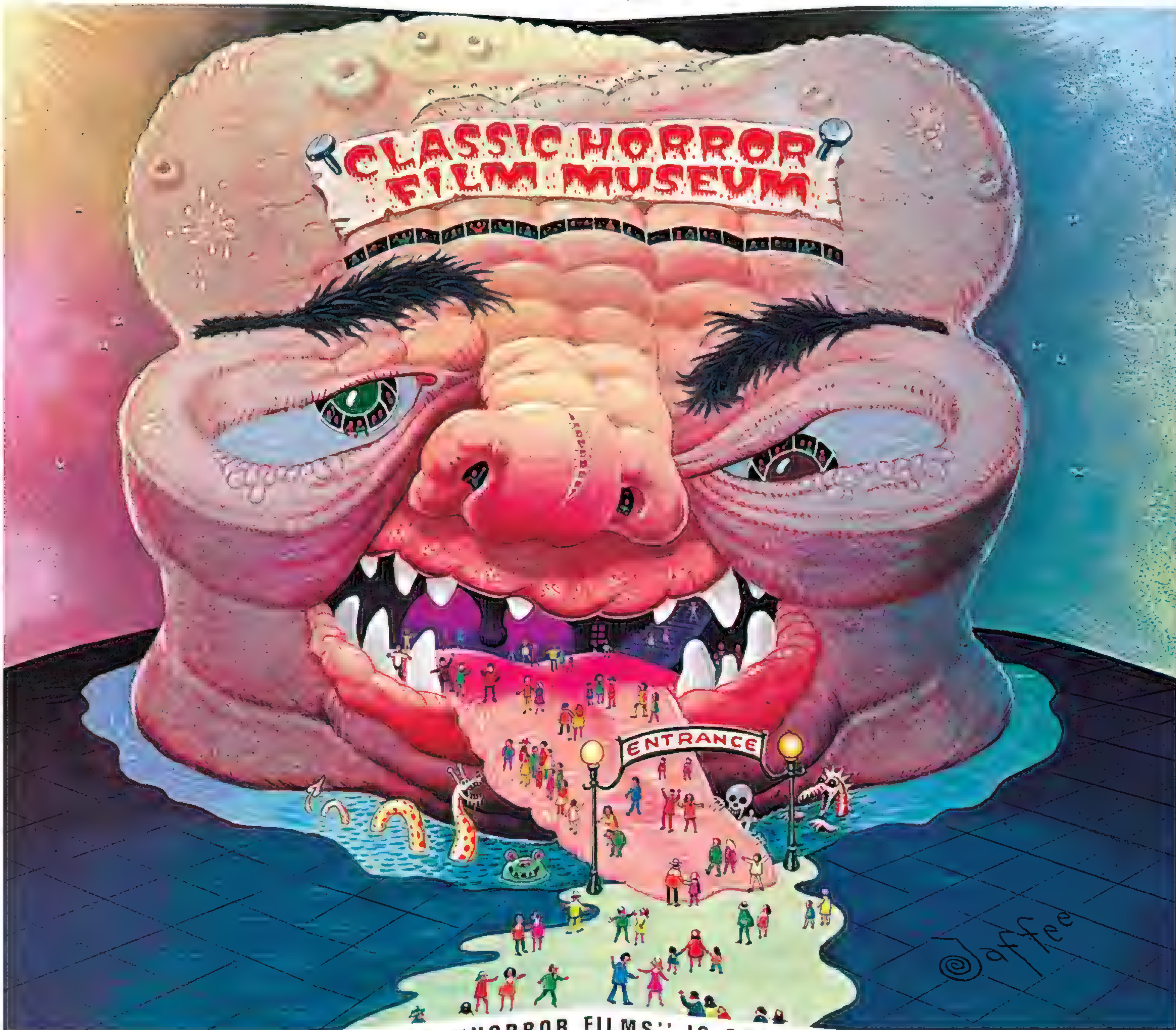


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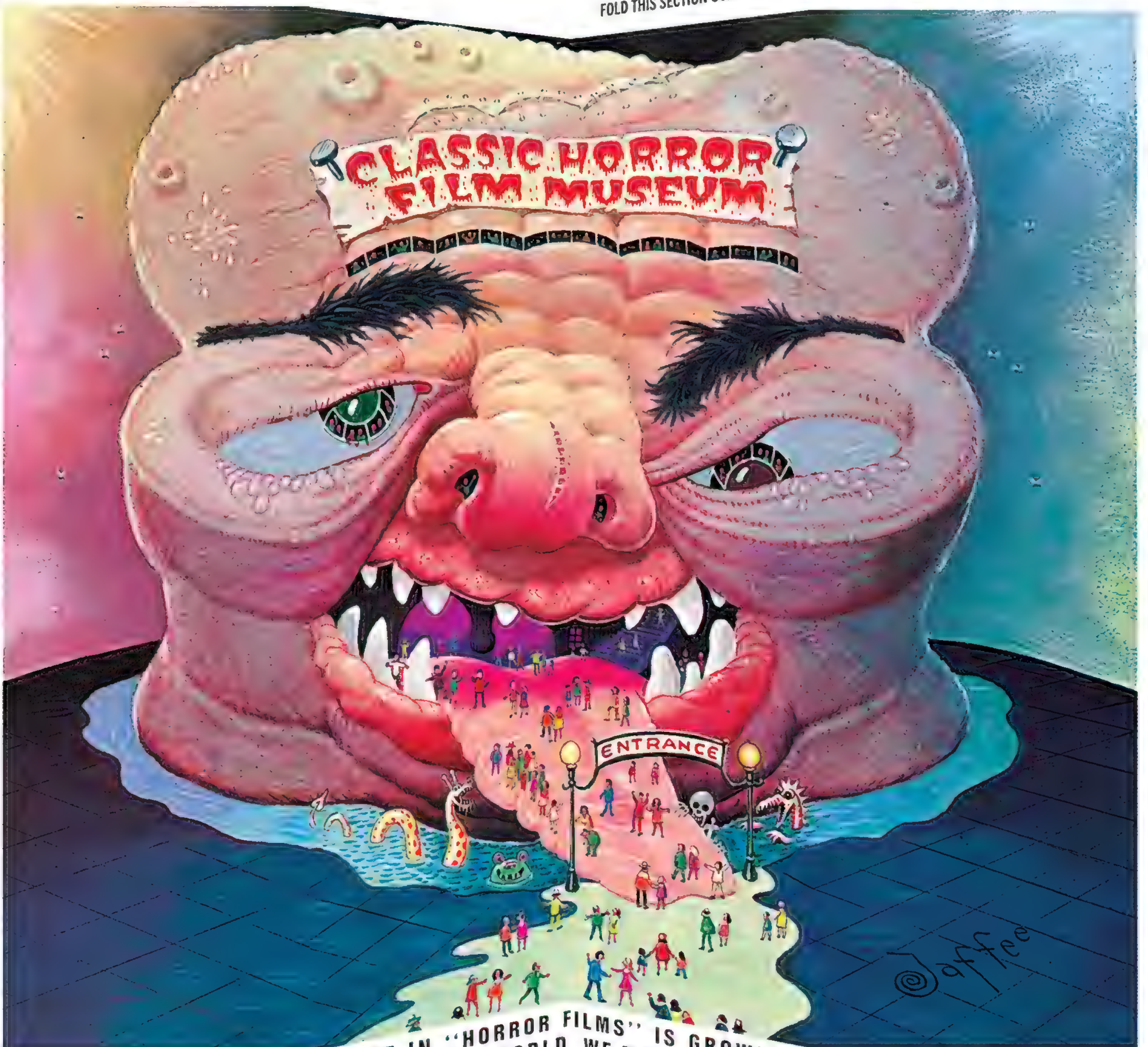


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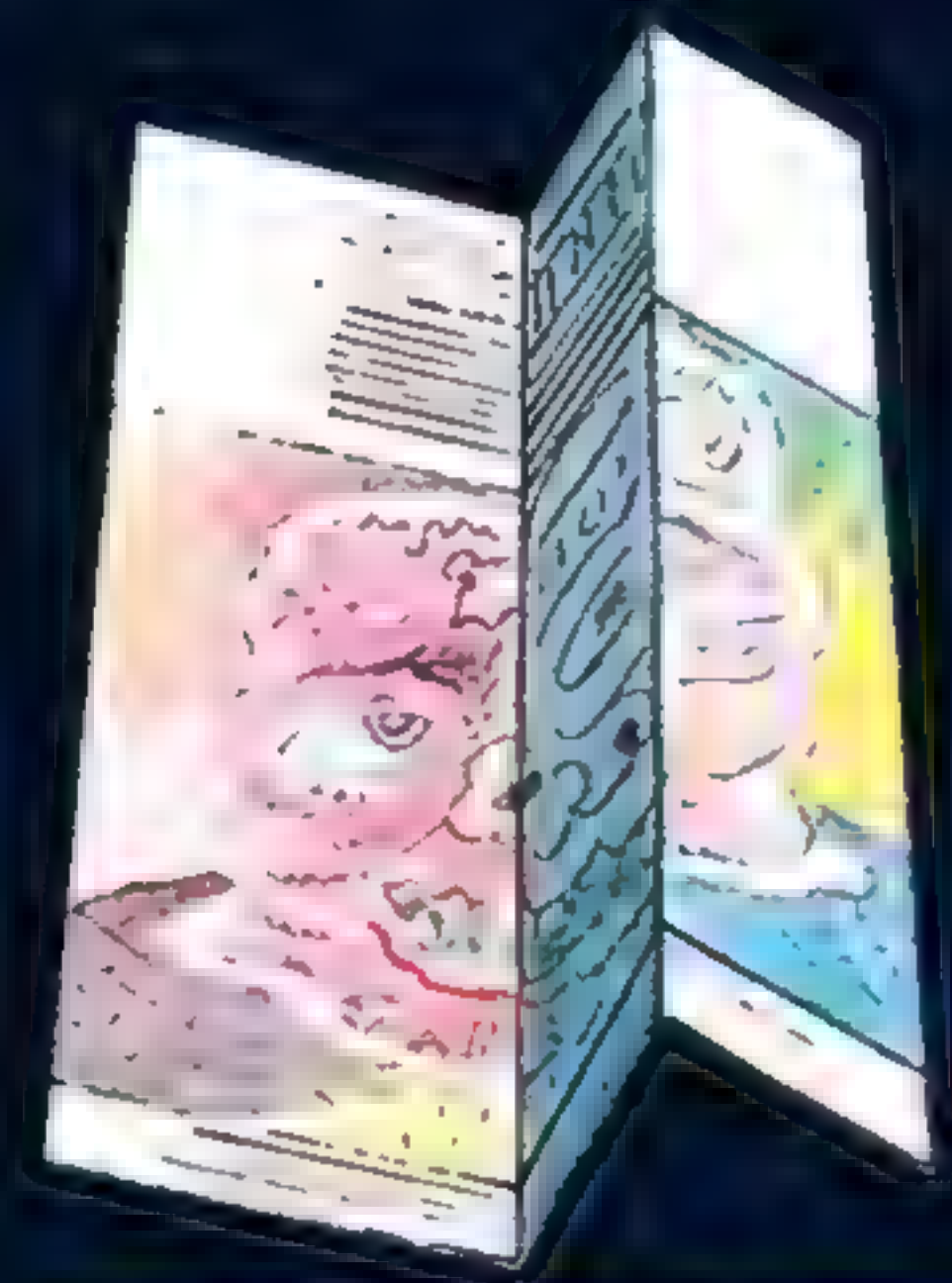
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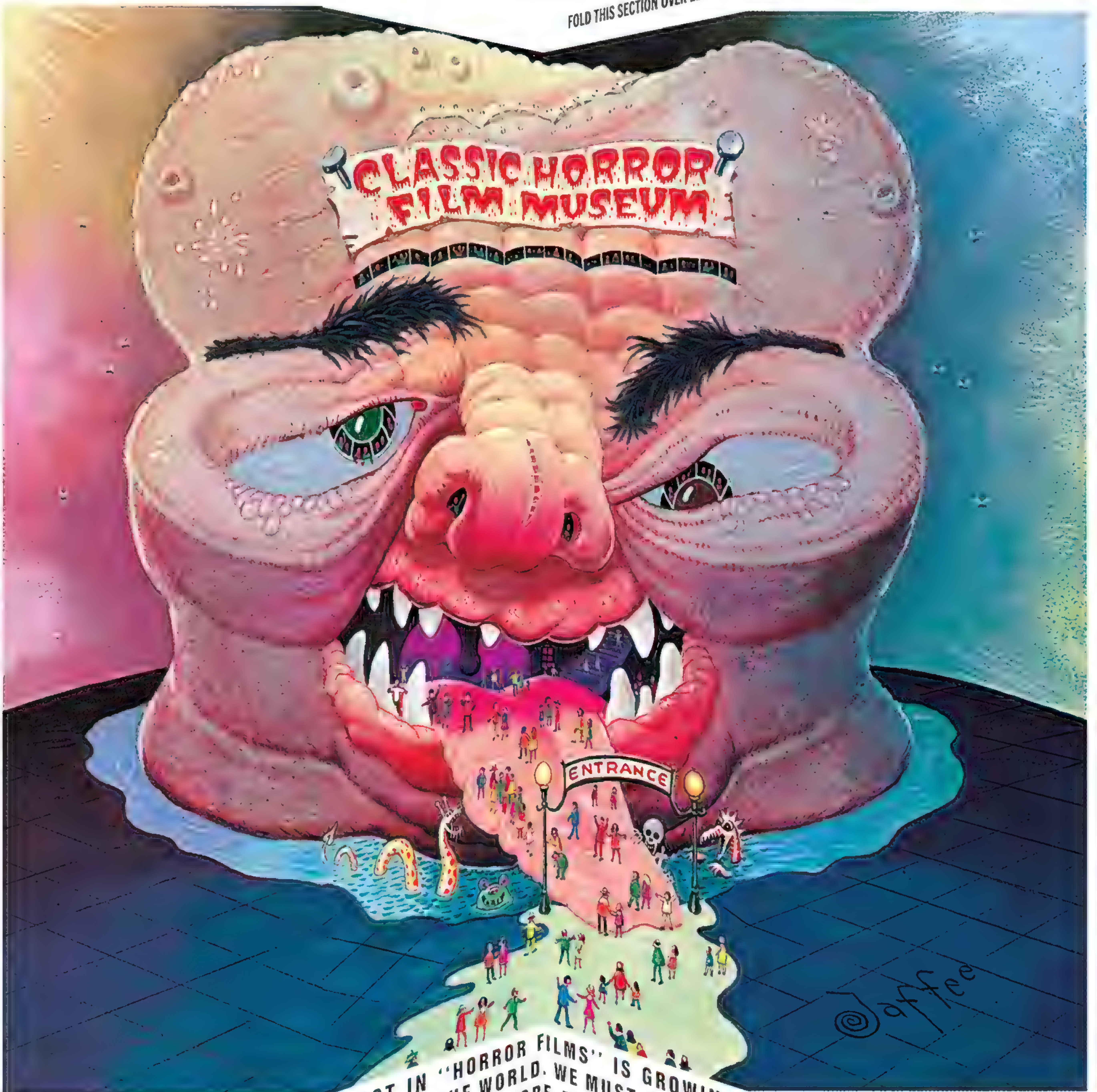


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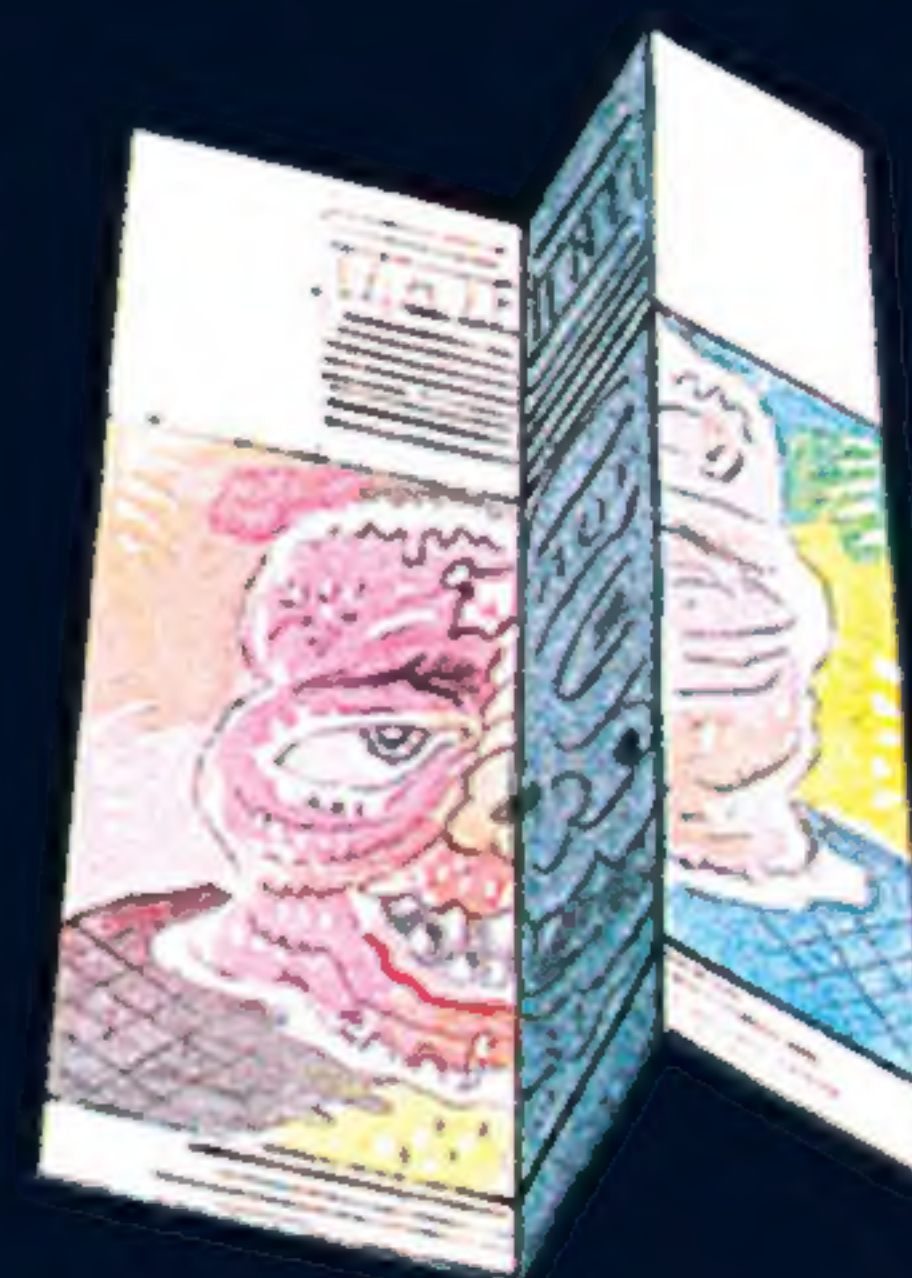
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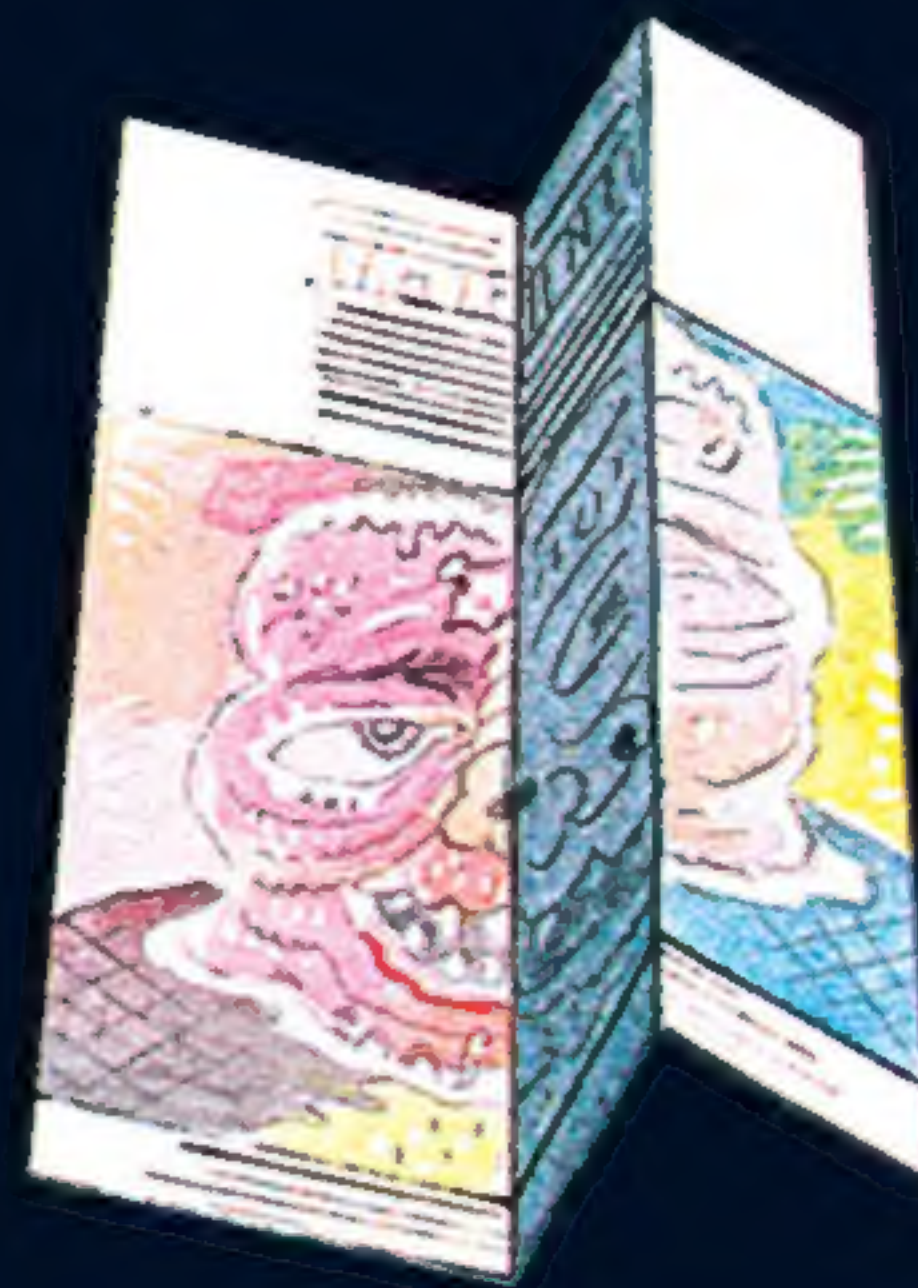
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ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

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CAN**

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MAD



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

